

TEN BOOKS  
of Homers Iliades,  
translated out of

French, By A. H.

Ar. (:) Chichester.

AT LONDON

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Cum Privilegio.

A.

R. Solon.1

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To the right VVorshipfull his very good  
friend Sir Thomas Cicill Knight

A.H. witheth all prosperitie.

(..)



Bout two or three yeres

past (good Knight) ransacking diuers  
olde and aside cast Papers of small ma-  
ment : I found some fragments of Ho-  
mers Iliades translated out of Freuche  
verse into Englishe metre at such time  
as I groped thereat, being a Scholer  
with you in my L. your fathers house:  
which when I had considered, & founde  
of as small reckoning as the rest they  
were stored up with, which was in truth  
none at all, I was about to bequeath the  
to the fire. But being either better or worse aduised; for in your allowing &  
disallowing of this my proceeding consisteth the same : I took them againe  
in hand, & not onely as my leasure & capacitie did serue me, somewhat cor-  
rected my first Trāslatio, which God knows needes enū now much mending,  
and therefore in likelihood verie roughly hewed at the first : but also pro-  
ceeded to finishe vp tenne whole Bookes. The which hauing performed  
this yeere, I haue till now rested in diuers myndes touching the Publicati-  
on of them. In which warre with my selfe, I first did deale with mine owne  
want of abilitie to write any thing, much lesse to translate, and that out of  
verse into the same kinde, in my opinion the hardest matter belongs to the  
penn. Also I founde alwayes my selfe in such disquiet of minde, by meanes  
of some practise of my contraries (I must say vnderferued by me) such vexa-  
tion in Lawe, and carefull turmoyle to preserue somewhat to my poore  
house, in a manner overthrowne by my vngoverned youth : that I was fully  
perswaded I could not goe thorowe well with my desire, being so harried  
otherwayes, for your selfe best knowes, that to a Poet there is no greater

Aii.

poyson,

## The Epistle.

poison, than vexation of spirit. Again, when I considered of the ripe wittes of this age, and had read diuerse workes so exquisitely done in this kinde by our owne Nation. As the translaile of M. Barnabe Googe in Palingenius, the learned and painefull translation of part of Seneca by M. Iulius Heywood, the excellent and laudable labour of M. Arthur Golding, making Ouid speake English in no worse termes, than the Authors owne gifts gaue him grace to write in Latine, the worthy workes of that noble Gentleman my L. of Buckhurst, the pretie and pythie conceites of M. George Gascoyne, and others in great number, no more to be liked than praised, and not so much to be praised, as to be recorded for their eternall commendation. These persons, whose bookes I am not worthy to carie, when I minded, I wished I had bene otherwise occupied, I condemned my translaile, I scratched my head as men doe, when they are greatly barred of their willes. But when I lighted on M. Thomas Phaers Virgilian English, quoth I, what haue I done? am I become senselesse, so translaile to be laughed at, so presume, and to be scorned, and to put forth my selfe and not to be receiued: for I was so abashed looking vpon M. Phaers Heroicall Virgill, and my Satiricall Homer, as I cried out, enuying Virgils prosperitie, who gathered of Homers, that he had fallen into the oddest mans hands, that euer England bred. And lamented poore blind Homers case, who gathered of no body, to fall to me poore blinde soule, poverty and blindly to learne him to talke our mother Tongue. These stoppes laide before me, and considered, made me for a while cast my papers behinde mee. But as it is a propertie of euerie man soone to finde a reason to will him proceede with his owne humour, be it neuer so vnreasonably grounded, in like case fell it with me: for these were my Arguments against these sound perswasions obiected to staie me. First I remembered that about 13. or 19. yeeres past walking with M. Richard Askeame, a verie good Grecian, and a familiar acquaintance of Homer, & reciting vpon occasion of talke betweene vs, certaine verses Englished by me of the said Author, he animated me much, with great entreatie to goe forward with my begun enterprise. The like did also about that time the erst named M. Iulius Heywood, a man then better learned than fortunate, and since more fortunate than he hath well bestowed (as it is thought) the gifts God and Nature hath liberally lent him. Secondly, I suppose also that indifferent Iudges will say, I haue my wares at the second hands, as by Fraunce out of Greece, because I am not able to translaile so farre for them, not understanding

## Dedicatorie.

ding the language. Thirdly forasmuch as I did assure my selfe (good knights) that you, to whom I haue long vowed my labour, would regard my good will, more than the worthinesse of my Translation, which if you doe, I haue with a most contented minde made holiday. And wholly presuming therof, it hath made me blind Bayerd, as bold as euer blind Iade was: And that in putting my simple skill to the carping iudgement of so many as welllearned, as vnskilfull head: which latter sort, though they be as blind as my milhorse with neuer an eye, no doubt will be busier to iudge colours, & thinke they do it better then Poliphemus could, who had one perfect eye right in his forehead. Well, put case they do mislike, what helpe? If I thought I should in any Action please all men, I were fondly minded. And if I would goe about to content ech ones humour, I were meete to carrie Eloses Asse, than to be wisely occupied. My Author that most famous Poet had Mortus and Zolus, to take exceptions, & picke quarrels to his booke, & that at such times, as no man could iustly commend them enough. I may not thinke the Apprentise to be greater than his Maister, neither yet the Translator to be compared to the first writer, wherefore for such persons the care is taken. As touching the Author himselfe, I know you shall finde him worthy the Englishing, though not worthily done. What fruites are to be gathered out of him, is left labour to rehearse, your owne iudgement, whē you haue read him, will tell you more than I can, who haue dealt no small time with him. That happie conquerour Alexander the great, would not sleepe without him vnder his beddes head. He teacheth the duties of many no small Babes, and in such sort as it shall not repent any man of his time employed to reade him, as I haue sayde you can best iudge, and therefore for that here an ende. Some men haue condemned him heretofore, and doe, for his fonde fabling of the Gods, truly I cannot allowe them therein, for I am not perswaded his belife was so grosse touching them, but that he obserued a Poeticall manner of discourse, in citing so often the beaunty powers, as then they were taken, and that he had some peculiar meaning therein, which I conceyne in my opinion, and you I doubt not but will finde. In the latter ende of the Frenche seconde Booke, mention is made of the Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, that came from all parties to the besiging of Troy, and of the Trojan leaders and diuerse forreine Kings and Captaynes, that brought their people to the ayde of Priamus state: but looking to haue the same folowe in the ende of the sayde Booke, I perceyne the Frenche Translator hath

## The Epistle.

hath omitted it: yet considering howe necessarie the recitall of the same  
is, I sought out the Latine, and there founde it, the which I have al-  
so added in his place. I earnestly beseeche you to take in good part my good  
wearing, which I alwayes haue, and doe beare toward you, bound thereto, not  
only by that honourable and rare fauour of my L. your father, euen from my  
childhood dayly continued, you manure of such my contrarieties: who euen  
wanted good disposition to loue worthily his Lordships vertues, and neuer  
wanted good will to crosse me with carelesse extremities. To rehearse the parti-  
culars of your owne friendships commendes me, will take long time, they are so  
diuers and many, and in this place not so needefull to repeat, as needefull in  
all other places for me to studie howe I may requite some part of them: To  
blasse abroad the blessings of minde and otherwise, which God so abundan-  
tly hath bestowed on you, and makes me the more to honour you,  
willdofe content you to haue your owne praise, than all the  
world will haue you worthy thereof. And therefore  
wishing you all prosperitie, I commend you  
to him, who is best able, and no  
doubt will sende you  
enough.

Yours most assured to com-  
maund. A. H.



## The first Booke.



The beseech, O Goddess milde,  
the hatefull hate to plaine,  
Whereby Achilles was so wrong,  
and grewe in such disdaine,  
That thousandes of the Grækish Dukes,  
in hard and heauie plight,  
To Plutoes Courte did yelde their soules,  
and gaping lay by night,

Those sencelesse trunckes of buriall hoide, by them crst gaily bozde,  
By rauening curres, and earreine soules, in pæces to be tozde.

Gainst Agamemn of loue his wrath, so kindled was the fire,  
That he Achil to dæte, and crosse so dæpely did conspire.

O Lady the! what God beganne this hateful quarrell thus,  
It was the heire of Latona, the gallant gay Phœbus,  
Who had to fire that mighty God, who down his lightning thzows,  
With stormes of haile, and thunderclaps: the God in choller growes,  
That Agamemn roughly a suite his Chryses Priest refuso,  
In Grækish cāp his plagës he flings, their state which gretly bzuso.

At that time Chryses did repayze vnto the shippes, that lay  
At ancker before Troy besiegde, in the Porte of Sigy,  
With berdant crowne, wherewith Apoll his sāmely head had clad,  
With scepter eke, with things of pze, which he for ransome had,  
His daughter captiue helde by Grækes by worth hir home to luy,  
To both Atrides and other kings, he breakes thus humbly:

O Princes greate, the lostie Gods adozde in earth belowe  
Doe sende you lucke, this Priams towne to sacke and ouerthzowe,  
And loden with the Troian wealth, yæ safe to Greece retire:  
If pitie in your heartes haue place, if willing yæ desire  
To reuerence the God I serue, if sãble aged dayes,  
A worthy foe, Nobilitie may temper any wayes,  
Let my mishap obtaine, I pray Chryses so deare to me,  
O Kings accept these godly giftes: ransomme here that be.

His sute was taken in that soze, that al the Grækes did cry  
To take his gifts, to yelde Chryses, and bse him reuerently.  
Agamemn was so far in loue with this so gentle maide,

Propositi  
of the Au  
thor, vpon  
anocation  
of his Muse

The cam  
ming of  
Chryses to  
the Grækes  
campe.

Chryses to  
Agamem  
non, Mena  
laus, &c  
the grækes



The first Booke

Agamemnon  
answers  
Chryses &  
threatens  
him.

Such fates he coulde not be abide, to Chryses grimme hee saide,  
Shaking aloffe his Nerne head: O hateful! dostard thou,  
Henceforth in these quarters againe take heede I see not you.  
For no scepter, not Apolles, that hold my hand from thee,  
Thinke not eke some Chryses to haue, we shall remaine with mee  
In Country far thy Country fro, my wofl to spinne and dight,  
And bed to make, till beaultie faile, when hoarie age shall light:  
Hence out away, moue me no more, I reade thou take god heede,  
If safe and sounde vnto your house you homeward meane to speede.  
The good olde man thus threatned here, drew place, both not abide,  
He hides his griefe, while till hee coales hard by the makinge doe,  
But now his galley far aloofe, he shewes his dolefullnesse,  
With prayers to Apoll, and bowes, the Gods of gallant tresse.

Chryses  
prayer to  
Apollo.

Apollo thou heare my complaints, who rules the Isles diuine,  
Cilla, Chrysa, Sminthe, Tenedos, with sturw botwe of thyne,  
O Phoebus heare thou my complaints, if so with Laurell geene  
Thy Temple I haue crowned oft, if y the man haue bene  
Thy holy altar who hath fraught, with hosties digne to thee,  
Of fatted Bulles and scotched Goates: reuenge thys iniurie  
On these gay Grækes, who thy seruant poore we haue layed so low,  
To plague y wrong, I did make the feele the wounding of thy bow.  
He prayed thus: Phoebus gaue care, descending straight to grounde  
Begirt with dored quier and bowe, whiche gaue a dreadful sounde,  
Leauing right darke his mansion cleare, to bad effects dispose,  
He drawes the nighte nigh, and in the campe a shaft he loseth  
The noise was straunge, the losse was smarte, the shot so far it hit.  
The franked Boiles they die, and Dogs for rage and runninge sit.

Apollo de  
scendes to  
the campe  
and sends  
therein a  
plague.

Description  
of the  
Greekes  
pestilence.

But since the deadly steale he sent amid the Grækish host,  
In numbers huge their bodies quaille, in helgible deapers they roll  
Hard by the shippes (O horror great) the carcases new dead,  
Nine dayes Apollo bent, and shot, and them with wounding sped.

Achilles  
assembles  
the council

But puissant Iuno Goddess then (of Graces a fauor frus  
During this war) of their hard state with pittie ganne to rue.  
She puts in mind Achilles he, the councei whole to cal,  
To seeke some helpe to ease the harme which so doth bere them all.  
As much was done, in his estate when set was oner than,

Achilles

# of Homers Iliades.

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Achilles putting forth himselfe this tale to them beganne,  
 O worthy Kings, aboue is vaine, our hope it will not be,  
 To Greeke, to Greece we must returne: For why, it may not be,  
 That we the Troians force do daunt, I dreede a matter more,  
 God graunt the weapons of our foes doe not our bowels goze.  
 You see howe in this wretched warre our people doe decay,  
 And now this deadly moztaine plague doth make the rest away.  
 Wherefore my Lordes, it needfull is to seeke and search about,  
 Of some Diuine, Augur, or Priest to trie the matter out,  
 What is the cause: For who that dreames, can true interpret wel  
 (With that from Loue the dreames procede) the why that quickly tel.  
 He sone will say whether Phoebus this direfull plague hath sent,  
 For that to do him sacrifice we haue bene negligent,  
 Or that into his holy house he worthy offerings craue,  
 Of sheepe and goats, whereby appease, some shielpling we may haue.

His Oration  
to the coun-  
cill

Achilles had no sooner saide, he sate hym in his place,  
 Calchas arose, which from his youth Phoebus did yelde such graces,  
 The present times he knewe ful wel, the past he not forgot,  
 Of suche as were to come, he wist, what was the secrete lot.  
 His wisdome was the Prophet he, so to direct their wayes,  
 The Greeces did chose in this exploite, and sagely thus he sayes:

Calchas an  
excellent  
Prophet.

Achilles friend vnto the Gods, thou counsellst I shoulde shoue,  
 Vnto the hearers here, from whence Apolloes wrath doth grow,  
 I wil it do, but sweare thou shalt, my safete to defend  
 From such outragious iniuries, which some on me wil bend.  
 I much do doubt that chiefeest one, who shall my speeches heare,  
 Hea he, whome al the campe obeyes, wil greatly seme to deare  
 And much amaze. Owt mightie Lordes, although conceale they wul  
 A crosse receiue of simple wight, yet pay they at the ful:  
 Theranco ceaseth not, til they do yeld their vengeance due,  
 Assure me then with your defence heresof what may ensue,  
 Say what thou wilt quoth Achilles, so by the God of might,  
 Whose secretes thou so well dost knowe, I wil defende thy right.  
 None of the Greeces, whereas I am, shal wrong or iniure the,  
 No not the greatest of regarde, not Agamemnon he.

Calchas to  
Achilles.

Then Calchas thus assurde by worde, pronounst in open sight:



## The first Booke

Calchas de-  
clareth the  
cause of the  
pestilence.

Ye Grækes, this plague continues not, ne for that cause did light,  
It fel not in the campe (I say) for want of sacrifice  
To Phoebus bright in Countrey far: this mischief whole doth rise,  
For that you haue vnreuerently, the aged Chryles bld, e,  
His daughter shoulde haue bene restorde, and not his gifts refuse.  
Til mends be made of this our fault, I thinke it wil not cease,  
The blackenied Lady to hir home til she be brought in peace,  
So raunsome had, in numbers tho our offerings let vs slay,  
To purchase fauour of the God, and turne his wrath away.

Agamem-  
non to  
Calchas.

Agamemnon forth standeth strait, with rage inflamed so,  
As like a burning brand his eies did twinkle to and fro,  
And thus he sayth, looking astance on Calchas furiously:  
Unluckie Prophet that thou art, for neuer happily  
Dought dost thou shewe, and badly bent. til fortune bad dost tel,  
And me to spite, now dost thou preach, forsooth a proper spel,  
Auouching, that vnto the camp this plague is from aboue,  
Because I Chryles do withhold, whome I so greatly loue.  
Hir beautie gay, and gallant glô, hath conquerd so my wil,  
As wel I hopde she in my house shoulde haue remaind til

Clytemne-  
stra wife  
to Aga-  
memnon.

With Clytemnestra wife of mine, whome lesse I do regarde,  
And lustily to, before hir she is muche to be prefarde,  
For countenance good, for colour cleare, for sprite and body gay.  
But sih I needes muste yelde hir vp, to drine this soze away,  
(Ah) take hir then, I do agræ, hir want I rather craue,  
Than that this people here, should not their health and safety haue  
But quickly loke in lieu of hir, for me some present out,  
You wel shal know, of al these folke I wil not be the lout.

Achilles an-  
swers Aga-  
memnon.

Achilles (gallant of the Grækes) to him replied thus,  
In presence of the Princes al: Thou sonne of Atreus,  
Thou pinching Prince, thou haughtie heart, thou lostie minded hé,  
Where dost thou thinke the Grækes shal find another giste for thé?  
In guerdon nowe of al that waire, dost thou not knowe thy selfe  
Long time agoe among vs all diuided is the pelfe?  
Belike we must the spoiles amasse, which is not easely done,  
And bring the camp to mutine to: let not thy minde so runne,  
Obey the Gods, yelde vp the maids, and four times richer gain

Thou

# of Homers Iliades.

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Thou shalt possesse, if Ioue bondslave that we the Troians raighe,  
And Towers happe to lay full lowe. Straight Agamemnon tho  
Said: thou Achill thinke not (I reade) thy credite such, no, no,  
Although thy force in thewe compare with such to Gods belong,  
Thinke not that I wil folloive thee, or beare this open wrong.  
Doth reason beare, that eke his part, haue of the weal thy prayes.  
Thinkest thou it fit I leane the maide, and emptie go my wayes  
Unrecompensse. I hir forgoe as reason so it would;  
But see that I considered be, as fit it is I shoulde:  
Else mangre thee and all thy might, that thine by thee possed,  
Do: Ajax, or Vlysses theirs, I leane as I think best,  
And care who list, who then shall dare, that I his portion take  
And here an end. I thinke it good to see we ready make  
A besell strong with skilfull guides, and eke that one of you  
Accompany the Lady home vnto his father now,  
With hono: due religiously the Altars high to reare,  
To sacrifice that Apollo, with fauour vs forbear.  
When Achilles had hearkned wel to Agamemnons tale,  
Disdainfully he lokte at him, and blewe this bitter gale:  
Thou impudent, thou tangles thou, what Græke shall ready make  
Himselfe to fight at thy commaund, thy party for to take:  
I came not from my Countrey I, the Troians stout to scarre,  
Do: to reuenge my selfe on them: for in no boiles of warre,  
They euer out my region fruites or cattail toke away,  
Too large a sea, too mightie hilles, them deserts wilde do stay,  
And champaines wide their forraies bar, swaine vs which are desce:  
But I am come, and al my traine, cutting the seas from thence  
Under thy leading, not at al for any cause of ours,  
But Menelaus wrong to venge, a brother he of yours:  
Not minding thou the good we doe (thou sacd and doghead thou)  
In place of thanks I shoulde receiue, thou depely threatenst now,  
To take away my god, my god, for so in truth it is:  
For by my balo: in the helde I gained it pluis,  
And whiche the Grækes in witness large did giue of my deserte,  
Of all the spoile: I haue more cause than thou to take at harte  
These actions aye. Of pillage til I alwayes haue the worst,

Agamem-  
non to A-  
chilles.

Agamem-  
non threat-  
neth Achil-  
les, Ajax,  
& Vlysses,

Achilles  
exclaimes  
of Agamem-  
non.

B. iij.

The

Phile com-  
try of A  
chilles.

Agamemnon  
to Achilles

Agamemnon  
to Achilles

Achilles  
grooves in  
choler  
with Aga-  
memnon.

Pallas kee-  
peth Achil-  
les fro kil-  
ling Aga-  
memnon.

These are in offhand seruise; in fight gain the fildes;  
Yet what they giue, I will accept. With both is peard quiet  
Better than with a tyrant warre, I warre no more wil tye it.  
The waking sea I wil goe take in point of morning gray,  
With fowles and fowls land my way by taking may.  
And making heret hold thy abode, without that shalt gaine;  
Thy substance great and massive wealth I will to waste in baine.  
And will you (Agamemnon) Amen; farewell, adue,  
I list not your abode to trespase, ne for your presence sue.  
There, my people will here abide, and tending my remembrance,  
I be vnprovidid nought de lous will becom in this rowme.  
Of all the worlding gods princes here, thou dost delight Achill  
To bite and sting us of the nonst, and alwayes bendes thy will,  
Contentingly maintaining hate, prospering ouer much  
Of force proceeding from the Gods in thee there is none such.  
Farewel, your godly Pythidones, commend the at your pleasure,  
And your agoe and furie that I care for at my leasure.  
But herewith your audacitie that further I doe daunt,  
With that Apolloes pleasure is, and ordaines vs to graunt  
What I churye, as I please againe, with speede as much as may,  
To olde Chryses my people shall the Lady come cany.  
To thy possession with I send tricke Brytida to bring  
Thy best helmed, that al men knowe how pusaunter a King  
I am than thou, and that heresoforth none be so hardie bolde  
To put my head to matche with me, by whom I be controulede.  
Darest Achilles greuously much, a warre in him he found,  
With wighthe falkon, whether he should ding down on the ground  
Agamemnon dead, or to appeale the wrong he did conceale,  
To holde him still, to parte them fro, and company to leaue.  
Per rage, in spite of reason rule, his blade he out doth waue,  
Long hea bearde from Welkin high this cruell iarre, and saue!  
The bickering thus so neare at hande them both she wilt defend,  
And Pallas straight from Iostie skies she causeth to descend  
Approching to Achill, softly she toke him by the halre,  
Who speedily retires, knowing, the Goddess to be there,  
With twinkling eyes vnceasingly, yet knowinge sa neuer a man,  
But

# of Homers Iliades.

But onely to himselfe, to whom he thus beganne  
 You heavenly daughter Pallas you I doe I your presence see  
 Would you it knowe how Agamemnon doth wrong and shure me  
 Give me some leaue, and for his pride you shall see by and by

Achilles to  
 Pallas

Before you here upon the grasse his headlesse trunche to lay  
 Thy griefe to ease quoth Pallas is this coming here to see  
 If to be rid by homer's tale the thy selfe thou canst extirpe  
 Dame Iuno seeing this dangerous strife, who fauours both so much  
 Did bid me downe; ther to advise in no wise him to touch  
 But by thy sword it doth not well; with words do worde repare

Pallas to  
 Achilles

Assured be for his great fault thou shalt another day  
 And these thy harmes haue gallant gifts, yre layen in the lappe  
 If to obey this counsaile mine thy mind mid meaning happe  
 Its more than meate quoth Achilles, and reason so doth will  
 That what the Gods couenaunt to vs men; we wholly do fulfill

Achilles o:  
 heys Pallas  
 that is to  
 say, reason

Though fury would be there withdraue; Of Gods & puissant might  
 Obedience both most asseme, in euery manner might  
 Age from his hell who doth not warde, in fauour still we see  
 His massie falcon saying thus, in breath of bright flame ble  
 Of siluer braye he putteth by, Pallas away he weares  
 She leaues the Greeks, to Gods aloft in heauen she repaire  
 The valiant Greke in furie still on Agamemnon doth stare  
 His rage abides, him thus in speech he saying will he bare

Thou tipled knight, a snarring curre, to fight and shew thou arte  
 Than stagge beset at bay about more feareful yet of hate  
 Among the things a coward like, a shewful looking eye  
 Aultra, storms, and battels fought, thou fearst to death of knocks  
 And losse thou darst ambushments lay, for doubt to quail of by  
 Thou tyrant great, who dost deuoure the people cruelly

Oppressor thou scourge of the poore, delighting to disgrace  
 All men vnto a thing appetit consenting giues do place  
 If I my courage solowed had; thou shouldst no more haue harnde  
 All gracelesse straight thy carcas here to death I wold haue harnde  
 But hearken, for by this royall spere, by whiche I now doe swate  
 A worthy ornament to shewe, in right hand which I beate

The othe  
 of Achilles

Who hauing lost the sappe of wood, oft grimelesse cannot drawe

True

## The first Booke

The Author  
thorowly  
fancie h  
for a mur  
derer.

True comment for iudges all, who execute the lawe  
Of Iupiter sit most tall men : the day before thou wilt,  
Wilt come, when to be shielded from sir Hector's murdering fist  
(Who shal hacke down the Grækes in heapes) y I shal be entreated,  
And thou (thy lewdnesse fond confest) shal thorowly be heated,  
To haue despised carelesly, who most deserueth losse.  
Thus saie, from him in fury great his scepter down he throwes,  
He sittes him downe, Agamemnon, whome anger forwarde straines,  
Spinding faire Bryseis til to haue, the quarrel he maintaines.

Nestor had  
lyued 300.  
yeares.

That speaker swete delighting tong therewith duke Nestor rose,  
From Heauen had much pleasaunter than Hony from him flowes,  
By grace diuine, of tripte life the yeares he also bare,  
He to th' assembly as they sate his knowledge both declare.

Nestor to  
Achilles &  
Agamemnon

O what mishap, what parant losse se I on Greece to fall?  
What ioy and hope to Priamus his sonnes and subiects all,  
When as shall come vnto their eares, that in this campe of ours  
By kindled heate in quarrell thus our greatest Princes lours?  
This discorde seane, this surp sy, than yours my yeares are more,  
Your greater and your graners to, I known haue heretofore,  
Who haue my counsell ay obeyed : I neuer knewe nor knowe  
How balde and mightie mostall men, than these and Perithoe,  
Dryas in Prudence chiefe of price, Exadius, Polipheme,  
Ceneis equall with the Gods, who by their force extreme  
The Giants and the Lappiths slewe, whereby their glorie fledde  
To Heauen highe, I called I, with them I often pedde  
To battailes great and dangerous, in bloudy martiall marte,  
Whose force not lustie lining tho to frunt in sight had hearte,  
They alwaies built so on my word, as none would crosse my speech,  
Wilt shal you doe, if you perforce by counsaile what I teach.  
And first to you Agamemnon, be not of so greate minde,  
Thoughe chiefe thou be, perforce to take Bryseis, who is assignde  
By all the Grækes his iust rewarde : Achill I thinke it good  
You silence vse, with tarring wordes forbear to crosse in mood.  
Of al the sceptred Princes none so high is seated downe,  
As ouer hie lone appoints the scepter and the crowne :  
In force if so you more auaille, from Thetis that it reaches

The author  
sittie of  
Kings com  
meth from  
Iupiter.

Pou



# of Homers Iliades.

9

Your mother she, but yet than yours his puissance further stretches,  
For Nations more do him obey. And Agamemnon take it,  
Apprese your rage and your abuse, lette not your calling make it.

Achilles, for the loue of me, if true, I true reposite,  
Forget this iarre, to Grækish campe in olde and wonted sorte  
Shewe forth your selfe a bulwarke sure: Thou aged worthy sire,  
Quoth Agamemnon, what thou haste saide beste reason doth require,  
But here this mate by gallant heart triumphing I orde will gor,  
He will commaunde, he all will rule: but soft. he shall not so,  
If I may chose: his force is greate, as fit to power diuine,  
Hath he then leaue all wrong to doe, as fancie shall encline?

Agamemnon  
and Nestor.

Achilles straight ful restless yet, from him the speache he toke,  
I were (quoth he) a coward lende, if I agreed to b:oke  
Thy gouernance, after thy wil I rulde will be no more,  
For no obedience looke of me, others commaunde therfore,  
And build on this: For Bryseis faire, no quarrel I wil make  
With any man, sith obstinate you bent are for to take  
The giste on me whiche was bestowed: but haue regarde to dare  
(Wea for thy life) to touch the Gods in my possession are,  
And be aborde my vessels, thou a bootlesse worke shouldest haue.  
And if thou best so gallant set, or yet so beaustly bzane,  
Aduaunce thy selfe, thy balo: shewe, and al men shal beholde  
We with my Launce to shed thy bloud, and lay thy carcasse colde.  
The case debated thus at length, the Councell al they rose,  
Achilles with his companie to his Banillion goes.

Achilles to  
Agamemnon

A shippe well furnishte Agamemnon on sea he causeth rise  
With twentie Oes, forgetting not things mete for Sacrifice,  
And pucell Chryseis fitly there he shipped honest well,  
And Vlyses for patron put, who Grækes did all excell  
In good aduise, and pleasaunte speache, the waues at will they sice,  
With winde in poupe, they hope full sone to finde hir father Chryse.

The coun-  
cell breaks  
vppe.

Againe home offerings more to fitte, Agamemnon hyeth faste,  
To cleanse the campe, and in the sea the ordure for to caste.  
Then to the Altars reared high on shoare right beautifull,  
He biddeth bring the wanton Goats, the sheepe and mightie Bull,  
Deuoutly for the army all, on Phœbus to bestowe,

Vlyses  
goes vvyth  
Chryseis to  
hir father.

VVith a-  
cense they  
purifie the  
campe.

C.

Whereof

## The first Booke

Whereof the smel and vapoꝝ thicke to heauen righte doth goe,  
As burnt they were, the people eke in many sandy wife  
Unto the Gods sent their demaunds, their prayers, and their cries.  
But Agamemns wꝛath swageth not, he stil in rage doth roste,  
Till he at pleasure Bryseis haue, for Chryseis he hathe losse.

Talthybe  
and Eury-  
bate 11700  
Heraults of  
the Grecks.

Two Heraultes straght he bids to come, he thought of best respect,  
Talthybe, and Eurybate, to whome he spake to this effect:  
O Heraults here scke out Achill, who in his tente now is,  
Bring Bryse away, if he withstande, I present will not misse,  
Spite of his teeth to scthe hir I, and wel vnto his paine.  
Suche were his wordes, outrageous, moze sond and solishe baine.

Achilles to  
the heraults

To place the Heraultes quickly came, where lay þe valiant Græke,  
They him no soner saue, but that their breads were not to scke,  
Agast to touch so mightie a Prince, of whome when he did heare,  
Although in grief he welcomde the, and thewde the pleasant chere:

Bryseis is  
brought to  
Agamemnon.

You Heraultes high, come on quoth he, no daunger dread at all,  
For by poure disarde king, not you, this wrong on me doth fall,  
Agamemnon, who will me bereaue by force and tyranny  
Of Bryseis liking presence, whyche so deare is in mine eye.  
Patroclus mate and brother mine, of beantie scthe the dame,  
Gins hir in handes to Heraults these: And here I doe proclaime  
Besore the Gods, ye Heraults eke, al people vnder Sunne,  
This tyrant to, whose senses stil to worse and worse do runne:  
To witnesse I do call you al, hereafter, if perhappes  
The Grækes haue nede of my reliefe by meanes of afterclappes,  
And peril comming to the campe, this doting dazeled Ass,  
He knowes not god discourse, no; yet what ere god counsel was.  
He mindeth not, who hitherto hath bin the armies shield,  
He knoweth not who hathe the powter to saue the same in filde.  
Here with Patroclus bringeth forth Bryseis the Damsel gay,  
He giues hir in the Heraultes handes, who onwarde take their way  
Apace to Agamemnons shippes to leade the Lady faire,  
Who much againste hir wil, to him doth make hir new repaire.  
By this farewel, the pleasures al of valiant Achill quailles,  
He martirde so is with the grieve, with sheadding teares he wailes,  
And from his people goes aparte. And better to abide

His



# of Homers Iliades.

11

His bitter paine, vnto the shoare he stealeth there aside,  
Thus to his mother Thetis ofte shewing his wofull case:

With in my birth by fate full harde fewe yeares I doe embrace  
Of life, then Ioue (quoth he) who sees al things from Welkin hye,  
Some honour shoulde haue giuen me, befoze the time I dye,  
And not to suffer Agamemni my solace thus to serue,  
By power to take that noble gift, whyche well I did deserue.

Achilles to  
his mother.

From deapth of wide and hollowe sea, hir sonne complayning thus  
With pitcons noise, Thetis gaue eare, leauing Oceanus  
The aged sire in Marine Courte, in likenesse of a cloude  
With speede she comes to Achilles, in dolour where he stode.

Binde countenance and shewe she makes: Alas deare son quoth she,  
What ayleth the: whence commes thy grieve: Alas, what man is he  
That hathe thy minde disturbed thus: let me th'occasion see,  
That of thy toleful dæring here, partaker I may be.

Thetis to  
Achilles his  
sonne.

He sighing saide, muste I to you declare my martyring th'owes:  
The wrongs to me nowe lately done pour selfe too well knowes.

Achilles to  
his mother.

You knowe full wel holwe soz to harme King Priame and his kinne,  
Many a subiect towne of his, and neighbors, quite haue bin  
To ruine, sacke, and botie brought, the wallles of Ation  
The puissant king, by me were tozne, whereof to euery one  
The spoiles were parted equally: Chryseis of beautie moste

Was leste to Agamemnons choise, who kept hir in the hosse.  
Chryseis the sire shortly in campe his daughter faire he sought,

And soz hir raunsome also due he gallant presents brought.  
Vnto vs all in humble wise he lowly made request,

And eke to him that had hir rule, with whome the Maide did rest.  
Of Phoebus cleare, olde Chryses was, cladde with the two:thye weed,

Thereby to purchase moze regarde. By vs it was agreed,  
That she in frædome shoulde be sette, and gistes had in erchange.

But here oure Chieftaine our aduise he toke it very straunge:  
And maugre al, with choller ful, the hoarie haire he chode:

His presents thus refuse, good Chryse, right sorrowfull abode.  
To Phoebus cleare he prayed harde, who put him not abacke:

For shortly numbers greate, by plague are put to dreffull lacke.  
This wofull plight, when plaine I sawe of Grækes by death spent,

C.ij.

Which

## The first Booke

Which Calchas wise saide from Apoll proceeded ill content,  
 I did perswade the people at the God to pacifie,  
 Thereby displeasing Agamemn, himselfe so gloriouly  
 And sterne who beares. With outrages and threats he eke began,  
 And sayde, his losse muste bealed be of me, I was the man:  
 He failed not to execute his filthie minde so false.  
 Chryseis in Calley scarce was put, and haled by the halfe,  
 But that they Bryseis fetcht away, whether she wil or no  
 Out of my Tent, King Agamemn to him wil haue hir goe.  
 I this way of the goodly giste, which all the Campe me gane  
 Defrauded am. But if that you suche might and puissance haue  
 (As well I know your force is great) then prayde thou some reliefe  
 Unto your wofull sonne, whose soule is paulde with inward griefe.  
 Ascend, and licence craue of loue that I reuenge may take,  
 For once from danger you him drew, for miends let him this make.  
 I minde it well, I ofte haue heard you largely baunt and boiste,  
 That, but for you and for your helpe, he life and laude had losse.  
 For Neptune ioynd with Pallas, and Iuno Dame that shrowe,  
 Had enterprised to bind his hands, & down the heauens him shrowe.  
 But their malitious harde deuise preuented was in time:  
 For you descending, to the Heauen you caused for to clime  
 Briareus callde Ageon, the hundred handed Giant,  
 The fiercest of all mortall wights, who fiercely there resistant,  
 Did so agast the Seaish God, and other Goddish powers,  
 That loue as soueraigne still remaines, & none against him stoures.  
 For get you to him mother mine, and lowly on your knees  
 Winde him of this your seruice done, demanding for your fees,  
 That he vouchsafe the Trojans sende suche courage to embrace,  
 That flaine or burnt, the Grækes to shoke do fearefully giue place.  
 This mischiefe byding by their King, who then his faulte shal spie,  
 And loslie liking of him elsie, so little care, loselie  
 Winding his promesse. who of all in baloe beares the Well.  
 Thetis againe Achill hir sonne thus answers very wel,  
 With heauy hearte and weeping eyes: Alas (she said) my sonne,  
 Haue I thee hither thus brought vp: thy life hast thou begonne  
 (With in a trice it is cutte off) Why blisfull is it not?

Conspira-  
 cie of the  
 Gods a-  
 gainste  
 Jupiter.  
 The fable  
 of Briareus  
 had an hun-  
 dred handes.

Thetis to  
 Achilles.

Haue

Have I conceived thee deare sonne, to this unhappie lot?  
 What, is thy fate so hard, to giue thee short and dolefull dayes?  
 Well, thee to please, I will to loue, perswading diuerse wayes,  
 In telling this, that to thy losse he be a setter an,  
 But two dayes past he with the Gods is gone th' ocean,  
 Whereas the Ethiopes do inuite the auncient Gods to chere,  
 Cleauen dayes it will be full ere he returne I here.  
 But then a suter will I be, til when I wish (my child)  
 You from the battayle do abstaine, and not pour weapons wield.  
 Dispose your selfe vpon the waues, a ship boorde take no care,  
 That it be with vnto the Grækes how great your colours are.  
 With this he leaues his sonne Achil. A boorde he keeps in paine  
 For Brisies gone, he feels the smart, that thills through euery bayne.  
 That while Vlisse with winde in poupe, and frauile of the Dre,  
 Of fertile Chrise he with the dame approacheth to the shore  
 And pleasant port: downe come the sayles, & round they roll the fast,  
 Upon the deck haeled adowne is layde the mightie Mast.  
 And then from Poupe with Cables harde the tothed Ancres sing  
 Their holde to take, and lay alande provision which they bring  
 For sacrifice: Vlisses doth the mayde with careful charge  
 Upon his saddle sette, conuay to Phœbus temple large,  
 With minde full milde, where to his tier he giues her in his handes,  
 And with these wordes: Thou Chrise Priest, so happy thou y standes,  
 Agamemnon, who commaunds the Grækes, to thee hath sent me hither  
 To bring thee home thy daughter here, and with her eke together  
 Such bolues to offer to Apol, to pacifie his anger,  
 That Grækes thereby so deeply pinde, be therewith plagde no länger.  
 The god olde man did hope apace his daughter to possesse,  
 And forthwith bad to sacrifice they all things readie dresse.  
 And Barly takes he calls to bring, and fingers washed faire,  
 Aloude he listeth by his voyce, and iopned hands doth reare.  
 Oh puissât Phœbus (thus he prayes) whose darts do all things feare,  
 Thou Phœbus cleare, Apollo God who siluer bow doth beare,  
 And Cyl, Chrysa, and Tenedos doth rule vnto thy liking,  
 If any time thou hast vouchsafte to graunt at my beseking  
 To thew the working of thy wrath on Grækes afflicted loze,

Vlisse  
 ues in the  
 Ile of  
 Chio, and  
 deliues  
 Chrise to  
 his father.

Vlisse  
 Chrise.

Chrise  
 prayes to  
 Apollo.

C. ii.

Who

The plague  
crealeth in  
the Greek  
Campe.

Sacrifice.

Who wholly yelde unto thy wil, & Phoebus graunt therefore  
To chaunge thy minde, & fro this Cape it is bitter plague do banish.  
No sooner prayde, but Phoebus hearde, & plague it straight did banish.  
Full furnishte were the off-rings, when ended was to pray,  
The sheepe are slaine, their skinnes of pluckt, & to the fire they lay  
The gigots plumbe, and cut off legges: god Chrise with wine so red  
The Altar throughe doth perfume: him selfe he careful sped  
About the service of the God, and fier great doth kindle,  
The loynes of the oblations deare, and other flesh they mingle,  
And roundly rost on branches fine, and gridozne on the Conles,  
And euerie one prepares him selfe vnto his chere and boales.  
A fiersly sight it was to see the seamen plye their teth,  
Wherewith the Cups aspre they walke, they wel content therewith.  
Refreshed thus, Vlisses and the Grekes they do not spend  
Idle the day, they Minnes do chaunt, and ferly songs do send  
Apollos prayse to herrie him, wherof the pleasaunt tunes  
Resounding in the God his cares, he pleasure great reumes.

Vlisses re-  
turnes to  
the Grekes  
Campe.

At night Vlisses toucheth him within his galley lowe.  
At peere of day eche one prepares to plucke, to hale, to rowe.  
To losse the seas the waste they hapse, Gods ayde they do not lacke,  
For shortly with þe winde he gaue (which made their sayles to crack)  
In port of safetie they arriue, where bloudie war doth roze,  
And taking land, their vessel they do draw vpon the shoze.  
To his pavilion eke retires, or bieth him aborde.

This while Achilles keepe his tent, for matters of the swoorde  
He neither makes nor medels with, nor yet to counsel comes,  
In minde with trouble ouercharge, he grieved sits, and glomes,  
Pyning away his valiaunt corpe, a patterne odde produced  
Vnto the world of worthy shape: when as should be induced  
Alarme among the G. ees, he gapes, whom Troyans should assaile,  
God proue to shew his helpe, to them to be of great auaille.

The day now come of Ioues returne from th' Ocean to euen feast,  
One morning Thetis from the sea to heauen hir selfe doth prest.  
The God aside she sitting saw, appoaching to him nie,  
His knees hir left hand doth embrace, with countenance curtesiousye  
Her right to chin she moued soft, and humbly thus she prayde:

# of Homers Iliades.

15

If any time (redoubted fire) that I haue with mine ayde  
The high and mightie maiestie releued in thy want,  
I thee beseech this my request I father do it graunt,  
Sith life is short, his he no touchte, yelde thou vnto my sonne,  
Let Agamemnon shortly know what wrong he hath him done,  
Yelding the Grækes a thorough feare, the Troyans courage hie,  
So that the wretched Campe restore his credite worthilie.

Thetis to  
Iupiter.

To this the Goddesses will be speech, the great God answerd nat,  
But sadly musing with himselfe, he still in silence sat.

The Goddesses elsone wearie now, this silence long that spies,  
In humble sort vpon his knees intreateth in this wise:  
Say yea, or no, Oh Iupiter, ende both my hope and feare,  
For you of whom to stand in dread, I know none life doth beare:  
Say on therfore, that I may see, in fauour how I stand,  
How small regarded or esteemde, I craue it at your hand.

Thetis etc.  
some entre-  
teth Iupiter

With fetched sigh loue answers thus: Oh harde and heauy case,  
Sith my wife Iuno I must stirre, and haue hir froward grace.

Iupiter to  
Thetis.

It is she, it is she of all the Gods with me that most doth iarre,  
Alleging that I Priams part support do in this warre.

That she do not our meaning finde, down straight descēd your ways,  
And your demaunde I wil fulfil, as surde without delays.

And that you know my promise sound, I wil you shew a signe  
To ease your doubt, this shal it be, to bow my heade diuine,

A token aye that neuer failes, when any thing of waight  
Vnto the Gods I do beight. His head he shaketh straight,

And bended bowes so raiseth he, that of his holy heare  
By only shake, Olympus large doth tremble fast for feare.

Thetis to depth of sea descendes, the God his mansion keeps,  
In welkin Countrey he remains, with other Gods he mates,

In troupe, not missing no not one, themselves they humbly shew,  
Amid them all right gloriously on throne he sitteth tho.

Then Iuno chased at the fall, now found the secrete trick  
Of loue, to wacke of Grækish Campe, which touchte hir at y quick.

With hart audacious thus she says: thou God with malice frought,  
What subtile toy, what pretie pake, haue you (I pray you) wrought

With that my maisters Parier: from whence now doth it grow  
That

Taken of  
the certain-  
tie of Iupit-  
ters promts

Then Iuno  
pos-sha-  
meth.  
Iupiter re-  
turnes to  
Heauen.

Iuno angry  
vvith Iupit-  
ter.



Jupiter to  
Iuno.

That I with you must not conferre, nor must your counsels know:  
Delighting that your dealings close to other known be,  
I fur aloofe a stranger I. Hope not then unsweared he  
My secrets I acquaint you with, your gaine it would be like,  
Although my wife and sister both, you are, I do confesse.  
In Counsailes which are fitte for you, you full shal haue your right,  
None calde so soone, no not the God, that greatest is of might.  
If, what I haue determined plaine, none is shal know the matter,  
Then let me rest, to search it out you ought not thus to patter.  
Out cried the Goddesse Ioude, alas, I crabbd rusticke Ioue,  
So like an Asse or indiscrete, when did I euer roue,  
To sake the things of secrecie, but still I am excluded,  
You crabbd you, your secretes daies without me are concluded,  
Which made me careful, when I saw Thetis that spiteful peate  
Thys morning here so perting sitte at elbow by your seate.  
I greatly dread hir sonne to benge, obtaine some suite she hath,  
Wherby to danger down the Crakes, & worke their harme & scath.

Jupiter to  
Iuno.

To this the God did call hir bag, (quoth he) I cannot shift,  
But thy suspitious iealous heade aye findeth out my drift.  
But how much moze (I smel) you thinke to alter what I meane,  
I so much moze in spite of you do stil contrarie cleane,  
The rather for your kicking thus. If I vnto Thetis  
Haue promist anye thing at all, sith so my pleasure is,  
And you it knowe, why should not you agree as wel as I?  
So sit you downe, and talke no moze so foute and foolishly,  
Least moued I, with both my sisters I giue you hanging lawes,  
And in such sort as no God here can saue you from my clawes.

By this so great and dreadful threat, dame Iuno moze she feares,  
She quiet growes, she goes hir wayes, & bisage downe she beares,  
Among the Gods she takes hir place: this while the heavenly route,  
By this contention graued are, and troubled thorow out.

Vulcane to  
Iuno his  
Mother.

Whereby with pitie Vulcane bare to Iuno, which he had,  
With doubt this snarling would proceed to worse, which was so bad:  
With curteous speech he did his best, to comfort hir, as thus:  
My mother deare, if this despite remaine, and that with vs  
Immortal Gods we quarrel haue, for mortal peoples case,

I surely see decay to fall upon this goddiss race.  
 The banquets shal be brought to nought, and quailed with disquiet,  
 Wher at we all are still refresh't, and reason why, for royst  
 In mischief like makes better head, than better can attaine.  
 You must more kind and louing be: oh noble dame refraine  
 Your choller now vnto my fire, how, best your selfe both know,  
 Else by this rigour of debate the case will fall out so,  
 As all the Gods, both you and I, shal finde no little grieke,  
 If once he grow into a rage. He mightie is and chiefe,  
 He from the heauens will vs hunt, wherby our iunkets gay,  
 Our sport, our chat of louing toyes shal cleane be tane away,  
 And porte of this our mansion hie, all counsels ended quite.  
 I you beseech to haue some care this danger do not light,  
 Agree your selfe vnto his wil, with wo:des of milde allay,  
 And what you list, you shal obtaine, he can you not deny.  
 With this a boule of Nectar ful, in hand sir Vulcane toke,  
 And to his mother did present it with a comely loke.  
 Beare mother mine, (quoth he to hir) refuse not to obey  
 To loue, though care both waileth you, and wills you answer nay,  
 Least greater shame you hap to haue, he laying you on the side,  
 And though I would, no help at all I could for you prouide,  
 For yet resist his power diuine: haue you forgot so sone,  
 How you to rescue from his hand, he had me almost done  
 To death: when so his furie wore, from thies he did me thro  
 Down by the soke, where in the ayre I tumbled to and fro,  
 A whole day throug, and fel at last with bones and body burst,  
 In Lemnos Ile, in manner dead, whereas I fel at furst.  
 Wheras I was wel entertainde there by the Lemnos dweller,  
 With bountie great. When Iuno heard thus Vulcane so to tel hir,  
 She was appeasde, and gan to smile, the cup to lips she set,  
 With Nectar swete, celestial iyce, hir mouth and hart she wet.  
 It was a pastime to behold the pleasaunt Vulcane God,  
 In taking say to al the rest, with halting haunches plod.  
 Whereat the Gods do laugh apace, much liking of the iest.  
 And then prepared is forthwith, the high and heauenly feast,  
 From morning cleare which vnto night was drawn out along.

Vulcane  
 presenteth  
 drinke to  
 Iuno.

Vulcane  
 once thro-  
 uen out of  
 Heauen fel  
 in Lemnos  
 Ile.

Iuno drins  
 keth of Ne-  
 ctar and is  
 appeasde.

The Gods  
 feast.  
 Phebus &  
 the muses.

D.

With



## The second Booke.

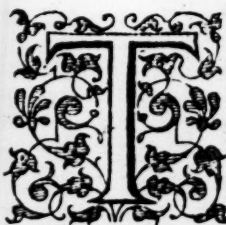
With great and glorious aray, the Muses with their song  
 Concoording still, and Phoebus he his doulced Harpe doth strike  
 Agræing in swæte Harmonie, wherewith they greatly like  
 The woorthy route: the sun gone downe, ech one with beanie eyes  
 Retires vnto his seuerall home, in buildings which do rise  
 By skill of Iynping Artyslane: Ioue to his Chamber tries,  
 And down he coucheth on his bed, and Iuno by him lyes,

Iupiter and  
 the Gods  
 to rest.

*Fineis Libri primi.*

## ¶ The seconde Booke.

Iupiter can  
 not sleepe  
 for the care  
 he hath of  
 Achilles.



The Heauenly fires and mortall folke  
 passed the night as tho  
 In pleasaunt sleepe, yielding to it  
 ful free of care and wo.  
 But Ioue sticking with toth and nayle  
 still vnto hys behest  
 To Thetis made, with irkesome chcare  
 bereft was of his rest,

Calling howe he Achilles came vnto the starres might raise,  
 And mone some boyles in the Græks Cāps to their losse any ways.  
 Iohn dreaming God he calde to him, that God chiefe God of il,  
 Common cole carrier of euery spe, thus saying him his wil: (here  
 Thou cankerbe dreame thinke on thy charge, & leaue thy seate now  
 And straight to Agamemnons ships this message see thou beare,  
 Without abode that he do arme eche Grækish crue and bande,  
 His enterprize to ende, my selfe wil put an helping hande.  
 For now the Gods do all agræ that Troy to ruine goe,  
 Among them though hath bene great tug whether it should be so.  
 Thoroughly by Iuno brought thereto, whose wil and whole desire  
 Is both the Troyan towne and folke to daunt with sworde and fire.

Iupiter to  
 the God of  
 dreame.

Hauiug

## of Homers Iliades.

29

Having his errand thus from Ioue, the dreaming God him sped  
 forthwith to Agamemnon that Prince, whom he found then abed,  
 By sleepe refreshing to his spirits of toyle and trauaile gone,  
 Of Nestor olde that famous wight the shape that God put on,  
 Saying: Oh valiant Atreus heire, sleepest thou or dost thou wake:  
 A Princes dutie is not thus himselfe to sloth to take,  
 Who hath the charge of such a crue of knights and army big,  
 For not throughout to sleepe a night the care of them would twig.  
 With Ioue so much thy same desires, and eke thy name to raise,  
 And so; thy sake hath caused such broyles he bids without delays,  
 That next when Titan shewes his face this, Orizon to light,  
 In order you your armies range of battaile so; to fight.  
 For now the time is right at hand, yea this is now the day,  
 Wherein the Trojan Citie shal be given to Grækes in pray.  
 The Gods as now pæde all therto, agreeing in this case  
 Willing to follow Iunoes baine, whom great desires embrace  
 Of Troy to see the Towers downe to;ne, and euend with the ground,  
 And Ioue that God, of others most, that string doth wholly sounde.  
 The Troyans little to esteeme his Godhead he doth know.  
 Thinke on oh King that I haue saide, my message do not slow.  
 His errand done, as he was wilde, he toke his flight from thence,  
 Leaving Prince Agamemnon then in dumpe and in suspence.  
 And casting so; to make exployte and end without delays,  
 To spoyle the Trojan towne and line, and not to take moze dayes.  
 But the great Calfe mist of his counte, so; Ioue had layde a bayte  
 As wel the Grækes as Dardanes kind them both a shame to waite.  
 But then he rose, leaving his bed, and sitting downe thereon,  
 He clad himselfe with garments newe, and put a Mantle on,  
 And on his fete full delicate cleane shoes right seate he set,  
 And to his side a sword he girt, with golden naples ybet.  
 Thus clad, holding in his right hand his own paternal Sace,  
 Went from his tent vnto the ships to consult of the case.

The dream  
 to Agamē-  
 non.

A prince in  
 vvar ought  
 not to sleep  
 the whole  
 night.

Agamemnon  
 thinks of  
 his dream.

Agamemnon  
 and maketh  
 him ready.

The Sunne  
 rising.

When as Aurora gan to clime vpon Olympus hie,  
 And brought to men message of light before the Sunne in skie,  
 Agamemnon went to counsel his Heraulds crying out,  
 Both great and smal, yea moze and lesse of all the Grækish route

D. y.

Came

## The second Booke.

The Con-  
sell ascribes

Agamem-  
nons dreame.

Nestor per-  
suades the  
Greekes to  
believe A-  
gamemnon

Came to the cal, but ere he would his minde to them declare  
He callde the auncients of the host, they that most worthy were,  
Whose counsel was the best esteeme, to whom he thus began  
Somewhat with ioy in Nestors shippe that famous worthy man.  
How this last night the dreame diuine did set my thought on fire  
Hearc now my friends, when as he came resembling this old fire.  
This rest becomes thee not, quoth he, you child of Atreus kinde,  
But rather on thy charge to thinke, and there to set thy minde.  
A wise man the which subject is to euer kinde of ill,  
Ought not in rest spende all the night, or sleep: therein his fil.  
Giue eare therefore vnto my words: sith loue now willing is  
To aduance thy name & great renoume, commands, thou dost not misse  
But in the field to raunge thy power to morrow so; to fight,  
For therein thou shalt bring aduance the Trojan priue and might,  
And sake their Citie, sith the Gods no more are at discorde,  
To succour them, their foe Iuno, hath wrought them to accorde.  
And namely loue against Priam wil follow his reuenge,  
And as a soman, so of him, himself himselfe wil venge.  
This message done, the dreame me lest, and I addresse likewise  
My selfe to you my friends, to know your counsaile and aduise,  
How to furnish this enterprise: but ere we do beginne  
Our armour to put on, lets see what minces our men be in.  
If ye thinke good, to Countrey home I wil them wil to bide,  
And with faire words wil counsaile them, & willing same wil I.  
But you shal argue and reply against that my request,  
Constrayning them by word and othe to tarrise and arrest,  
Till that a thorow ende be made: then Nestor by did rise  
Straight at his tale, and to them al he gan speake in this wise.  
Oh Princes famous of renoume, if any present ly  
But Agamemnon should counte this tale, we would it hold a lye,  
And making him a laughing stocke, his credite should be smal:  
But sith this tale is his, who hath the leading of vs al,  
We must to it our credite giue, not spending time in this,  
But to assent is my deuise vnto these words of his.  
Encouraging our souldiours all so; to committe to winde,  
And to aduance our ensignes all with courage good and minde.

This

This sentence of Nestor allowde, Agamemnon straight rose,  
The Pæres accompaning him, & rout in scale of newe now goes,  
He, who hath seene the busie Wars, whē Prime time first forth leaps, Similitudes  
of Bees.  
Jining off the shiued rockes, flying in swarmes and heapes,  
To smel the odour of the floures, of the small blossomde trees:  
Suppose, that from al quarters came, both great and small likewise,  
Following their chieftains at the heels, for newes to heare they cast,  
Togither so to the sea stronde they hied them to haste.

The messenger of loue so swift with wing as may be thought, The fa-  
mous messen-  
ger of lu-  
fer.  
Fame with the help of his strong pens, did leane no place vnought,  
But stirres eche man with doubled wordes to haste vnto the rout,  
That with y noise of those that came the earth trembled throughout:  
And in the ayre the bruite resoundes, right haply he was set,  
That could by chance find out some place among such prease so gret, The prease  
He preaseth him, him he again, shouldring ech one his sere,  
They labor stil with heaue and thoue, eche one to draw more nere.

But the Heraulds silence to make, nine times th' Dies did crie, The He-  
raulds make  
silence.  
To the Kings wordes praying the Grækes to hearke attentively.

Agamemnon him ready made, and on a place of state Agamemnon  
Sceptre,  
He mounted hye, in his right hande his Sceptre deaurate  
Wrought lately by the God Vulcane, to loue it with great care  
Did he present, esse by whose giste eke Mercurie it bare,  
And Mercurie in present gaue it to Pelops the greate,  
Who it did yelde to Atreus, and in his hand it set.  
And Atreus yelding by the Ghost, to Thyestes the strong  
He it bequeathde, with other things which to it did belong.  
This Sceptre Agamemnon helde, and it posselt in dede,  
For to the soile of Argos riche as heire he did succede,  
And eke to other Cities more in lande right firme and fast,  
With Iles, whose beauties to beholde eche minde would be agast.  
Wherefore haunting this royall Place in his right hand before,  
Whiche eke Pelops his auncestor had bozne himselfe of yore,  
With stately loke vpon his cruces, he set and firt his eies,  
With stretcht limbs he gan him throude, and spake thē in this wise: Agamemnon  
to the real-  
cours to  
be in their  
minded.  
With grieuoly plague not to be bozne, O host of Grækish soile,  
Famous by Armes, loue hathe me deærde, and put me to the soile,

D. iij.

And

## The second Booke

And ſh he hath ſauourde our affaires : ſo; promiſe he did make  
 To me, that long ere this we ſhould the towne to flame beſake  
 And that we ſhould to *Greece* retourne al ſafe in propitious plight  
 But I ſee he hath laid a traine to trappe vs if he might.  
 For chaunging now his ſull deuſe: he counſels at the laſte  
 Home to returne, when at this ſiege greate perils we haue paſt,  
 Which we this long time haue ſuſtaind: thus wil this God of powre  
 Bring downe mens force if he ſo pleaſe in momēt of an houre.  
 And Cities huge he layes in duſt, euen as his pleaſure is,  
 And brings eche mightie ſtrength to ruine: oh what miſhap is this:  
 Suche warped kēles ſo; to behold ſtāting vpon the ſeaſ,  
 And dead ſo many woorthy knightes on the earth ſundry wayes,  
 And *Troy* to ſacke haue had no might, who now cannot abide:  
 For if a preſent proſe were made, and that it might be tryde,  
 That *Troians* as our frēdes and ſeres were numbred al in one,  
 And that we *Graekes* diuided were, by tens and tens eche one,  
 Appointing to eche troupe of vs but one *Trojan* by name,  
 To retche the Cuppe at our requeſts, when we call ſo; the ſame,  
 A man ſhould ſee thouſandes of *Graekes* (the *Trojans* be ſo ſcant.)  
 That calling in their thiſt ſo; drinke, their butlers they ſhould wāt,  
 So much our number theirs ſurmounts, which be of *Trojan* bloud.  
 But truth it is, that numbers great are come of nations god,  
 Reſolued wightes themſelues haue vowde to dye in their defence.  
 Which not a little grieues me now, and caſts me in ſuſpence,  
 Not being of force ſo; to preuaile, and yet nine yeares throughout  
 We haue this *Troy* ſtrongly beſiegde on ech ſide round about.  
 Yet they our *Pachins* haue withſtoode: what hope then in the ſame  
 Of them to gaine ſhould we now haue, but merc reproche & ſhame?  
 And of our ſhips the deckes be broke, and whole there is no ſaile,  
 Our ſaile yards rotten, our maſts yspent, & tackling ginnes to faile.  
 For our returne to take in hand they are in ſozie plight.  
 And yet againe our dolorous wiues doe wiſh of vs ſome ſight,  
 And haue done long with ardent zeale, bearing the guiltleſſe cries  
 Of the ſmall babes, with our returne wiſhing to baiſe their eyes.  
 And we now brought into diſtreſſe, and boide of our purpoſe,  
 Our hono; ſame, and god renowme, and like our time we loſe.

For



For loe we knowe, and certaine be, that we can not destroy,  
Nor put to flame this Citie nor we impugnable of Troy.  
And other counsell I knowe none, but this for beste I chose,  
That to our houses we returne, and not our honours lose.  
Doing as reason eke requires, let vs the Gods obey,  
And that eche man hie to his home, let no man thinke of stay.

These words at pleasure thus pronounc't, did yeld þe Grækes a mind  
Of full desire of their returne, and so they ganne to wind,  
With whispering noise, yaldbing a sounde, as oft the seas we see  
The storme the boistrous surge to raise, weltring now low now hie,  
And with the strength of southern blast is dzuen against eche rocke,  
It doth rebound with grieved roare, when on them it doth knocke:  
Or else, when as the westerne winde doth mete a field of graine,  
In harvest time, & cause the eares to whush throughout the plaine.  
Ech man such hast made vnto shippe, that yet before their cryes  
The dust into the aire was raise alofte into the skyes.  
Which was a grieve vnto them al, yet such desire they had  
Of their returne, that eche his friend beganne thereof to glad,  
And counsell gave their Passes to hoise, and eke their sailes to spred,  
With such a noise, as to the stars their cries and clamors ped.

The author describes the insupportable multitude by two fine comparisons.

In truth the selfe same morning then eche his returne did hie,  
And al agreed were of the same, maugre the destinie:  
Had not Iuno spit on hir bandes, and taken better holde,  
And prayed Pallas of hir help when these things wared colde.

Mincrua thou my friendly mate, shall we before our eyes  
Suffer bypon these Grækeish bandes such infamie to rise,  
And shamefully to take their flight by armes not lacking Troy,  
Not winning Helene, who is cause of all this great annoy,  
To King Priames immortall fame, and honoz of his kinne?  
If oft thy godly wisdom hath preuailed mens hearts to winne,  
And them to change from sentence set, the same now for to vse  
Is mete, to cause the Grækes to change, and thys their way refuse.  
And that from Troy no shippe departe, haste downe I thine desire,  
Till Greece, who hath receibde this wrong, do venge hir selfe by fire.

Iuno to Pallas.

Whē as þe green eyed Goddesse thus had heard dame Iunoes talk,  
To finde the willie Vlysses straight downe she toke hir walke.

Pallas descendeth and cometh to Vlysses.

Who

Pallas to  
Vlysses.

Who hauing left the other Grækes in care, then plunged was,  
With sorrowe sore, seeing how ill the warre was brought to passe.  
Who semblance in his host countre made, homeward to take he seas,  
For once t' imbarke himselfe, this ende so muche did him displease.

As it agreed, saide Pallas then, O thou Vlysses wise,  
That this shamefull departure thus be taken in thy wise?  
Shall thus the Grækes be saine to dye, and Trojans to enioy  
That beausties which al Greece to win, brought their whole strength to  
These ranting beausts hir to possesse, to see dost thou not burne (Troy?  
I pray the hast with pleasant wordes to stay the Grækes returne,  
Here to abide, until such time, as ye haue saine eche one  
The Trojan towne within the walles and tower of Ilion.

Vlysses  
takes Aga-  
memmons  
Sceptre.

Vlysses  
speakes cur-  
seously to  
the Princes.

The warlike Græke hearing the voice diuine, without delay  
Threwe off his weed, and to the campe he toke the nearest way,  
The lighter clad to make more speede, and meter to make haste,  
The which an Herauld straight toke vp, and solowed him as fast.  
And Agamemnon as he ranne, he mette right in the face,  
Of whome (the more to be esteeme) he toke his golden pace.  
By happy, if in this hurly burle, with Prince or King he met,  
With gentle speache he coulde them stay, these wordes he forthward set.  
Ah fellowe mine, it is not mete, that we, who beare the porte  
Of kings and heads, should shew our selues as do the meaner sorte,  
Daald dastards, but our parte it is, from flouth them to refraine,  
And to leade them by counsel god, to things more for their gaine.  
Agamemns fetch you do not feele, who by a gentle way  
Doth prone to see which Grecian heart most failes and faints away,  
O: who holdes out: so his reward or punishment to bestow,  
He is too wise that eche man should his minde and secrets know.  
Wherefore we ought all to forsee, that he finde cause no where  
In vs to stirre: for a Kings wrath is burthen great to beare.  
For that potwre, by the whiche he rules, proceeds from grace aboue,  
And who commands here in Gods place, him God doth alway loue.  
Vlysses to his fellow knights thus carterously did say,  
Not ironly, but if he founde a knaue carefull of pray,  
Or mutinous, who made as though he home would passe the seas,  
With his Sceptre he dealt some blows, & beaustly wote he saies:  
Becoms

The wrath  
of a King.

The raigne  
comes from  
God.  
Vlysses  
christuith  
mutinous  
souldiours.



Becomes it thee, thou Hedgehog thou, who loues no toile but ease,  
With murmorous wordes to go about thy Captaine to displease:  
Retire and stande, my friend I say, with those art of thy hande,  
To heare the Kings, who can appoint whats meett to take in hand.  
Eche one of honoꝝ maye not be a King and Ruler straight,  
For woꝝ thy Fame and great renoume are things that are of waight,  
If they be sparrhalld by one: wherfoze in enery case  
Let vs obey that King, whome loue hath set here in his place.

The Monarchie com-  
mended in  
all common  
wealthis.  
Obedience  
to Kings.

Suche gentle wordes Vlysses vsde, that so they did retire,  
And straight they left their ships, in troups & plups & kings to heare,  
Spaking such noise as doth the sea, when with some boisterous baw  
It makes the shoare whistle along, with beating on ethe trag.  
Ech one did chose himselfe a place, whereas he hears might best,  
Suche Therites among them al without a roume did rest.

Comparaſſ.

This Therites was a surly knave, and eke a dogged swine,  
Not knowing honoꝝ nor his god, and alwaies spent his time,  
And toke delight to mocke and scoꝝne, and vse with trifling toys  
Euen the chiefe: and in such trickes consisted al his ioyes:  
Thinking that it became him wel, when he did them contrary:  
And woꝝe: he was the ugliest beast, that ere the earth did carry:  
It seemde Nature had sought his wit his foulness for to shape:  
All limnde he was, and for his head, it pilde was like an Ape,  
A *Craſſum caput*, and his eares they were of Ases last,  
His limmes gourdie, croked, and lame: in fine, take thys at last,  
His forme was monstrous to beholde, his shape none euer had,  
He reaked not, though he were thought in trouble still to gad.  
All his contention and debate was broadly to gainsay  
Vlysses and Achill, and ofte like part, yea, woulde he play  
With Agamemnon, who, bycause he knewe th'ole host of late,  
Dꝛ moste of it, did stomacke then, for that so sonde debate,  
Bycause he helpe Bryseis the faire: he speedes to him amaine,  
Thus scoꝝnfully to anger him, and moue him in ethe baine.

Homer in  
the name of  
Therites  
describes a  
scditionous  
person.

Therites  
was deſor-  
med.

What doste thou lacke Agamemnon, I accomplish thy desire:  
What wouldest thou haue: what grieues thy hart: & lets it so on fire:  
What doth it else demaunde: for first thy coffers full they be  
Of golde, silver, and iewels heapt, thy ships and tents we see

Therites to  
Agamemnon.

## The second Booke

Belet with passing Damfels through, which we the Grækes bestofe  
 In giste on thee, when by assaulte we bying a Cittle lowe.  
 If to vs chauce a prisoner rich, we can thee not deny,  
 But bying to thee (strangely me thinke) his raunsome by and by:  
 For all these things at thy desire, yet art thou not content,  
 But if thou seest a captiue, whome nature hath beantie lent,  
 Hir straght t'abuse thy corage serues: wherfore what should me say,  
 Shall we al our allegiance beare, and such an head obey,  
 O; honoꝛ him, we very beastes and Grækes infamde: nay, nay,  
 Not Grækish knights, but Greciā dames, what get we here to bide:  
 This Auarice here let vs leaue, that perishe may this pride,  
 And be of causing wrong debates may know the irksome gaine,  
 Lets leaue him here, and he shal know what wrong Achill sustaine,  
 For Agamemnu thou hadst god hap when as the quarrell grewe,  
 For, if that be reuenge had sought, downe there he had thee lewe.

Vlysses to  
 Teucer.

Vlysses hearing this arrogant soile, with austere looke dyt to heare,  
 And looking through his byowes at him, he spake as you shall heare:  
 Thou knane desamde, thou busie Jacke, althoughe I knowe by kind  
 Thou arte a rayler, hold thy tongue, and let not thus thy minde,  
 Aught in reppoch of him to say, whome we as chiefe do chuse,  
 For not the beste, euen of vs al, ought him in wordes misuse,  
 And much lesse thou, who of the campe art refuse and outcast,  
 What a trim Counsellour is this, who prates and talkes thus fast.  
 Of our departure from this siege, without respect to knowe  
 Whether our god oꝛ losse it be: and (his vile minde to sholue)  
 Commes here to taunt Agamemnon, and casteth in his teeth  
 The gift, which his desert did craue, and we rewarded with:

Vlysses  
 threatneth  
 Teucer.  
 Othe of  
 Vlysses.

But hearke thou Jacke, and be thou sure, that if little oꝛ muche  
 I finde thee chatte agaynst the kyngs, oꝛ else their honoꝛ touche,  
 That from my necke my head I lose, I pray the Gods aboue,  
 And that mine onely sonne do dye, whome I entirely loue,  
 If straight as cruelly as I can, I stricke thee not of all,  
 Pea another nakte, no not thy shirt to couer thee withall,  
 And then in eche my hands a whip I scourge thee through the plaine,  
 Carelesse the Grækes and thou thy selfe shalte bide for shame & paine.  
 So saying, with his face he bent him sire oꝛ seauen bangs,

That

That on his crooked backe and bombes, the bloody drops so hangs.  
Then Therſites ſet vp with ſhame, grunting with chere full ill,  
Reading that woeful booke might hap, wylth ſobs ſo held him ſtill.

Vlyſſes  
ſtrikes  
Therſites  
wylth his  
ſceptre.

Which made th' aſſembly all to ſmile, (though troubled as befoze)  
Laughing at him with open mouth, and at this ſkirmiſh ſoyr.  
Eke one lauting Vlyſſes moche, they thus repozte of him :  
O what good zeale and wiſedome great, with care of him ſo trimme.  
His valpantneſſe we know: long ſince, and eke man well eſpies  
He perreleſſe is, hardie in warre, and eke in counsell wiſe :  
Yet neuer did he better dede, than courſing this rebel,  
For henceforth nothing ſhal he moue, whiche dutie thinkes not well.

The opin-  
ion had of  
Vlyſſes.

And Pallas playd the Heraulces parte, exclayming to eke one  
To holde them ſtill, the ſlowing Græke to heare, ſeconde to none.  
Who ſeyng them al ſo buſy to heark, ſpake thus befoze the thrōg:

Pallas play-  
eth the He-  
rault to keep  
ſilence.  
Vlyſſes to  
Agamemnon,  
and the reſt

Agamemnon thou woꝛthy Prince, thou haſte tw open wrong,  
Of al theſe Grækes vnder thy charge, to Greece who homeward would  
Againſt the promiſe they haue made, which rather kepe they ſhould,  
The whiche they made not to returne, til Troy were in thy hande,  
Like Babes and Widowes full of rage, themſelues alone to ſtande,  
Deſiring to their pleaſure thus their Countrey earth to gaine,  
Which rather they ſhould ſee, knowing their toile bath bin in vaine,  
And truth it is, that the pilot a whole month on the ſeaſ

Compariſ-  
on of a Pilate  
of the ſea.

Toſſe with the ſurge and weltring wane, is penſiue diuers wayes,  
And on his houſe, and wiſe at home, his whole deſire doth goe:  
Likewiſe theſe men ſome reaſon haue, to grieue and ſorrowe ſo.  
But if we ſhoulde wel weigh our caſe, Reproach we cannot ſpe,  
But loſe our honoz and renoume, whiche loſſe is now to me,  
When men ſhall know our long abode: I doe aduiſe and pray,  
Al you my friends, plucke vp your harts, ſoꝝ your own wealth I ſay.  
What, ſuffer now yet one yeare moze, that we Grækes know the by  
Whether the knowledge of Calchas truth tolde oꝝ elſe did lye.

What he declarde by Prophecie, I thinke you all well knewe,  
In Aulis towne of Beocie, he then as Prophet true.

Where all the Grækes aſſembled were reuenge ſoꝝ to deniſe  
Agaiſt Priam, it hapned then in doing ſacrifice,  
To Iupiter to be our guide, vnder a Beeche right grane

The token  
appered to  
the Grækes  
in the towne  
of Aulis in  
Beocie.

## The second Booke

With shadow fresh, by which to rise a lively spring was scene,  
 That of the Crækes who stoutest is, his heart so dreade was colde,  
 From th'aultars sote, a Dragon crept, so hideous to beholde:  
 For huge he was, and to all sighte righte terrible in shape,  
 The colour painted on his scales, was as the scarlet Grape.  
 The Dragon drawing to the tre, to highest bzaunche did crape,  
 Where in the leaues he sparrowes found, yong that lond did peepe,  
 Which sodainly he rauend vp, and hir birdes to forgo,  
 The Damme alone lamenting much, he straight deuour'd also:  
 But by and by his figure chaungde, when he had eat the Damme,  
 And of a monstrous Serpent tho, a rocke he straight became,  
 The present there, and looking on, and eke astonied all  
 At this so dreadfull beast and chance, that erst did so befall.

The pro-  
 pheticke of  
 Calchas.

Then Calchas said: O people Cræk, what makes the in this maye,  
 The mightie heye of Saturne high thine honoz meanes to blase,  
 And hath declarde a perfect signe of thy renoume to raise,  
 The time shall serue, though long it be, to thine eternal praise.  
 And as the Dragon did deuour these selfe little ones,  
 And eke the Damme, in number nine, did swallow all at once:  
 Likewise great daungers we shall passe in this our warre of Troy,  
 For nine yeares space, we shall returne to oure twice double toy.  
 For in the tenth yeare we shall see Troy sackte, and Priame slaine:  
 Thus Calchas tolde this secret hidde, which hitherto is plaine.  
 Beholde the end at hand: Wherefoze a while attende the same,  
 That hauing victorie of this towne, we parte with lasting fame.

Vlysses wordes and zeale so wel receiued was of the rout,  
 Where of the Tents, the ships, and shoare, bare witnesse al about,  
 Resounding with the peoples noyse, praysing his iudgement wise,  
 Whiche being killo, the hoare Nestor to speake then straight did rise.

Nestor to  
 the Greeks

O hateful case, wo thy reproche, thus Nestor did begin,  
 O ye most variable folke, what mischief are we in:  
 As so: our braueries heretofore, and counsels diuers wayes,  
 As farre as I see, are but topes and little childrens playes,  
 Who trauaile with their whole delight in foolish trifles more  
 Than things aught worth, where are y bowes & promises erst swoze:  
 The othes so deepe and plighted faiths: where is the hatred greater:  
 Against

Against Priam remaines it yet, or else the cruel threate:  
 So, no, all these things quite are gone, and cleane you do forget  
 You minde them not, your idlenesse hath you so fully mette,  
 That without harming any wayes our enemies here of Troy,  
 We strue among our selues in wordes of eche inuented tope,  
 And none there is so wise, which mindes how now may ended be  
 This warre begonne: Agameinnon, the thing belongs to the,  
 And if thy duetie I declare, thy pardon I require:  
 Together so: to plucke thy spirits should be thy chiefe desire,  
 And on these Campes, as reason is, to set thy care and minde,  
 As to the chiefe of all the host, and chieftaine is assignde.  
 And if some one withdrawe him selfe, and wil not bide the fray,  
 And do refuse what thou commaundst, leaue him so: nought away.  
 (Hauing indured such hurrie harte) what Greeke wil here request  
 For to depart, no knowledge, whether the plighted hest  
 Which loue did make, be true or no: so: sure by letting sal  
 The dreadful flames of lightning fire among vs Grecians al,  
 On our right hands we marching on, did giue vs so: to know,  
 That he himselfe would point a meane, and once the time wold shew  
 Wherin we should cleane take away by sword the Trojan route.  
 What courage sirs my selowes al, and yet a while holde out,  
 For we are almost at a point: wherefore what needes this hast,  
 Til that eche one here of vs al, at wil and ease be plast  
 With Trojan Dames, and of Priam some daughter eke of his  
 Their owne parents and husbands by, to benge vs of Paris,  
 That wicked whelp, who toke in hande, and that so lewdly durst  
 Ravish from vs, and steale away from Greece our Heleine furst:  
 And in meane time, if any wretch or coward darelesse knaue,  
 Do hardly beare this our abode, or else milking haue,  
 And home will runne, him hang you vp: & much you ought to heede,  
 And be aduise with careful minde, how al things do procede,  
 Conferre, both giue and counsel take, but who the best are tryde,  
 Those follow stil: I thinke it good your Campe you do denide  
 By nations sere, as they do march, some distance leaue betwene,  
 That if apart they happe to fight, they shal be better seene,  
 Than if confusedly they went: and plainely that you see

The light-  
 ning on the  
 right hande  
 good, rokē  
 for the  
 Greeces.

C.iiij.

Which



## The second Booke

Which of them best their ductica do, and whether so it be  
That so; p'olonging of this war the Gods do it agree,  
And stil continue to the same by heauens hie decre,  
That the fault is in their Campe which listeth not to fight.

To this godscounsell Agamemnon answers the aged wight:  
What ioy quoth he, is so; to heare in wisdom how you passe,  
Oh worthie sire, ech *Grecian* w;unce that is, or euer was.  
Oh loue, oh *Phœbus*, oh *Pallas*, would God such Nestors ten  
We so; to comfort now I had, you should see quickly then  
By their good conduct Priam fane, and down his Citie take,  
The Gods so would, and my mishap that I to surer boine  
So hateful gainst Achil should be, so; loue sole of a dame,  
For which I only am in fault, and no man else to blame:  
But if it please thy heauenly grace, that we two may agree,  
Maugre all force, some Ilion quite in Ashes you shall see.  
To make vs stronger, let vs tyme, and then draw out our power,  
To front our foes moze valiauntly, and reb one so; to scoure  
His gallant brightsome armour tricke, let him some rare apply,  
And trim their shields and bucklers all, your Chariots also tie  
To binde so fast, they stagger not, and chief, as best is wont,  
Do thoroughly prouend wel your Horses, so; they must bide the hurt.  
The battel and the murder wil indure til sunne doth set,  
Where many a lustie souldiour shal vnder his Banerlike sweet,  
In playing the man with Target boine himself so; to defend,  
And laying from him with his sword to bring his enemies end.  
And eke y' steeds o'chaeld by draught, shal scarce haue power to blow.  
In fine, if any Greke there be so lewde, that I may knowe  
The fight to flye, and so; to runne out of the troupe and bandes,  
In ship himselfe to hide, no helpe shal saue him from my handes.  
But forthwith die, yea die he shal, to graue none shal him beare,  
The dogs and flying soules so; soe shal him asunder teare.

This speech which Agamemnon had, doth greatly ioy the Grekes,  
They such a noyse and whirring made, as round the ayre it strikes:  
The sound was like vnto the sea when as the whirling blasts  
The flitting wave it rozing loud, on rockie mountaines casts.  
Ech one repairerth to his tent, and dines contented wel

## of Homers Iliades.

31

To mightie Gods they sacrifice and to their prayers fel.  
 They pray that that dayes iourney end, and to their danger none.  
 To loue oblation both prepare also Agamemnon,  
 As best becomes the Captaine chiefe: an Ore of fine yeares old  
 Ful thicke and fat, to dine with him the Prince also he would  
 Haue of the Campe the chiefeſt Warriors, who ſent ſo, there did meete:  
 Nestor of all came firſt, and then Idomene king of Crete,  
 The Ajax twaine, Diomedes fiſth, the ſirſt Viſſes ſiſe,  
 To whom alſo then Menelau preſents himſelfe them by,  
 Ful certaine of the burden great, his brother then did beare  
 Sole ſo; his ſake in thoſe turmoyles: they all aſſembled there,  
 And th'offering brought into the place, and takes on Aulter layed,  
 As beſt deuotion then did bid: Agamemnon thus he prayed:  
 O Gods thou loue the ſoueraigne chiefe, and Lord of Welkin bie  
 Of aſre, and of this earth below, who lets the thunder ſie,  
 The ſtoymes of Waite & paſſing ſhowers, grāt me this day thy grace  
 That I this Cittle ſer a fire, or night do come in place  
 Which hath ſo long wiſtred our ſo;ce, grant & my ſwoorde doe ſheare  
 This day the ſhirt of Hector ſtout, on byſt which he doth weare,  
 And that by me he end his dayes, beſelwing bys ſouldiours al,  
 Enſo;cing them to ſaue his life, in bloudie death to fall.  
 He prayed thus: but loue was deafe, he pleaſed not to heare,  
 For all his offering there ſo great, he doth him greatly deare.  
 Then is the hoſtie ſlaine and ſlayde, and part on gridozne put,  
 The liuer and lights they comely ſeeth and euerp little gut.  
 The gigots and the other fleſh in paces they did ſpit,  
 Which roſt, tipling the pleaſaunt wine they doſune to table ſit.  
 At pleaſure hauing fed their ſil, old Nestor was the firſt  
 Who could not reſt, but with theſe words their talking tales he burſt:  
 It is no time Agamemnon to laugh or chat at all,  
 But erecute we muſt the thing, to which loue vs doth call.  
 Command then all the Heraulds here that they go crie amaine,  
 And hither warne the Campe to come, and then let vs againe  
 Ech one in field go raunge his bande, and there with curteous wordes  
 Exhort them, that right ſouldiour like they welde, & be their ſwordes.  
 Agamemnon bids the Heraulds god to go from band to band,

And

## The second Booke

And call Crækes, who Heraulds heard, & came straight out of hand,

A seemely sight it was to see th'array in euery thing,  
 And armour of the warlike Crækes ech following his king:  
 But godlier was it to behold, those great and mightie Kings,  
 What paine they toke, the multitude who there in order bring.  
 With them stood Pallas al vnknowne, come downe from Olckin hie:  
 Of loue the God inuincible, who liues immortally,  
 The Target hung, and gaskul so, she on hir shoulder bare,  
 About the which hanging of gold an hundred pendants were.  
 So richly framde, as ech was worth of beues an hundred told.  
 So armde, of doughtie Grecians so the harts she doth embolde  
 To play the men, with dreadlesse minds, and do as souldiours right:  
 They nothing more wishe, than their liues to venter, and to fight.

The shining of their armor bright, gret Targets, shields of weight  
 Amid the plaine, was like in shew to those on mountaine height,  
 As is the fire in forrest made, which men do see a farre:  
 So shone their harnes gainst the sunne, and weapons for the warre.  
 And like a gap great heard of Cranes, or flock of swans like snow,  
 Or Geese a leader foule, with Charme, and sundy singing go,  
 Harde by the pleasaunt Caster foud, vnder the clothed trees,  
 That all the places rounde about do sound in sundy wise:  
 So Crækes armde at Scamanderbanke, for fight in euery thing,  
 Such noise they yelde, as fur alofe they make the medowes ring.  
 With treading of the Horse likewise the valley long did sound  
 To battayle march, as many Cræks, as flowers on the ground.  
 And as you see great swarmes of flies, flie oft out hollow hoales,  
 And come in skul into the place wheras the shepheard folde,  
 And gathers at the spring the milke, which of his shepe he reapes:  
 Euen so suppose the Cræks, they came out order al in heapes.  
 But their god leaders them dispose, as heardsmen who with care  
 At euen eye their flocks in field, to seuer do prepare.  
 Whom al aboue, Prince Agamemnon himselfe did shew at ful,  
 As chiefe in name, so chiefe in dede, who hauing as a Bul  
 Came fierce, triumphes, and rule he wil, over the Dren bræde:  
 So he the puissant King commaundes how matters shal procede.  
 For head he lokt that day like Ioue, like Neptune for his brest,

You would haue iudgde him presently God Mars for all the rest.  
It was the pleasure then of loue such deckings to bestow  
On Agamemnon, that more thereby his honor he might shewe.

Now Muses who in heauen his place and dwellings haue,  
The fauourers of vertuous workes, teach me I humbly craue,  
To tell that now I cannot write, yet all and all do knowe,  
Recite the Princes who to Troy did with the army goe,  
Recite their countrys and their ships: but hearesay, nought haue we,  
It shall suffice to tell the names of those, who chiefest be.  
For no man can with all his twittes rehearse of all the men  
The number and the proper names, though tongues, yea, fully ten  
Right god he had, and mouthes like, wel spæcht that open were:  
If euermoring voyce I had, and breath of brasse did beare,  
Without your fauour I may haue, in this, I am but lost.  
Of loue you daughters Goddesses, of grace and vertue most,  
Oh teach me then to name the kings and shippes of Grækish host.

The Cataloge of the Grecian Princes, and  
of their nauie that came to the siege of Troye,  
and also of the *Trojan* Dukes, and forraine Kings  
who came to Priams ayde: Translated  
out of the Latine.

**T**royan coast from Beotie  
five warlike leaders cum,  
Pencle, Prothano, and Leiton,  
Arcefilaus, Clonium,  
These people hath Beotia lande,  
they who do hyzies care,  
With Sæxon, Scolon, Aulida,  
which stonie earth doth beare,  
F.

The Beotia  
Dukes.  
The places  
of Beotia.

And

## The second Booke

And also famous *Eteonum*, bespzed with *Spalozani*,  
*Thespia*, *Grea*, *Micales*, and town *Latinagam*  
 With *Harma* olde, the *Ilesy*, and those that pasture on  
 The auntient soyle of *Erythra*, and men of *Eleon*,  
 Of *Petcon*, and *Hilis* eke, and those in *Copa* dwel  
 And in *Medeon*, who for wals in pride doth so cruel,  
 With *Thyses*, which doth so abound with bones of wanton wil,  
 Who *Eutresis*, and *Coronee*, and *Platea* gay do til.  
 Th inhabitants of *Alisarte*, which is so fraught with grasse,  
 And who do stately *Thebes* holde, and line about *Glissau*,  
*Orcheston* too, with sacred groue to Neptunes godhead bowde,  
 And *Arnen*, where þ trees of vines with waight of grapes are bowde,  
*Midea* faire, *Nissa* divine, and lastly, who do line  
 In *Anthedo*, whose fields about do fraught of flowers giue.  
 With fittie ships they come full stust with weapon and with men,  
 Ech one an hundred souldiours brought, and also double tenne.  
 Who from waired *Orchomenon*, with *Minyem* floud,  
 Whose Citie is *Aspledona*, two knights of Mars his bloud  
*Ascalaphus* and *Ialmen* leade: *Astyoche* the sarze  
 While she a virgin *Aetors* childe, did by hir selfe repaire  
 To *Warler* sole, Mars hir desourde, and forth she brought the tidinne,  
 Those two wel furnisht at the ful with thirtie sayle come in.  
 From *Phocis* opposite against, such numbers as were sent,  
 With *Schedius* and *Epiltrophus* two souldiours odde they went.  
 Them *Iphitus* *Eubole* begat: they all of *Cyparis*,  
 Of rockie *Pytho*, of *Crissa*, of *Panop* and *Daulis*,  
 Of lostie *Hyampole*, and wholly on *Cephissou* floud,  
 In *Anemore*, whose dwellings to, at head of *Lilee* stode,  
 From whence *Cephissa* riuer runnes, with sortie ships they swaape,  
 And as *Beotians* faithful mates, their left hand side they keape.  
 The diuerse armed *Locrenses*, valiaunt *Oileus* sonne  
 The noble *Aiax* he did guide, who did as swiftly runne  
 As *Esterne* windes, but lesse in fact and eke in name likewise,  
 For nere to *Aiax* *Telamon* in heighth he did not rise,  
 But weaker much with members lesse, yet bare he mightie brest,  
 And for the throwing of a Dart he passed all the rest.

so Beotian  
ships.

Orchome-  
nians.

The Cap-  
taines of  
the Pho-  
censes.

Locrenses.

The



## of Homers Iliades.

35

The countrey  
of Locris.

These lands the *Locrenses* do holde: *Cymon*, *Opoes*, *Scarphen*,  
*Calliaron*, the pleasaunt *Ange*, *Thronium* and *Tarphen*,  
*Bessa*, and people who do hide about *Boager* banke,  
 All saynde to warre, with sottie ships to *Troy* they come in ranke.  
 Against sacred *Enboea* those the *Locrys* region lyes.  
 The *Abantes* who hold *Enboea*, out whose monthes foize out lyes,  
 Who *Chalcida*, *Eretria*, and wine *Histia* haue,  
*Cerinthum* by the sea, the towne of *Iupiter* so bzaue,  
 With *Caristion*, and in *Syrra* who dwelling do abide,  
 Those doth a martiall worthy Prince *Elphenor* Captaine guide,  
 The *Calcyens* like a guider fronte, of the *Abantes* bandes,  
 Who were the best throwers of *Dartes*, that euer threw with hands,  
 And cunning shakers of the staffe to hit their foe a farre,  
 These also sottie *Bottomes* big did bring vnto the warre.

Enboea.

From mightie walled *Secrops* towne where people so do flourish  
 Of *Erechthus*, whom byed in field *Ioues* daughter great did nourish, Athenisses  
 To him a Temple *Athens* raise, on them he first did raigne,  
 For yearely sacred offerings there both neate and lambes are slayne,  
 The doughtie mightie *Menesthe* the army out he leades,  
 No man his match for placing horse, and furnishing of keades,  
 And marching of souldiours close, wherein though *Nestor* ware  
 His better both for use and yeares, therein he durst compare.  
 With sittle warlike keeles he came from *Athens* straight as line,  
 And twice sire *Ajax Telamon* did bring from *Salamine*,  
 The which he platt hard on the shore, the *Cecrop* sayles them by.

The Salamis  
rink.

Who *Greekish* Iunoes *Argos* holds, and *Tyrinth* walled by,  
*Hermiones*, and *Asines*, *Troizene* hie in those,  
 Eione sacred *Epidaure*, of wines which hath such store,  
 Who are in wealthy *Egina*, and in *Masira* byed,  
 Those *Diomedes* big of boyce, and *Scheneleus* led  
 The sonne of noble *Capanus*, two men of prowes odde,  
 With them the third *Eurialus*, in vertue like to God.  
 Mecest of *Telaio* was his sire, but doughtie *Diomedes*  
 Did rule as chiefe, with fourscore saile they came right wel arayde.

D. Diomedes,  
Steneus,  
Ius, & Eurialus  
they  
so saile.

Who do *Mycenas* stately frontes inhabite and maintaine,  
 Who in rich *Corinthes* wals of pride, and in *Ornias* raigne,

The countrey  
Mycenas.

F.4.

Who

## The second Booke

With in *Cleone* building bane, and *Arctyr* a bin,  
 With fruitfull fallowes round beset, and *Kue Seion* in  
 Where once *Adrastus* great was king: *Gonos* on the hill,  
*Hypereis*, *Pellenis*, and *Egion*, who do til,

Agam. king  
 100. ships.

All who dwell on the crooked shore, and in the region large  
 Of *Helissen*, those *Agamemnon* *Atrides* hath in charge.  
 Gallies and Gallions riggde he brought an hundred for reliefe,  
 Whom people and the Princes all did chuse to be their chiefe.  
 For as in power he passed furre, his valure was not smal,  
 Wherfore by *Greekes* consent he had the gouernement of al.

The Lacedaemonians  
 and their  
 dwelling  
 King Menelaus, 60.  
 shippes.

Who people do the Bulwarke proude of *Lacedemon* to lorne  
*Fishing* surname, who lostie *Sparta*, and *Par* in low adowne,  
 Who *Messis* full of dounes, and *Ango*, that is so pleasaunt ape,  
*Brysas*, and who of *Amyclare* enjoy the grænes so gay,  
 Who *Helon*, and the fernish shore, and *Tylon* do frequent  
 With *Laan*, these with thersore saile with *Menelaus* went,  
 With men and weapons furnisht ful, a man of doughtie proude,  
 Whil tounge, he also brother was unto the great *Atride*,  
 His wife by stealth him taken fro, to deadly wrath he grew,  
 For *Helenes* sake with teares and plaints the *Greeks* to war he drew.

The Pyliis  
 and their  
 dwellings.

Who kepe in *Pilon Neleida*, and in *Areius* tillde,  
*Thryon*, and *Alphes* meeting fowdes, and *Epy* hielie hillde  
 With towers aloft, *Cyparissa*, and *Eneon* allway greene,

The fable  
 of *Thamyris*,  
 deprived  
 by the  
 mases, of  
 versifying.

And who in *Pteleon* and *Helos*, and *Dorion* dwellers beane,  
 Where *Muses* did bereaue of *Thrace* *Thamyris* of his skill  
 Of versifying, with whom he met with hap unluckie ill,  
 When from *Eurythus* he did come, of *Oechalie* the king,

D Nestor,  
 50 ships.

And sweeter than the Goddesses he boasted he did sing,  
 If they durst trye with him in song: loues children græbbe thereat,  
 His song and harping they doe marre, so vainely who did chat.  
 These souldiours byings Duke *Nestor* he, the oldest for his yeares,  
 With ninetie strong and warlike barkes wel armed he appeares.

The Arcades  
 and  
 their dwell  
 ings.

The nations of *Arcadie* townes, which so doth swarme with men,  
 And who doe dwell about the fote of mountaine hie *Cyllen*  
 Ward by the grane so highly heapt, where mightie bodies lie,  
 Of many worthy warlike men, who in the war did die,

# of Homers Iliades.

37

In Phentom, who leade their lines, and in rich Orchomen  
By meanes of Lambes so finely beelde, in Rhodus Stratum  
In Enisfea, subiect alway to winde to bere so it blotwe,  
Tigea and Mantina gay, and who in Symphala,  
And stately seated Parthasi: to these Agapenore  
Is since, the way by Ance sonne, who came with full shew  
Right romy beles, with southerly fraught, but they him ginen was  
By the great king Atreides, the son of Nigropore to passe,  
Bycause the Arcades farre from sea, and those thereof doe fare,  
They little reake for marino worke, and small for shipping care.

The native men of Buprasi, and of Elidadie,  
Of Myrmis, of furthest Mysia, harde to the ridges hie  
Of craggie Olen, and who dwell as farre as Alise olde,  
These forwarde came with doubtie Dukes ful foure in number told.  
The one with twice five vessels arunde, as any could desire,  
Amphimach first, Harpe Thalpy next, to whome Eurite was sicr,  
And Eteato to Amphimache, thirde Amaryncis was  
Diöres cleapte, Polyxen fourth in shap who so, Dis passe,  
Ioues sonne by Auge, of Epeis they did bring a mightie masse.

The Epeians  
and their  
townes.

The nations of Dulichium, and set alofte in waues,  
Sacred Echinald, Elidis for Region fine that braues,  
Meges a matche for Mars himselfe, their Captaine him they wull,  
With toles of warre, he Bigants brought in number fortie full.  
The rider god Phileus Auge at Duliche, yote him there,  
When from his wrathfull fire he fled, whom Ioue did fauor beare.

Dulichians.

The warlike bandes of Cephaloe, with crags and rockie hills,  
And of Neriton sterile earth, which mightie trees so fillen,  
And of the little Ithache fieldes, so barraine and so bad,  
Of hard Crocilia, and the soile of Agelipee clad,  
With barenesse strange, and toyme Toyres of Samon, of Zacin,  
Whose pastures be so ful of wodde, and al the folke within  
The Countrey hie, the sea alofe, Vlyse a Ioue for head,  
Did ouer-rule, twelue Shippes he brought, their sternes al okard red.

Cephaleni-  
ans, and  
their bores  
dures.

The Solien men of Pleuronis and lostie Olenon  
Of Chalcis nte, high Pyles thore, and stony Calydon,  
Andraemons sonne Duke Thoas rulde, the Etoles all he lead,

F. 111.

For

## The second Booke

*Cretencea.* For all Oeneas flocke was failde, himselfe eke lately dead,  
 For pelloe Melcager did lyue, with vessels foure times tenne  
 He did augment the nautie, and with thousandes so of men.

The worthy souldioz Idomene the *Cretian* crues he brought,  
 Leued out of *Gneson* and *Gorthyna* walld aloft,  
 And *Lylla* olde for buildings famde, and *Lycast* white as *Snowe*,  
 With *Phest*, *Milet*, and *Rhytion*, well peopled townes you knowe,  
 100 Cities of Creta. The whole supplie of *Creta*, whiche the *romie* sea besets,  
 With Cities large an hundred full, doubtie Idomene sets,  
 And *Meryan* a *Mars* indede, with fourestoe sisters in tale,  
 And harnest hulkes, with picked men they come with mery gale.

*The Rhodi* Great *Tlepoleme* great *Herculs* sonne, for war and bones a man,  
*ane.* The *Rhodians* they in number great with him to nautie ranne,  
*Tneyr* With Galleys nine of fertile *Rhodes*, where men tricke so their haire  
*Torvnes* Of *Lindus*, *Ialisse*, and *Camire*, who knowith betwe doth weare.  
 With them to *Tey* *Tlepoleme* commes, of greate *Alcidas* sede,  
 Whome it is sayde *Astyoche* bare, when *Alcide* did procede  
 His mightie sire to conquere realmes, he him from *Ephyre* toke,  
 And out that countrey brought him home from nie *Sellentes* broke.  
 Where growing now to riper yeares, he steepe his fathers friend  
*Allide* in bloud, a vertuous wight, *Licymnion* had his end,  
 An aged man by slaughter his. Which done, his mates he calles,  
 And hasting straight vnto the sea, to flight he forwarde fallies :

For al the flocke of *Herculs* brede themselves to vengeance cast,  
 He scape them al, with sundrie toiles he seas and countries pass,  
 And light at *Rhodes*, whiche he beset thre Cities namde before,  
 The whiche, for his sake mightie Ioue did blesse with wealthie store.

With fore gates thre from *Syma* went *Aglaies* *Nireus*,  
 A King he had to father his that hight *Caropæus*,  
 Of all that came to *Troy*, he was a man for making odde,  
 Achill except, yet fewe he lead, because he was a lomme.

The *Nysse* youth *Capathas*, *Cast*, and *Euripile*, not greate,  
 And al the *Fles* *Calidnee* cleapt, whereon the waues do beate,  
*Phidippus* and *Antiphus* byings, *Thessalees* sonnes that were,  
*Amphytrios* nephewes, *Carauels* they seas with thir tie there  
*The Pelagiens* The *Brakers* of *Pelagick*, *Arge*, *Alopen*, and *Alon*,

*Trachina*

*Nireus* Cap-  
 pirane of  
 the *Symel*  
 3 shippes.  
 Next *Achil*  
 les he was  
 the gallest  
 man.  
*Calidneiens*  
 and other  
*Insulans*,  
 whose prin-  
 ces were  
*Phidippus*  
 and *Antio-*  
*phus* thretye  
 shippes.  
*Pelagiens*.  
*The Italian*

# of Homers Iliades.

39

Tracking small, wel walld *Pebie*, and many a *Myrmidon*,  
 Bred of ful of many mothers sire, *Achus* and *Helens* bight,  
 Who are also the *Hellades* eke, these *Achill* led aright  
 To *Troy*, there little *Argoies*, both bigge and small he brought,  
 These ydle people of the warres unhappyy neuer thought.  
 The mates who set their mind on much no man wil bring to fight,  
*Achill* then loytering kept aboard, doled with griefe and spite,  
 And woeth so; leauing of *Bryseis* his tricke and gallant trull,  
 For whome he taken had such toile when as he downe did pull  
 The *Bulwarke* proude of *Lyrnessu* in strong and warlike mart,  
 And wonne hir there, and *Thebes* sackte, and also claue the heart  
 Of *Minite* and *Epistrophon*, who sonnes of *Euen* were,  
 And also *hethzen* vnto hir, whome nowe he helde so dere,  
 And for whose sake he mourning lies, with dreaming skill of her,  
 That absent was, yet he againe to torne vnto the war.

*Myrmidons*,  
*Hellades*  
 &c. whose  
 leader was  
*Achilles* so  
 shippes.

Who seated are in *Phylaca* and in *Pyrrhason* wood  
 So fully fraught with *Ceres* plants, and *Iron* brader god  
 Of waightie felterd felled shepe: and *Antro* in the thore,  
 With *Ptleon* of *Medlockes* rytes that makes so great a roze:  
 To these was *Prince* *Protesilaus*, with fortie saile he hyed  
 Straight vnto *Troy*, a souldio; right, whereas he quickly dyed.  
 For whome his wife *Laodame* with teares ful mourning is,  
 And wayling stands that princely Court, who doth þ *Paister* misse.  
 He was the firste of all the *Greekes* on *Phrygian* thore that lepte,  
 Who there a worthy warrio; due of *Troy* to him that lepte.  
 These people were not *Princede* yet, nor left vnarmed quite,  
*Podarce* rich, *Iphiclus* his sonne, them rules, a warlike twight,  
 Brother to Count *Protesilaus*, but lesse of peares and deede,  
 A god man yet, and therefore glad his souldio; forth to leade.

*Phylaceans*  
 and their  
 dwellings.

*Protesilaus*  
 ruler fortye  
 shippes.

His slayer is  
 taken to be  
*Hector*.

*Phrygiens*.

The folke of *Pheres* and *Baben*, *Glaphyre*, and *Bebeido*,  
 In fennish feite, *Iacolcon* which in houses beares such thewe.  
*Eumel* with due wel harness *Hopes* augments the nauie there,  
 Who to *Admetus* *Alcest* bræde, of beautie odde, did beare.  
 The garrison of *Methonie*, and next *Taumacie* fieldes  
*Meliba*, and *Olixenes*, whiche *Stony* countrey peldes,  
 The cunning Got *Philoctetes* in leauen shippes both bzing

*Methoniens*,  
 and their  
 borders.

And

8



## The second Booke

Philoctetes  
wounded,  
and left in  
Lemnos, of  
whom is a  
Greekische  
Tragedie.

Tricenes,  
Ithomien  
tes, and Oc  
caliens.

Ormeniens  
with their  
borderers.

Argifell  
with their  
borderers.

Ciphei.

Magnetes,  
& Prothous  
their prince  
An other  
Prothous  
40. Suppes.

And in ites they were not any match with such as Alceides King,  
In echelippe the fowle was worse but left in Lemnos the  
Was by the Oracle, where wounded fore his chance it was to be,  
With festered wound, that derse him so, stroke with Hydras blood,  
The Argines yet him doe visite, not Dukelesse though they stnde.

To them is Medon Cozonell, the bastard of Oiley,  
To whome his mother Rheus his bare, then Medon leades the way,

The Tricenes men, and who abide in rockes aboute Itha,  
And Oechalie, whiche Euryle ruled, with litle thice tenne they goe,  
Their Generals were brethren two, their wyfe Coronis bare

Apphetes to Phoebe, in whiche they cunning Doctors ware,  
Both men of warre, Machaon one, and Podalire his mate,

Of Ormen wyf and Hippolyte, the sister holdes the state,  
By thyng of Thias full of knowe, their Duke was Eurypile  
Euemons sonne, he befalls brought foxy to Troy that while.

Argissa lads on Peneid thore, and who do Gytho tyll,  
Orthen, Elohe, white Oloos they follooe with good will,  
Menepoleme's daughter chere, he was Perithoes sonne,

Whome sonne on Hypodamie begote, where Pelis mount dothe wynn  
So nigh the fires, and where he fire the haire Centaures byed,

And to Macedon coaste remoube, yet was he not the head  
Of them alone, Leonteus was saynde with him in charge,

A captaine good Coronus sonne, with many an armed barge,  
And turne the coast, yea foyle full, they come in for an ayde.

From Cyphrotowne Cuneus brought, barles twentie two arayed,  
Whose ensignes th'Emiens and che the two, thy Perebs would

Fall follooe on, and at Dodo, who dwell in countrey colde,  
And who about Titaresis, whiche ay so softly does,

As thogh he sweete Peneos runneth therein, not mist with it, it goes.  
Perhappes for there the sways satte of Pallas Olives name,

The head from Stygian Lake, by whiche the Gods to sweate do shun.  
The standards of Magnesia, begot by Terthredon

Prothous leades, but people else of pleasant Peneos  
And Pelion so beset with wood, an other Prothous name

A forwarde man both order he, with two thore galleys framde  
Fit for the fight: these two do come, and loe, here haue I tolde

The

The King and Princes every one, to Troy that came so bold,  
Now say my Muse, which of the Greeks the best and worthiest was,  
And which horse of the horses all in praise did there surpass,  
Which came to the *Dardanian* walles by conduct of Atride,  
The Mares of *Eumel* were the best, as swift as though they flyde,  
Both of a yere, both of a haire, and both in colour like,  
And like the smooth and ryped Grapes, their backs were soft & like,  
Apollo in *Pieria* their dammes he fosterd skoute,  
With mightie beasts, from nostrils whose they furie breathed out.

The goods  
nes of the  
men & hor-  
ses in this  
vvaire.

Eumels  
Mares the  
best.

Ajax Telamon bare the name of all the Greekish crues  
Next to Achill, who waxing wroth the battaile did refuse:  
Of the *Achines* he was the prime for strength, for bones, for pith,  
His horses eke they odde one were, but now at variance with  
Atride the Chieftaine of them all, aboyd he lopters still,  
His mates yet met, in diuers mirth the shoe in sporting fill.  
Some quaiſe, some exercise their bowes, and on the danke shoe  
The Chariots stande, the skedes do ſeide in manger them beſore,  
Great ſopson of their liked ſode, wilde ſmallage was their ſare,  
While that their Chariots to the ſeldes the Princes do prepare,  
To theſe ſo forward to the fight when as they do requere  
A hand victorious them to leade, the no be doth proteſt.  
Through all the campe they by and downe do rolle and linger on,  
There is no leaue that they may ſight or elſe to battails gon.  
But now of Greeks the army whole doth march with ſtately grace,  
And al their brazen armor ſhone, as of the earth the face  
Had bin on fire, and all the ſeldes had flamed oze with flaſhe,  
And like as Ioue woad mad lightning and thunder downe doth daſhe,  
With diſſing ſhoures, ſo large aboute the ſeldes they do reſound  
With ruſhing of the weapons bright, and ſtamping on the ground.  
Oras when on Typhoeus tombe, whereon huge mountaines lyes,  
He ſcourges with his tempeſt blacke, yſent from *Arimife*,  
The Giants Caue, as it is ſayd, ſuch noyſe their trampling yelds,  
They mouing in a bodie whole, haſting out further ſeldes.  
And Iris Purſuant to Ioue, from heauen takes hir flight,  
To Trojan ſtate byings dolefull newes, and at the gates dothe light  
Of Priam King, where on a plump conſult bothe yong and olde,

Ajax Tella-  
mon the  
beſt ſouldi-  
our nexte  
Achilles.  
Achilles  
horſes the  
beſt.

Compariſon  
of the Gree-  
kiſh march.

An other  
compariſon

## The second Booke

Of things of waight, quicke Iris there to them this tale she told,  
The fained shape and voice she toke, of Polite Priams sonne  
So swift of foote, to Eefites tombe, whom Priam made to runne  
Aloft to viewe, and woꝝde to bring, if Grækes did haply sturre,  
Light Iris like to him in legges, she enters in thus surre.

Delightst thou still O aged fire (quoth she) to spend thy time  
In needlesse talke, as when in peace did stande this state of thine:  
Great warres and destinie thee deeres, and here vpon the græne  
Such swarmes and millions flocke of men, as neuer bath bin sene.  
So sande and leaues they are much like, their number is so great,  
They fill the ample fields: this towne they harry wil they threat.  
Do thou now Hector take the charge, sith thou hast in thy walles  
Such great supply, and nations sere as beste it now befallies,  
Commaunde the people ruled be by Princes of their own,  
Assigne eche language leaders like, and enignes to be knowne.

Thus Iris spake, but Hector well the voice diuine he knewe,  
The Councell brake, from quarters all to towne the souldiours dꝛeue,  
And wide they open all the gates, the footmen forth they rushe,  
The Coynets of the hoꝝemen placcd eke in order soꝝward pushe,  
With tumult and with clamor great, and nowe with heate they scie:  
In sight amost of all the field yplaced is on hie,  
A sepulchꝛe loftie and large, which men *Batias* call,

*Batias*  
sepulchre.

But Gods Myrnes tombe it cleape: here mette the Trojans all,  
The Battailions and Phalanges of footemen Parthalo be,  
The troupes of hoꝝemen eke, to whyche the Captaines sere.  
Gay Hector was the Trojans chiefe, of Priam King the sonne,  
Under whose enignes many a feate of doubtie war was done,  
He toꝝ soꝝward souldiours had, men mette soꝝ swoꝝrd and launce.

The Cata-  
logue of  
the Troian  
leaders.

*Dardanians* To *Dardans* stout and beautifull *Aeneas* leads the daunce,  
Whom *Venus* white vnto *Anchys* of *Dardanie* did beare,  
In clothed shade of *Ida* hilles, with him when ioye she thers.  
Enece alone not ruled all, with him appointed are  
Antenors sonnes, Archilach, and Acamas men of war.

*Aphneiens*

The bands of *Zele* in *Lycie* land, at foote of *Ida* springs,  
The *Aphnees* braue, *Lycaons* sonne the noble *Pandare* brings,  
The *Asapes* eke, who dꝛyly bib of *Troes* that water blacke,

verpo

Who golden Apollo taught to shote, and bowe to beare at backe.

The aydes of the *Adastrians* sent out Pytican,  
And Apeale rich, and Terebie, to these the Dukes were than  
The sonnes of Mecops, Percosis, Adraston, Amphion,  
Whose fire the future haps did knowe, yet forward would they on,  
All his perswasions sette aparte, vnto that deadly warre,  
They would withstande the destinie, which both the men did marre.

Who *Percot* and *Practon* townes, who *Seitos*, and *Abyde*,  
Who holde *Arisbaes* princely walles, a King ful noble tribe,  
Asius Hyrtacis gouernde, from riche *Arisba* sent

With worthy coursers for their seate, from riuer *Selleent*.

The willing people of *Pelasge* and *Larisse* fertile lands,  
Hippothous and Pyleus both brethren, lead their bands.

Of *Thracians*, and next *Hellespont*, to war the cruels are brought,  
By worthy *Acam* and *Peiro*, a haughtie Heroe thought.

The launced troupes of *Cicones* al *Euphemus* both commaunde,

The noble sonne of *Traxenus* Ceada hight le Graunde.

The cunning shot of *Peony*, *Pyrecheies* *Parthals* all  
Farre off from *Amydon* that came, where *Axius* brooke doth fall  
So wholly with his glasse hue. *Pylæmen* Prince is found

Of *Paphlagon* from *Eneit* sent, where numbers so abound

Of clownish brade: to these the seates, to *Cytor* ioynd nie

*Sesamon* one, and *Erythnie* on mountaine placed hie,

And Cities proud, *Cronna*, and eke *Aegiab* gay to loke,

Placed on the pleasaunt bankes of *Partheneia* brooke.

On *Halizons* *Epistrophus* and *Dius* Rulers raisnde,

Of *Alyb* farre whose soile ful deepe with siluer Dye is bainde.

Two warlike youths of *Mytiens*, *Cromis*, and *Eunomus*

Did guide: the last a Prophet god, yet could he not discusse

To see his fate, and scape the fist, and fierce force of *Achill*,

When he so many wretches bounde, and field with Mortes did fill.

The mightie Legions of *Phrygie* to *Phorcis* did obay,

And to *Ascanius* proude of soyme, who both had tane their way

From *Ascame*, a countrey farre, the lone of warre it brings

Two gallants gay armed at ful to fight they flie with wings.

With brethren *Mesthles* and *Antyph* the *Meons* came to fight.

C. ij.

Who

*Adrastichs*,  
whose lea-  
ders were  
*Adrastus* &  
*Amphius*.

*Percosij*.  
*Seitiens*.  
*Abdyean*.

*Asius* Prince  
of the *Aris-  
baeans*.  
*Hippolo-  
chus* & *Pyl-  
eus* Dukes  
of the *Pe-  
lasiens*.  
*Acamas* &  
*Piros* Prin-  
ces of the  
*Thracians*.  
*Euphemus*  
captaine of  
the *Cicones*.  
*Pyrecheus*  
duke of the  
*Peones*.  
*Pylemenes*  
ruler of the  
*Paphlagoes*  
*Bacti*.

*Epistroph*  
and *Dius*  
Dukes of  
the *Hali-  
zons*.  
*Eunomus*  
and *Chro-  
mus* Capis-  
taines of  
the *Mes-  
sians*.  
The Dukes  
of the *Phry-  
giens*, *Phor-  
cis*, & *Alca-  
nius*.  
*Antiphus*,  
& *Mesthles*  
brought the  
*Meonians*.

## The second Booke

Amphima-  
chus & Na-  
stes brought  
the Cares  
& Mueſſes.

Who dwel nie *Tmole*, *Gyga* their Dame, their ſire *Pylemene* hight.

The *Cares*, the *Dullardes* in our ſpeech, of *Mileton* the rankes,  
And men of *Pthiront* ſhaded Mount, and of *Meander* bankes,  
And who dwel on *Michales* hilles, them, as they did deſire,

*Amphimach* to ride with *Nastes* rule, to both was *Nomion* ſire.  
*Amphimach*, like ſome wanton wench in golden robes was cladde,

And ſo into a ſtrubbozne warre did thruſt himſelfe as madde.  
No fence in golde, death ſied he not, he ſalleth in the ſoud  
*Aeacis* dothe breane his golde, and eke there ſpilles his blond.

*Lyciens*.

On luſkie laddes of *Lycie* land, *Sarpedon* beareth way,  
Dydwone from his Countrey *Xanthus* far, where that byrk takes hys  
With him was ſere vnto the ſielde in armoz *Glaucus* gay. (way,

*Finis Libri ſecundi.*

## ¶ The third Booke.



After the *Troyans* troupes came ſozth  
new raunged on the ſoyl

With manly mindes and courage good  
to put their ſoes to ſoyl,

In ſodain with a maiestie, they march  
on *Grækiſh* holle,

And like the *Cranes* they to the ſkies  
their cries and clamours toſt, (to ſal,

Who leave their hills and mountaines hie, great houres knowing  
And ſek their ſode by *Neptunes* ſhoze, where they their armies cal,

For the *Pygmies*, with whom ſal oft war cruel they do hold,

With ſtroke of wing, of bil and ſote, if they their ſoyce vnſold.

Compariſſ  
of the Cra-  
nes vvh  
war vvh  
the *Pygmies*

The *Græks* againe come ſozward on, yelding no noiſe noz crie,

Full wood with rage them to reuenge with furie they dye we nie,

With ardent minde ſoz the deſire of victoys onely ſame,

Or he reſcuing his ſecte, who fought to death to gaine the ſame.

And



And as you see in winter time full oft how fares the mist,  
Which western winds scouring plains on mountaines he doth keele,  
As much unto the shepheards losse as to the robbers gaine:  
For who can see a stones throw of ought thing in land or plaine:  
Euen so the troups, when they approcht, the dust was rearde on he  
That neyther Trojan, ne yet Greeke could one another spie. (harde,

Comparis  
of the mist,

And when the armies both were raundge, Greekes by the Trojans  
Paris with stalking pace aduaunde himself to the Grækes warde  
Stoutly calling of the Grækes the ballantst to the fighte,  
Body to bodie was his demaunde, to shew therby his might.  
The armour which he bare that day, was of Leopardus skinne,  
With bow & bent, and with quiner, and many a shaft therein,  
His sword in hand, and two braue Dartes armed with stele at all,  
Which he gan shake, tohen as the Grækes to combat he did call.

The rash-  
nesse of  
prouoking  
the Grækes  
to the com-  
bat.  
Paris his  
armour.

But Menelau his boldnesse spyde, of whom he knowledge had  
To be his foe, his hart it leapes, for ioy he groweth glad,  
Most Lion like meeting an Hart or Cote he seeking pray  
Amid the woods, forst by the Houndes, and Hunters to the bay,  
It kild, he taking his repast, is pleasd at his good chaunce:  
The Græke so chousing Paris out, for very ioy doth daunce,  
Wh occasion offered to reuenge the wrong him lately done,  
And armed as he was, he leapt down from his Chariot sone.

Comparis  
of a Lion  
meeting an  
Hart.

But Paris who saw Menelau this fight in hand should take,  
Could not holde out, but yea almost for verie dread gan quake.  
And hasting straight reculde, he dreed the danger in this case,  
And did retire among his feres to raunge him in his place,  
Euen as the travelling man full oft passing Hills great and hie,  
Not looked for right in his way finding a Serpent lye,  
Doth shunne the way, and step abacke, with colour pale and wan,  
With trembling limmes, moze like the death than any lining man.  
With this so villanous retreat sir Hector gay was wroth,  
The slaughter seeing now would grow, chid Paris for his sloth.  
Unhappie Paris, bearing shew as doughtie as the best,  
Yet in effect but seminate, with lurre to detest.  
Oh would to God thou cowardly bile, in birth thou hadst bene lost:  
Such shame to bring thy dolozous sire, and eke thy Country cost:

Fear and  
cowardise  
of Paris.

Comparis  
of a travel-  
ler meeting  
a Dragon.

The veh-  
ement spech  
of Hector  
to Paris.

## The thirde Booke.

Sift thou the mirth the Grækes do make for this thy vile retreat,  
 Who thought thy corpes for byaune and bones of armes to beare the  
 And this is ech mans spæch & crie, behold the Grækish sides, (seate.  
 Behold a Masse of flesh, wherein no spzite or strength abides.

You were of force, I know, ere now, your ships to arme and band,  
 And hope your sayles, and turne your course to fetch a strangers lād:  
 And like a pong man being receibde, into a Princes house  
 Didst steale away against all right a worthy King his spouse,  
 To the dishonoz and reproch of all the Troyan name,  
 And by the same there doth rebounde to King Priam a shame,  
 To Grækes a ioy, to the a grieve, and yet thou wert afright  
 And erst for dread began to pale with Menelau to fight.

*Menelaus.* This is thy feare, thou callest thus, that he should the of life  
 Deprive, whom thou unworthy hast deprived of his wife.  
 Thy voice so swæte, thy pleasaunte tongue, thy lims so feately layed,  
 Thy bath so seemely to thy sight, thy giftes if all be wayed  
 Which Venus hath bestowde on the, should serue to little end  
 Thy life to save, if in the felde with him thou shouldst contende:  
 Thy coward hart hath in such case now brought ech Troyan wight  
 Seeing in the nought worthy praise, that they refuse to fight.  
 Thy dæd deserues to great reproch, wherfore now he the hence  
 Out of my sight, go packe the fourth, and hide in some defence.

*Paris to  
Hector.*

*Comparis  
of Hector  
force to an  
Axe.*

Hector chiding Paris thus, tricke Paris straight confest,  
 Oh brother deare, of right to me this spæch you haue addrest.  
 For why, your force is of suche fauour your courage eke so bie,  
 That toyle and tranayle is there none it can be hurt thereby.  
 So more than both the workmans are tourne edge, or wareth blunt  
 When tymber trees, his worke to ende, the man to helw is wont.  
 But yet of God the giftes ye ought not thus cast in my teith,  
 For Gods the same on men bestow so; to reward them with:  
 And sith of Gods those giftes they haue, let them pæide him y praise,  
 Not metring them by their deserts, but by his wil alwayes.

*Paris vill  
fight.*

Well, if you wil with Menelau the combat I attend,  
 Appoint the place, that of this strife we two may make an ende.  
 Turne vs two lose here, in the Græks and in the Troyans fight,  
 Placed about vs, let them see of vs the martiall fight.

*Who*

Who victor shal be, let him haue to recompence his paine,  
To make him merry, all the pray, let him possesse Heleine,  
And let the Troyans vnto Troy, the Grækes to Greece repeare,  
And couenant firmly for to keepe, let both the nations sweare.

Hector seeing Paris thus buske vnto the fray,  
Paruailes with ioy, before his hands he steps out in the way,  
His pike in midst aloft he beares, he wils them al to holde,  
And stay theselues, which straight they did as soulciors wel cōtroll:  
The Grækes cease not to march, their stones & darts at randō flye,  
Gauling the Troyans, til such time Agamemnon did cry,  
Cease, cease, (quoth he good Grækes I say) no more do shotc oꝝ thyō, Agamemnon  
to the  
Greekes.  
To stay his men, out of the troupe the king doth also go:  
Content yē yong and worthy lads, I ponder Hector sē,  
Do talke with vs he by his signes doth willing sēme to bē.

The shafts they cease, & straight the Darts no mā doth sē to flie, Obedience  
of the  
Greekes.  
The Campe was stil as possible might in twinkling of an eye.

Hector seeing such silence made between the hostes, began,  
These were the words among them all of that most worthy man.

Heare oh yē Grækes and Troyans both what Paris doth offer Hector to  
the Greeks  
& Troyans  
Vnto you all, my brother here the authoꝝ of this war.

He thinks it good to make an ende of this so mortall fight  
That yē aside your weapons laye, and to decide the right  
Twixt him and Menelau, he would sharpe weapons should it try,  
Faire Heleine should the victor haue him rendred by and by.  
With all the pray, and that forthwith, to morrow else by day  
Assurance made to keepe the pact ech one depart his way.  
The worthy Hector scarce an ende had made now of this case,  
But stoute and forwarde Menelau spake thus in open place:

Giue eare yē Græks and Troyans both vnto these words of mine, Menelaus  
to the  
Greeks and  
Troyans.  
Who shall declare vnto you al my griefe and grievous pine,  
I do agrēe now for to end this dangerous debate,  
Considering erst the trauailes great and mischiefs, which of late  
And long sith by both campes sustaine, for the adulterie,  
And the iust cause whiche prickes me forth to venge this miserie,  
That all men rest, and that Paris against me come, whereby  
All yē shall sē, who ordainde is by fate to liue oꝝ dye.

And

For the sa- And to effect that all be done, th'oblation whych of due  
crifice. The Gods in such case ought to haue, the pacte to holde moze true,  
It needful is, by the Trojans two lambes there be assignde,  
The one coale blacke, the other white, Male and Female by kinde,  
An old cer- White be the Male, the female blacke, vnto the sunne most cleare  
remont. To shed their blood, and to the earth, of all men dame so deare,  
Benigne and auncient mother of man, and we a thirde wil bring,  
Which shal be offred vnto loue that great and mighty King.  
I woulde also for suretie moze, one went for olde Priam,  
That for this pact and couenaunt made, he ratifie the same,  
Youth in- For his children all Greece wel knows, are promise breakers all,  
conitant. Fallers of Faith, and vnto chaunge pong heades are alway thral:  
The olde man if he sweare the othe, if bounde he se he be,  
He wil abide no treason then, nor offer iniurie.

This fight agreed, the Citizens, and souldiours strange of Troy  
The Trojans all, the Grækes ech one, hereof beginne to ioy,  
In hope an end shall now be made of this their wretched warre,  
With busie toile they rounde about do place their horse asarre,  
And keeping order, forthwith then they from their Chariots light,  
Herault. Their shields, their launces down they lay, and harnesse fit for fight,  
Leaning good scope betwene them both, sul sit by sight to trye.  
The ioly Hector Heraults two to Troy sends by and by,  
Two Lambes to fetch, and haile Priam t'allowe all this accorde.  
Talthybius eke went to the shippes, commanded by his Lord  
Agamemnon, to fetch the Lambe vnto the company.  
Which was appointed as before, for the ceremonie.

This while from the Olympus high Iris made hir repaire  
To Troy, to tell these newes to hir, who fairest is offaire.  
The shape she toke of hir sister belobbe, faire Laodice,  
Iris messen- Who married had Elicaon, Anthenors sonne the wife.  
ger of the  
Gods. She founde the faire not idle tho, but working busilie,  
Laodices  
daughter of  
Priame. She in hir chamber made a pæce of worthy Chinalrie,

Helins ex- She in was wrought of Trojans and of Greekes the worthy As,  
ercise. Most cunningly in posture, their sallies and their facts,  
Their chargings oft, their cruel fight, their meetings one to one,  
Which both the Campes continually, made for hir loue alone.

Arise

# of Homers Iliades:

49

Arise quoth Iris, come Heleine, and in the plaine hard by,  
The Cttie here, thou straight shalt see things wondrous to thine eye:  
Those whom thou hast each day beheld, in wont deale doleful blotwes,  
In dangerous war, thou shalt see rest, together in sunny robes.  
And some there leaning on their shields, wel wearie of their toyles,  
And Menclau with Paris shal (to end those wars and byzyles)  
fight hand to hand, and he who shall the better part obtaine,  
The shall he have by one consent, as glozie of his gaine.

These netes verlarde, with a desire this Heleines minde is sped  
Of hir first spouse, and countrey towne, wherin the first was bred,  
Of hir parents, to see them once, a time this Heleine prays  
With them to leade hir life againe, and furnish forth hir dapes.

She riseth by, and decks hir selfe with gorgeous attire,  
And out she goes, distilling teares, as they wel saw floods by hir.  
And not alone, she with hir led Climean and Aethrea,  
And goes unto the greatest port that named is Scira.

Where on the Bulwarkes they might see at ease the fields so wide,  
There king Priam with Loves of state was set on every side,  
To shewde them in the shade within the pentus of the Wall,  
Tymets, Lampus, Clytus, Panthus, in vertues famous all,  
Hicetaon renounde in warre, also Vcalegon

Of late that was of boytseous byatne, and eke Anthenor one,  
As god a man of warre as they, but now for counsel out,  
The aged dads there closely sit, the scotching beate they out.

As Grasshoppers the olde men chat, when two or thre are founde  
In Sommer time amid the Grasse, and make a charming sounde.  
They loking on the heavenly Græke, god cause confessed, why  
Both camps should make such toile & strife, and eke so long shold try,  
Hir beaultie, wayed that was more than any earthly worke,  
Which in hir Goddesse visage there did shine and seme to lurke:  
Yet they amoucht, it better were to yelde hir home to goe,  
Withoutt adoe, for to eschew the mischiefes, which might grow  
By keeping hir still as they did: as she arrived than  
Wheras they sat, the king hir callde, and thus to hir began.  
Come thou to me my daughter faire, here down by me do sit,  
Leave off thy mone, leave off thy tears, which from thine eyes do sit.

Heleins  
minde doth  
chaunge.

The olde  
Troyans  
for counsell.

Comparis  
of Graf-  
hoppers.

Adulst of  
the Troyia  
to render  
Heleine.

Priam to  
Heleine.

Do

Do



## The thirde Booke

Do not consume lamenting thus, come see thy husband here,  
And all the Grækes thy kinsmen eke, and cousins all so deere.

Oh loues wil is not that in thee I should the occasion lay  
Of my mishaps, which yeldes my griefe, no, no, the gods are they  
Who for the better to reuenge themselves of me and mine,  
Desire by this wreched warre to afflict vs all with pine.  
Come nere, and leaue your bashfulnesse, and of the Grækes declare  
Your neighbours kindred and alics, and who you nearest are.  
What, who is he is for most there, of middle pitch and bone,  
With countenance grane, as I soethinke, I neuer saw yet one  
Since I was borne, so wel besene as he in euerp thing,  
And sure he beares the port and shew, and grace of some great king.

Helaine to  
Priam.

Then answerde Helaine thus the King with humble voyce & saide,  
My most deare Lord, thy reuerent state doeth yelde me wel afraide,  
When to thy presence I resort, but would to God by death  
Before the turmoiles of this warre I yeldded had my breath:  
And chiefly when to follow with thy sonne, I was so mad,  
Leauing my husband, many a Dame and gentle pære I had,  
My brethren, and my daughter both, then both we fræ from wo  
Had bene as now, but what helpe when il lucke wil haue it so?  
Sent for to do your graces will, who doth commaunde the same:  
For him you aske, that prince he hath Agamemnon to name.  
A King both wise and stoute in warre, of Atreus eke the heire,  
To whom the Campe in all obeyes, and their allegiance beare.  
Who now long sith, when we in peace and suretie al did swim,  
Was unto me brother in law, and I sister to him.

Helaine  
shewes  
Agamemnon  
to Priam.

The pærelesse faire holding hir peace, Priam with maruel mayde,  
Hearing Agamemnons honoz thus declare, set forth, and blazde,  
Could not himselfe then hold his peace, but gan his prayre to crie,  
O fortune god, thou Agamemn art more than twice happy  
Sith woth thy Prince of chivalrie, the hie Gods in thy hands  
To thy god hap do put the Grækes, to leade and rule their hands.  
So that by thee is gouerned now, conducted at thy will,  
So great an host arrined here, whiche doth al Phrygia fill.

Amazones.

When I was yong, and baliance had, and prowess, I do minde,  
That on this land the Amazones did warre, women in kind,

Yet

## of Homers Iliades.

51

Yet folke in warre of great exploits, whose force so; to withstand,  
The dyuen were to call such strength, as nere was in this lande.  
Then Otrus and Migdon marching againste them in their way,  
Their sotemen and their horsemen both did in a balley stay,  
Till *Sangar* floude with streame so long, to their succors I came,  
They made me chief, yet our gay bands & Græks now passe & same.

*Sangar.*

After he calles his sight aside on Vlyses, and sayes,  
Oh gods, daughter mine yet once againe come on your waues,  
Tel me what Græke is that I se, with shoulders, brest, and wast  
So well beset, and not so high as Agamemnon last,  
Who is so good a grace, and armd goes round about the Grækes,  
As doth the mightie Beltweather with hairie cote and chokes,  
Who so; the better keeping in the godly flockes of Shepe,  
Goes by them stil, and rounde about, and from them doth not kepe.

*Pryame to  
Helene.*

*Comparis  
of the deep  
woolled  
Rammes.*

It is (quoth she) Vlyses of a god and seemely shape,  
Yet wiser in his fetchers, who, although he had the hap  
To be brought by in Countrie rude among the countrie clownes,  
Yet he in head and witte doth passe the Grækish Kings renowned.

*Helene de-  
clares Vly-  
ses.*

*Ithache Ile.*

Worthy Princesse, thou sayest most true bespake Anthenor then,  
My selfe doth know it very wel: so; I remember when  
Both he and Menelaus did Embassadors come hither,  
They wer then lodgde at my poze house, whom I receibde together,  
And made them suche chære as I could, as they my sons had beene,  
Where I their counsell, mind, and gifts do thinke my selfe haue seene.  
O; my coniecture thought them great, and chiefly when to vs  
In counsell they themselues were calld, their message to discusse.

*Antenor to  
Helene,  
Vlyses and  
Menelaus  
Embassa-  
dors once  
to Troye.*

*Descriptiō  
of Menela-  
us & Vlyses*

Menelaus standing by was taller so; his height,  
But being set, Vlyses seemde moze graue in things of weight,  
And abler to maintaine the case, so; Menelaus was  
A man of fewe words, and in baine from him did nothing passe.  
His speech was pithie, wise and apt, and ful of gentlenesse,  
And though Vlyses had moze yeares, he used no excesse  
Of words, but when it came to point that speake Vlyses should,  
Wert nere so little, in the ayre cast by his head he would.  
And would a while cast down his sight most like a senselesse loute,  
As one by rage and choller were from reason cleane put out.

D. y.

Which

Vleſſes  
eloquence.

Which well was ſhewed by his ſpace, which he vnhaſome bare,  
But when he ſpake, he eloquence moſt heauenly did declare.  
His words came forth like winter ſnow, ſuch ſtoze he did vnſolde,  
As hauing done, none with him durſt any contention holde,  
Nor yet of any thing he ſayde did any doubt at all,  
Nor queſtion aſke, his talke was ſuch, as to the Gods befall.

Priame to  
Helene.

King Priam curious moze to know, had caſt aſide his eyes,  
And finding Ajax, of Heleine enquired in this wiſe :

Who is that goodly Prince, (to aſke the old man doth begin)

Who is a Gaunt to the reſt, none of them retch his chin.

She vnto this made aunſwere thus: It is Ajax the ſtrong,

Who is beſt hope, defence and wall, that to the Grækes belong.

And he, who ſtands hard by him there, is the god king of Crete

Idomene, among his folke obeyed with honoz great,

As if ſome mightie God he were, whom often I haue ſene

(He paſſing by) with Menelau at our houſe to haue bene.

And many moe, as wel as he, whoſe names I wel do know,

But not to ſee my brethren here, doth cauſe my grieſe to grow.

The Caſtor gay that worthy knight with Pollux without Pare

Caſtor and  
Pollux.

In ſeats of armes, in they in this war haue not vouchſaſt I ſcare

To take a part, but if they did arrive here with the reſt,

The irkſome ſorrow, grief and care, which hath their minds oppreſſ,

To ſee my wants and my miſhaps, and chaunce, yea very ſilth,

Hath ſent them home, & they abaſht, with cares their harts it kilt.

Thus ſaide the faire, but hir brethren long ere theſe things beſel

Were dead, and in the towne of Sparte they were intombd wel.

Caſtor and  
Pollux  
dead in  
Sparte.  
Preparation  
for en  
ceremonies  
VVine the  
licour com  
mended.

This while the two Heraults they did prepare all things at ful,

That beſt ſhuld ſerue, they from the ſicke two labes of choyce did cull

And with good wine that licour likt, of Goats a ful great hide

They ſild top vp, the which was brought by th' Arault called Ide

They ſo; the miſterie moſt mæte a maſſie baſen brought

Of poliſht gold, and eke of gold two cups moſt finely wrought.

Thus furniſht, to king Priam they ſhewed their Embaſſaide

They willing him to come himſelf, theſe were the words they ſayde:

O percleſſe king of all renowne, we ſcare we haue bene ſloe,

The chiefeſt of thy ſubieas all in field attend thee loe,

The Her  
aultes to  
Priam.

The

The Grækes will now make such accorde, in mind that apthall last;  
 Your sonne Paris his right to trie, with Menclau doth cast,  
 By hand to hand and force of fight, who victor shall arise,  
 Shal in reward haue faire Helene, and gifts of worthy price.  
 All discordes by this meane shall end, for Grækes to Greece shall hie,  
 Trojans shall haue for war sustaine, their peace wishte earnestly.  
 Without your Grace nought can be done, for it is mæte you swear.  
 For full suretie of this combat which is agreed on there.

The good olde man was fearfull straight, for wel he knew, in hand  
 Fondly was tane this enterpryse, whereto they meane to stande :

Priam and  
 Antenor go  
 to the campe

Yet he commaundes his Chariot, and for his hoxses calles,  
 They ioinde to it, all things were done, which in such case befallies.  
 With him he toke Antenor olde, and to the field they haste,  
 Who scouring with a sweeping pace, came to the campe at laste,  
 And in the midst presente themselves: and lighted when they were,  
 Vlysses graue, and Agamemmn, did come and mæte them there.

Vlysses.

The antie  
 tic of He-  
 raults.

The Heraulds there eke shewde themselves, right gay and richly clad  
 With ornaments whych longs them to, and no delay was had,  
 But straight procédes befoze them all to the ceremonie:  
 And first with good and pleasant wine, they skinke the cuppes on hie  
 To the chiefe Lords, this pæce sallowe, to wash one water beares :  
 The gret Græk then doth draw his knife, & which he alwayes weares  
 By his left side, and of the Lambes the wooll he doth cut out  
 From twirt the bowes, for the Heraulds to part amids the rout  
 To the Princes, that hereafter repent none of them can.

The wooll receibde, his handes eke washt, Agamemmn thus began,  
 With ioyned hands, and listid vp, his prayer thus did make:  
 O mightie Ioue, who dost vouchsafe thy dwelling for to take  
 On Ida hil, and there to rule, O summe most bright I call,  
 Who sees this plaine, and knowes all things: O earth and riuers all,  
 I yon besêch my prayers heare, yon God infernall eake  
 So full of power, who al mischiese so egerly do weake,  
 O fondling folke, who cal the Gods their witnes when they swear,  
 And straight to be moske false forsworne they neither care nor feare,  
 Be Tesses here, cause this accorde so sacred be fulfilld:  
 If it so be, that by Paris, or Menclau be killd,

By.

With-

## The third Booke

Without repining we agré faire Helene shall be his,  
 The gods he shall enjoy, the which he rauend once amisse,  
 Here promising to raise the siege, and straight to Greece returne,  
 If Menelau my brother like (if hap so serue his turne)  
 With hand this Paris do subdue, that then this Cretian faire  
 With worthy mends for wrong sustaine to be forthwith repaire,  
 And yearly that there be some rent, or tribute for the same  
 Assigne our heires for our renowne, to shew their fault and shame.  
 And if that he should vanquish thus, and Priams sonnes refuse  
 To keepe their othe and promise made, and so the Gods abuse,  
 If King Priam shall also hap for lacke and want of harte  
 To fault the same: I here protest I wil not hence departe  
 This countrey fro, nor turne elsewhere, until I see it wast,  
 The Trojans saine, their Citie burnt, and therein siers plact.  
 Thus hauing sayd, then with his knife the two pong lambs he due,  
 And weakly spawling in their blond, on ground from him he threwe,  
 And many present in that place, the same did also bowe,  
 And poyzing wine vppon the earth thereof they did allowe.

Agamēnōs  
 come.

A souldr-  
 ers prayer.

Among the which some Trojan Knight, or Once souldior Græke  
 Powe spent and woꝛne with the warres, thus made his prayer eke:  
 O Gods of mercie, who wel sees, what here is done alway,  
 Graunt that he for whose default now this accoyd shal stay,  
 (As rebel vnto your decrees) with bzapning be he sped.  
 And for his gilte, let of his pmpes the b:aines be also shed.  
 And let an other haue his wife their prayer thus did go.  
 But for al this their iust request, the Gods yet would not so.

Priam, so  
 the Trojans  
 & Greekes

Againe Priam perceiuing well, that thus this geare woulde sodge,  
 Said to the Grækes and Trojans both, I thinke it best I trodge,  
 If you my Lordes so thinke it good, my grief will not in sight  
 That I this quarrell for to end, should see my sonne to fight.  
 The mightie Gods agré, that death for one shall be his gaine,  
 And haue appointed whych of both with conquest shal remaine.

The place  
 of the com-  
 bate met  
 out by He-  
 ctor and V-  
 lyces.

Forthwith with him he toke the Labs, & mounteth on his chaire,  
 And Antenor, and from the pceasse to Troy they straight repaire.  
 The lustie Hector and Vlyse this while do go about  
 To mette the place, most fit for fight, the which they measure out



In mids betwene the armies both: and then for passe they crane,  
Of the first stroke for assault who shall the honoz haue:  
Two lots they make, as in such case the custome is to trie,  
And in an helmet they do put two billets by and by,  
For eche of the Combatants one: who first was drawne by lot,  
Of first assailing of his sere the licence thereby got.

Lot with  
che of the  
two shold  
gve the  
first blowe  
The prayer  
of the Grek  
and Troya  
souldiers.

The souldiours all carefull to see, did fire their minds and eyes  
On this helmet, and to the Gods with heart thus sent their cries:  
O loue thou God of Gods, of men high king, and king most chief,  
Grant thou that grace this day, that he, who causeth this mischief,  
May downe to the infernall shades descend, and there arrest,  
And that the Grækes and Trojans free, may live in peace and rest.

Hector from his helmet then his countenance hauing toied,  
To parte the lots did turne them oft, them better to diuide.  
He putteth in his hand, and out the lot of Paris drew,  
And forthwith straight to holde the place himself ech man withdrew,  
And glad eche one sits round about: and Paris who assault  
Must Menelau, at all points wel to arme him doth not faile.  
Then firste his gallant greues he take which customly he ware,  
His Cupples which were fastened to by art and mickle care,  
With buttons gay, and buckles great of siluer therevpon,  
And of Lycaon strong and sure he put the Curets on.

Paris lot is  
first drawne

Paris is ar-  
med with  
other armes

Lycaon.

One would haue thought (they seemd so fit) it moulded was for him:  
A massie sword he girt, which hong with silver nailes full trimme.  
And on his shoulder he doth cast a strong and mightie target,  
His head to hape an helmet rich, with cress right long and large,  
Gallant to see, made of the taile of some horse very great,  
As oft as he cast by his head, it also seemd to threat.

In fine, an armed Dart with scale to his right hand doth yeild,  
And thus with posture, and visage fierce, he commes into the feld.

There was no souldiour, no so stout, for feare who did not quake,  
To see the hazarde of the case, when they beganne to shake  
Their Darts at their approach, & more, their marks & gestures hold.

Paris stoutly stalking out, first there the feld doth holde,  
He manly first assailes, and forth his dart doth strongly launce,  
The which in mids of the Grækes shield did stily hit by chance,

Paris assay-  
leth first.

But

But onely save the vtter skin, no force it had to surre,  
The shields defence so put it backe, that pierce it coude not surre.

For this yet was not Menelau one whit appallid at all,

Menelau  
prayer to  
Iupiter.

He bid the blowe, and stepping forth, to prayer thus doth fall:  
O mightie Ioue, who knowes the right, the man do thou me make,  
Who of his foe so; his offence nowe iuste reuenge may take,  
Dire a god Lorde, that he may dye, as his deserts do craue,  
That babes not boyn, may heare: know what stroke his fault should  
To make them feare their friendly Iu, as wretches to defile, (haue,  
Where strangers are with ciuillie well bled enery while.

Forthwith he shoke his speare, when as these wordes he did rehearse,  
And with such force at Paris threwe, that it his shield did pierce,  
His Currets eke it thirled threwe, and al the cloutes he ware  
Hard to his shirte, and est the skelle had kist his carcasse bare,  
But then that Paris wyled at last, and so the blowe did summe.

After the stroke, then Menelau his gorgeons blade begumme  
Out of his silver sheath to drawe, which beauiug vp he takes,  
And striking him vpon his helme, his foe amazed makes.

Menelau  
blasphemes.

Stiklaping on, at the thirds stroke his sword in peces fine,  
Wherewith, as one distraught he cryed: O Ioue, thou God true,  
I now tell se you can doe naught, Of al the Gods you are  
The most malicious, yea of all, who in the skies repaire:

Alas I thought the time was come my foe I should confound,  
But now my Iauelin I haue sent, not causing any wounde,  
My sword in two: yet raging wood vpon him he doth fly,  
And by the Cress he caught him fast, enforcing mightily  
To driue and thrust him out of field, as one had conquest wonne,  
By meanes his chin hand chokte him so: the same then had he done,

Venus sa-  
ueth Paris.

But Venus who his safette would, did cause it breake in twaine,  
So save his moxrepne, Menelau had naught elle so; his gaine:

Venus.

Which he among his mates doth threwe, and meaning so; to pay  
His bared pate, the Goddess tho; forthwith conspied away  
The Carpet knight, bewrapping him in cloude of mistie aire,  
She brought to town, wher she pluckte off the armoir which he ware,  
His bones to rest, she plaie him in, one of his Chambers all,

Relene.

Which most did smoke with pleasant smels, and flames spurt to all,  
Which

Who in a Towze past the time, about hir many moe,  
Both Tropan Dames and gentle folks denising to and fro.

Venus not willing to be knowne, in humaine shape appears  
In Greas forme, the god handmaid, nowe wel yfstept in pearces,  
In broiderie worke a minion odde, no lesse in spinning eake,  
Who pulling Helen by the skirte, did thus the silence breake.  
Madame, your Paris doth commaunde, that I should will you his  
His lodging to, where in such ray, you shal there find him lie,  
You will not trow he lokes so fresh, he commes now from the fight,  
Youle iudge he coms frō dauncing sport, he seems so tricke a wight.

Great the  
Chimbre to  
Helen

Venus to  
Helen

Thus spake the amorous Goddess tho, inspiring in hir sprite,  
The mighty flame, who knowing wel, hir breast and necke so white,  
Beholding wel the flaming eye there of the heauenly stocke.

Helen to  
Venus

What mean you quoth she by this trade me this wise for to morke;

What, nowe yet once againe as wise to glue me do you meane

In Phrygie townes or Meonie, or in some further realme,

For to rewarde some seruant thine, sth he, who by strong hand

Toke me away, thou vanquisht self, and I to Greekish lande

Yet once againe must make returne: and wherefoze do you vse

This fained talke, and hyde your shape me onely to abuse:

I do beleue the blinde desire of this thy Paris loue

Which holds the now, hath caused the leaue the skies & Gods about,

To be the slaue and Concubine of him thy darling dere,

Stith it is so, then plie him well, stir not but tarry here.

He couche no more with the god knight, within a paire of shates,

(I force no deale) I promise him, with me he neuer meates.

The Dames of Iake and Tropan wiues might scorn at me their fil,

With sterring taunts & stinting sleights, for spite which wold me kill.

Venus threat  
with Helen

When as the Goddess heard these words, which soth in heat she

She spake hir thus: y wretched elfe I reade the hold thy tong, (stg,

Strive not with me if thou beest wise, least if thou stirre mine ire,

And that I kindly course the so, little to thy desire.

And least that as I haue bin friend I do become thy foe,

And seke suche meanes as Goddess nowe to moue againste the so,

The Greekish hearts & Tropan both, pea al thy hope cleane gone,

The death with one consent they shall bestowe on this and ne.

I.

The

Helene for-  
low with Ve-  
nus to seek  
Paris.

The faire was mated by this rage, she with a countenance so woe,  
Concealing hir face with hir riche robe comes down straighte from the  
And softly followed Venus there, who hir to chāber brought, (to woe,  
The traine to talke, and some to weaue, and some the distaffe caught.

Helene to  
Paris.

The place was trickly decked vp, the place where Helene sat  
By Venus wil was placed there befoze hir husband flat,  
Who did him earnestly behold; and swelling pea with wrath,  
The very botome of hir minde she doth declare, and saith:  
Then you are come you sozie sir, and luckie carpet knight  
From this combat so dangerous, and eke fierre warlike fight.  
O would to God my first husband had hayt thy life to daunt,  
In field with thee he durst not cope thou wouted wert to haunt,  
You would haue eate him at the first, and now you run away:  
Leaue him, and be no moze so brag his force soz to assay,  
If that you loue your selfe: the Græke bcast out these words in rage,  
But Paris curteously desires hir surie to assuage.

Paris to  
Helene.

Sweet heart (quoth he) this passion leaue, and with me be not greued,  
Though that the Græke haue warde me now, for y he was relcued  
By Minerua, the time will be, that I shall be his rod,  
And banquish him, when as I shal be saoured by some God:  
I knowe I am not so farre gone out of their fauors cleane,  
But in my great affai: es somewhat to aide me they do meane.  
I pray the now mine own sweet hart some better countenance shoue;  
Be mercy once, and vnto rest let vs together goe.  
For (as me thinke) greater desire I had not any while,  
So, when with thee I cabband first within Crance the Ile.

The Ile  
Crance.  
Paris lieth  
vvith Helē

After these words, the faire was brought to bed so gorgeous best,  
Where without further doe they both two loners went to rest.

The Troi-  
ans stirred  
against Pa-  
ris for his  
want of  
valor.

This while Menelau raging woad, moze furious than the wilde  
And sauage beast, doth nought but seke his foe about the feldes,  
To ridde him quite, but no Tropan, noz of themselves not one  
Could him descrie, for they wist not, now whether he was gone,  
And if they had, to keepe him close, there serue no friendship could.  
But to the campe to shewe him sozth they meant and surely woulde.  
For now th'at noutrie broad and knowne, & laid thus in their dishe  
For sodaine end & fearful death with hate the souldiours woth.

Agamem-  
non to the Troi-  
ans.

Agamem-

## of Homers Iliades.

59

Agamemnon then seeing plaine that there to ech mans sight  
 The famous conquest did belong to Menelau of right,  
 If so that they would rightly iudge, kept forth, and thus he spake,  
 Ye Trojan cruels, and foraines, who their quarrell good to make,  
 Come vnder their ensignes to war, I peale vnto you all,  
 You Menelau haue sene by force (your faith and truths I call)  
 And martiall fight to ouercome your Paris, who is fled.  
 Restore the Græke, and wealth wherewith once these a way he yed,  
 Cause that we now be satisfied, and more for honoꝝ due  
 Which is deserbd, do ye to Græks a certaine rent reue,  
 To vs and our posteritie by Trojans to be payed.  
 Herewith his souldiours prasse him much, and so the wordes he sayed:

*Finis tertij Libri.*

## The fourth Booke.



The Gods were in the Pallace gay  
 of loue so curious wrought,  
 To counsell come, whom Nectar sweet  
 the gentle Hebe brought.  
 Whereof they trypled ech so well,  
 the golden Cuppe so fine  
 Among the rout from one to one,  
 did passe with pleasant wine.

Hebe Cup-  
bearer.

And hauing alwayes their regards, with sight and mind they viewe  
 The long besieged Citie thus, whiche wearie now doth rue.

Then loue disposd he of his wife to make a spozte afar,  
 To nettle hir a talke beganne, which quickly tickled her.

In this combate, quoth he) the Gods immortall put in hande  
 knowe ye, to Menelaus helpe two Goddesses do stande,  
 Who now at pleasure toy their fil, to laugh they conuers seek,  
 Our Iuno one grimes in his sleue, with puissant Pallas eke.

Iupiter to  
the Gods.

A. 7.

But



## The fourth Booke

But curteous Venus sho againe with finger in hir eye,  
 On th' other side both sorrowe muche hir Paris hap to spie,  
 Shee haping made no small adoe; to shield him from his end;  
 He neither soze nor heart shee knew in field had to contend,  
 Against the Greeke, who victo; stode. Well now we muste aduise,  
 To which of both their pleasures mosse our fauor ought to rise,  
 If best to make them enemies still, or cause them to agree,  
 A stable conco;rd to them, both must surely welcome be.  
 For by Helens returne, the Greekes their soules; they shall ease,  
 Of trauels great, and Priams towne, whom same so much both raise,  
 Shall ap with people fraighted be: these sained wordes agog  
 So let the Goddesses, that they in anger gan to hog,  
 But Pallas kept hir anger in, against hir kindly fire,  
 And markely bare hir selfe, though spite did boile in hir as fire.  
 But Iuno rash and carelesse bold (hap ye a what happen can)  
 Could not hir furie once refraine, but thus hir tale beganne:  
 O crabbed husband why to mine still diuers is thy minde?  
 Such treason soz to vse with me what reason dost thou finde?  
 Wouldst thou the swat and trauailes great of me, and of my hoise  
 Of heauenly race all bootlesse toile, and be of lillie soze?  
 In calling to this place such crues: hast thou founde out the meanes  
 To get a safegard soz the state of Priam and Trojans?  
 Do what thou canst, the time wil come, that *Tornam French* shall turn  
 The Gods and I will so provide, but that shall serue our turne  
 Shall hap at all. But mightie Ioue seeing hir thus to fret,  
 Replyde againe, and from his breast a sigh he deeply set.  
 Thou cankred Goddess, what mischief, what harm, what hate, what  
 Hath Priam done, or yet his sons, & so their baine thou longs (wronges  
 And mournest still the Trojans towne, if that thou shouldest not see  
 By Cretians sachte, and in such plight, as wars may make it be?  
 I surely thinke but so; the shame which causeth thee to stay,  
 And somewhat doth surmount the rage, thou wouldst haue tane way  
 Long time ere this to Troy, where like a sole enraged there  
 The skin and flesh of Priam King with tath thou wouldst tear.  
 What onely can suffice at all, to alluage thy furious fit.  
 With so it standes, henceforth on me lay no excuse of it.

Iuno to  
 Iupiter.

Iupiter to  
 Iuno.

Falsly

Falsli thy minde, and what exploytes you list do enterprisse,  
 There shal against thee let noz word be vnde in any wise.  
 In time to come my wrath appease, when I shal haply meane,  
 The fairest of thy Cities all, by grounde to raze it cleane,  
 Thinke not my minde then to withstand, for copper thou mightst get,  
 With heerein to content thee now thy will I nothing let.  
 I do agree the overthow of the most famous rich  
 Citie vnder the heauen cope, and of a king so muche  
 Renound of al, whom most I loue, and hono: most I ought  
 Of duellie, for to hono: me al wayes al meanes they sought  
 Vnto my Godhead day noz night, their hosties they do spare,  
 At no time of oblations sat my Altars emptie are.

When Iuno fully satisfied in hauing got hir will,  
 Unswearde: oh loue these towne I haue, which manie people fill,  
 All gouerned by ciuill lawes, the which I loue at hart,  
*Argos the rich, Mycene the gay, and eke the mightie Sparte,*  
 When you shall please of one or all the glorie downe to take  
 Your will be done, none shal gaine say, or set resistance make:  
 And though I would, you are so great, I know, I could it not,  
 To your great power both gods and men obey in euery lot.  
 And I likewise great wrong should haue, if that my purpose now  
 Should nought prou vile, for a goddesse, I am as wel as you,  
 A God, a Saturne impe, and bozne to him in eldest place:  
 Why should not I then as your spouse esteeme be in each case  
 Aboue the rest: let prae be made, contention banish quite,  
 And let vs both as in this point our hartes in one unite.  
 Whether with then shall the heauenlye routes, who often troubled are,  
 And often moued by our iarres, shal be of merrie fare.  
 And shal in fine our mindes allow: commaund Minerue to hie  
 Vnto the Campe, there for to moue some waile and boyle, wherby  
 The Troyans may the pact infringe. The God consenting tho  
 To Pallas sayde, you daughter mine, see straight to Troy you go,  
 And couertly the promist league stir by some Trojan true  
 To breake, their Greekish enemies assailing them of new.

Yet after this he wils hir hast, wherwith such speed he makes,  
 That is the speede the goddesse came, on earth men dreadfull quakes.

The Cities  
 deare to  
 Iuno.

Jupiter saith,  
 Pallas,

## The fourth Booke

Compar-  
son of the  
lightning.

For Venus Ioue both send the glaze of flash and lightning brande,  
Which oft both cause the fighting folke at gaze and feareful stand,  
And thinke within themselves with those, who do the seas frequen,  
That of a mischief to them like it is a token sente :

The Goddesse in like sort descendes, as star with flame and flash  
Amid the Campe, wherewith she both the bands and armie's bath;  
And of them there were certaine layed, with wonder and afright  
This token shews vs luckie chauce, or some mishap to light:  
Either we shall haue by and by the happie peare we craue,  
Or else the war continued, for long time shall we haue.

Pallas into the playne come downe, she straight hir selfe enrolde  
In shape of one of the chilozen of the Antenor olde,  
Laodoc souldiour trick and stouter with Troyans then the throngs  
And forthwith for to heare some newes of Pandarus she longs,  
That valiaunt Archer god and sure: she sought so in the route,  
That there with gorgeous armour girt, at last she found him out.  
Enuironde with a warlike sort, who al his legies were,  
Bred by by *Asepi* the flood, who happie thought them there,  
Under a lustie leader such to shew promise of their strength.

Pallas to  
Pandarus

The grane ride Goddesse then drew ne, & spake him thus at length  
Vitorious prince, one of the bynde of graue Lycavons stocke,  
An enterprize it selfe presentes, wherto if so you spcke,  
Open shal thee cal the happie this side the Deean firre:  
It thee behoues with piercing girde to cause thy arrow skirre  
To wound the sturdie Menelau: if thou that martiall act  
Fulfillst, what fame shalt thou obtaine by that vitorious fact:  
What thanks of Alexander eke, when he shall see to slowe  
His ennies bloud: gay gifts with toy on thee he shall bestow.  
Well courage then and readie make your bow with wolues adze  
To offer to *Phrebus* such sheepe, as in point flockes are best,  
If he will graunt you t accomplish the bound which you do frame,  
And giue you power and time your towne *Zely* to see againe.

Above  
made of the  
horne of a  
wilde  
Goate.

The coking wordes causd Pandarus too soonly to agree,  
Whereof he soon repented him, out of the case then he  
Drew out his great and gallant bow: garnisht with polisht baste,  
Which of the hornes of a wilde Goate right strangely shaped was.

**Whore**

of Homers Iliades.

63

Whom Pandarus so wel did hunt upon a mountaine side,  
He girt and hurt him in the flankes, and of his hoznes bedde,  
By cunning wo:kemanship was made a fine and praper bow  
Sixtene pace the hoznes were long, stil hard it was I tolde  
To make it serue to be shot in, but erst the wo:kemans craft  
Was so employde, that now a bow they serude, and shot a shaft:  
And go:geonser to make the bow appere to all mens sight,  
He hoznde and tipt the ends right wel with beaten golde ful bright.

Pandarus  
breakes  
the agree-  
ment.

Then Pandarus without aboade drew out his bow to bend,  
And that now of his enterprife none of them all shoud wende,  
He caud his souldiours bay him wel with buckler and with targe,  
Least that the wily subtle Graekes might find his minde at large.  
And sodaine bzyle hys enterprife might let, and turne to nought:  
His bow in point, an arrow he out of his quiner cought,  
Sure steele at end with piercing head, and knely featherde wel,  
Post fit by cruel wretched death an enemie to quell.

Pandarus  
shoots.

He nockes the shaft, and then his bowes to Phcebus God both make,  
And him behighs his pretie lambes, if so his hast do take  
God place and pwoe by Phcebus meanes: his bow he thus ending  
With such a force he drew his bow, as that he hælde the string  
To hys right pay, and straight the head, when as it euen stode  
Hard with the backe, he losde it quicke, as shoter sure and god.  
Wither with the bow with sturde string, when forth the shaft it flong  
A clange so great and strong it gaue, as wide abode it rang.

The Gods as then oh Menelau they were not farre from the,  
It was no time, Pallas hir selfe skoute armed there was she,  
Of thy welfare hir selfe she shrewed as careful as she coude,  
As when hir pretie sonne doth sleepe the tender mother woude,  
Haue god regard and charie eye, least that the busie fye  
His tender fleshy shoud bite or barne, or come his visage nie.  
And ne with like care Mynerue did, put by the mortall bloo,  
Pet stroke hys handpicke in the midd, and it it pierced so,  
The buckle great of masse gold, whic did his girble tie  
Was pierst, and through his Curats eke and steeld head did spe,  
And past so fur, of the skoute Graekes the fleshy it thirled in  
And presently befoze them all the blood was seene to spin.

Compassi-  
on of the  
mother  
helping his  
childe.

Menelau  
hurt.

## The fourth Booke

Comparis Pea even as on the fluozie whyte the dames of Cary oft  
 Do woake the purple, and emboss with broderie aloft;  
 Do make the gallant gorgeous raines for courters bjaue and gay;  
 Which for a king a decking is, it is so rich aray:  
 The die was like and fairer much on the trimme Cretians flesh  
 With scarlet blond, which by his thigh down to his heeles did besh,  
 The great Agamemnon with this so soze and sobaine shot  
 Was griened much, the wound eke sene the hurt man dolour got,  
 And colour chaungde: he sighing soze his brother gay drew nic,  
 And toke him by the hande, of Greekes most part then standing by.  
 He piteously begins his mone, and thus he saith, alas,  
 My only hope, my brother deare, who as assured was  
 In assaying the Troyan freake, shal it be now the meane  
 That after this holy arcorde thou conertly be slaine?  
 The oth befoze the Gods so swozne, where it is now become  
 Of these priured wicked folke: can Gods iustice be mum  
 Alas at rancour so much saynde: I hope it wil not so,  
 For though the Gods do winke thereat a while, and let it goe,  
 Pea though mens faults they seme to slip, at end they pay for all,  
 Great time deseru, doth cause the smart with rigo: on them sal.  
 In time these filthy traytours shal so plagde be for their hire,  
 Themselues, their sons, and eke their wiues: & from the skies the fire  
 With hideous flame they shal behold to light vpon their pate,  
 I know ere long Troy shal to wacke, & Priam with his state  
 Shal passe the sword: Gods wrath which doth the daides of al me list  
 Is now against him to stirde by, as therof is no shift.  
 But what mishap, alas, what grieve shal hap to be my share,  
 If I should leaue you here behinde, and death to be your fare,  
 With grane alacke, in forraign land, how wilt all Greece cry out  
 At my retorne, al Argos folke, and Godintrep round about,  
 When they shal vnderstand your death: and they who with vs are,  
 Shal they not let of their retorne their only minde and care?  
 Shal they not leaue to Troyans false the luckie glozie at hand?  
 Shal they not leaue to vs the shame: pour carcase in this lande (leine  
 Which most vs dears) shal they not leaue: shal they not leaue Hel-  
 Therby hercafter to your tombe, there shal come some Troyan,

And



And loubzing on the grasse, shall crie, al puffed vp with pride,  
To all Agamemns practises God graunt like ende betide,  
God graunt the Grækes here long abode, may haue the like successe,  
And after they maye hie them home with shame and wretchednesse:

The Troyan Kerre he thus may chat, thcn not to be aline  
I do beseech th'immoztal Gods, but that the earth do cline  
And swallow me. Although the hurt did cause a grievous paine,  
Yet Menelau with chæreful loke thus answerde him againe,  
And manlike to his bzother sayde: reioyce thou bzother mine,  
And courage take, for wel thou maist by this mourning of thine  
Impute such feare in the Grækes harts, which est they cannot die:  
I fele ful wel the blow is such therof I cannot die,  
The golden buckle of my belt, my Curet god I know  
Wherwith I armed am befoze, hath surely stayde the blow.

Menelaus  
to Agam:  
his brother

My friendly bzother would to God (quoth Agamemnon he)  
You were out of this danger here, and that it so might be  
You might be heald of this wound: a surgeon god I wot,  
Who should so wel attende you then, that this your wounding got,  
Which irkes you so, he should delay: this saide, he causeth plod  
Taltibius, to seeke the sonne of Esculape the God,  
Macaon hight, from bande to bande he willes the Perault prie  
Him out, praying thither to him, that he come by and by,  
To visite Menelaus there, his wound to search and seele,  
Which one of Licie oz of Troy hath so: it by stroke of skæle,  
In trayterous gasse, thinking to Grækes there should rebound therby  
Potzious shame, to Troyans all to ioyful victorie.

Agamemns  
to Menel.

Machaon  
Physicion to  
Esculapius,

So diligent Taltibius goes, amidst the Campe, that out  
At last he finds the Physicion, emironde rounde about (Trice  
With strength of souldiers which he bzought from his great towne of  
Where hoyses plentie are, & whence by grasse great wealth doth rise,  
His message to him he declares, beseeching him, that he  
Wyll come to Agamemn the king, there Menelau to see,  
And careful to looke to his wounde, he straight at the first dasy  
Obeyes, but yet the sodaine chaunce his minde doth greatly baste.  
He comes, and there on heapes he findes the Grækish pñces stande  
Loking for him, with mindefull heartes the hurt to vnderstand.

h,

The

## The fourth Booke.

The lech diuine straght for his worke made all things very fitte,  
 And first the shaft he softly drew, and griebed him not a whit,  
 But tho the sharpe and bended barbe in plucking out it brake,  
 He soft vnarmes him, and his scarfe, and Curet off both take,  
 That he, what harme þ wound hath done, might haue þ better sight,  
 How deepe it was and whether it in spæding place did light.

Machaon  
 healeth  
 Menelaus.

After he had beheld the stroke, and washte away the bloud,  
 And tended it, he layde vnto his oymments perfect god  
 To wage the paine: the which whilom the conning Chyron taughte  
 To Esculape, and Machaon of him his knowledge caught,

The Greks  
 and Troy-  
 ans prepare  
 to the bat-  
 taye.

Which were *Probatum* oft to heale. This while the Trojans goe  
 To arme to fight, and battaye wise in fielde themselues they shoue.

The dili-  
 gence and  
 care of A-  
 gamemnon.

The Grekes againe the crueltie of them, them picking out  
 Were straight in order armed wel, yea forwarde, fierce and stout,  
 Their case on Trojans to reuenge: then Agamemnon appeared  
 So whit to yelde, or else retire, or ought with feare was feared,  
 But willing was as chieffaine tho, and king of baliaunt hart,  
 To tie and take such part as they, and from his chayre he start  
 And it vnto Eurymedon his trustie guider gane,  
 And him commaundes, to follow him, and horses readie haue  
 To mount againe, if toled he shall sale himselfe to be,  
 In passing through and through the ranks their order for to see.

Agamemnon  
 praiseth his  
 souldiours.

The armies of this worthy host to viewe, a while he went,  
 And those whom manly march he sees, their courage both augment,  
 And comforts thus: my very friends, of Greece ye flowers al,  
 Forget not your accustomed force, this day your prowesse cal  
 To minde: thinke not that Ioue wil ruse on these false Trojan fraks,  
 Who thus vntrust and faithlesly their oth and promise breaks.  
 This is the time of our reuenge, the dogs their bones shal pick,  
 And Antlures teare their flesh, and down shal now both stone & sick  
 Of their buildings, their welth bereft, their daughters, sons, & wines  
 Shal in our bottomes caried be, and we with victors liues  
 Shal to our countrey backe, and see our home and children both,  
 The god king thus he spake: but such in march he knew to sloth,  
 He toke them vp, and threatens thus: O ye of Grecian race  
 The dishonor, of your reproch hath shame with you no place?

Agamemnon  
 blameth the  
 slovy backs.

Do ye not blush, thus fearefully to be by terror trodden,  
 Euen as the timorous hartes do houe, with head & hornes laden,  
 And prest and harde being laide vnto by hunters, in the field  
 Do lag, and feareful are intrapt for force beginnes to peld.  
 What: wil you stay your march, til that your foes your bloud do spill  
 And that you see them take their ships, and murder at their wil.  
 What: thinke you that some God wil come, & fight for your behoufe,  
 And saue your liues, vnlesse by fight your selues do make some proufe.  
 This done, he goes whereas he found the souldiours al of Crete  
 Preparing them about their Prince, who then in order set,  
 And godly raundges them as they shoulde: and Meriones who hight  
 His friend, far of, to come forward makes al the hast he might.

Comparison  
 of the val-  
 ry Hart.

The great Græke then bespake þ king with kind & courteous chære: Agamem<sup>5</sup>  
 Idomene, of all the Kings whō we haue followed hère to Idomene  
 From al the Grækish prouinces, thy honoz most I ment, king of  
 Pra still in publike and in warre, or priuate in my tent, Crete.  
 Or else in open shew, when routes at banquetting were met.  
 It to be true, thy cup of wine is allwaye top ful set  
 When as my greatest friend hath his with wine but halfe replete,  
 Because I would declare to thee my fauours they be great,  
 Alway thou hasting at my hande what so thou dost request,  
 Thou to deserue this my god wil this day be readie prest,  
 And let me see that thou at ful thy selfe do now acquite,  
 As oft you say among the stoutst be forward in the fight.

He answerde straight, amidst prest, you shal me surely finde  
 As I haue sayd, that al men know I beare you faithful minde  
 And honoz due, but do you hast, and wil the fight to guide  
 So carefull, that we abate the Troyan glorious pride,  
 By which, and by their arrogance from stricken past they start.

Idomene  
 to Agam:

Herewith Agamemnon ioyes to see Idomens loyal hart,  
 Wherewith he leaues him thus: and forth the king is forward gone,  
 And meetes in teeth the both Ajax, their armour buckling on:

The two  
 Ajax.

The which a great and gallant crew of souldiours in a row  
 With buckles long, and tricke Darts wel furnisht, after goe.  
 One would haue toke them for a cloude full of some drizzling shewe,  
 Or haille, which to the seaward coast, the wind doth often powze,

Similitude.

R. y.

Which

## The fourth Booke.

Agamemnon  
to  
Ajax.

Which when the feareful shepheard sees, to light vpon him like,  
Constraunde, to hap his flockes and him, some hāging cliffe doth seeke.

Viewing thys band, you to exhort (quoth he) I little nede  
My mates to put your men in plight, you now make better spēde  
Than any other do: would God that all in order such

Were prest and furnished as you, and couraged as much:  
Our enemies should sone be put to take their flight abacke,  
Their Citie straight destroyed be, and cruel put to sacke.

Nestor.

Nestor the wise, the good old man, as further on he goes,  
He findes, who topling on the plaine his souldiours to dispose,  
Fīue valiaunt Dukes and leaders fronte, with woorthy Nestor was,  
Pelagon, Emon, Alastor, Chronnyus and Brias,

His men in order so; to raunge, and not to let them passe  
His ordinaunce and his commaunde, in any kinde of case:  
His Chariots first he puts in fronte, the force to beare and bycake,  
His choice footemen the rereward kept, in midst he plaist the weake,  
That in such sort inclosed thus, although they were afraide

Nestors in-  
struction to  
his souldi-  
ours for  
their order  
in fight.

Ech one should fight, constraynde of force, in spite yea of his head.  
He thewde his hoysmen, in no wise that single they should presse  
Out of their ranke, where they were plaist, their somen to suppresse:  
Be to defence, no; fight beginne, ne that they should in hoysse  
Commit moze trust and confidence, than in their proper force.

For in forsaking their array so sondly, weake they ware,  
Wherof ensues disorder great: again with sword or Axe  
He telth them that it is not best with Chariots so; to toyne,  
But rather with the shot and launce at them to pycke and soyne,  
Thus doing, many auntient crues haue sundry Cities held,  
And valiaunt dedes of warlike facts (saith he) did often welde,  
In doing after my aduise: thus spake the woorthy fire,  
In th army he to shew his helpe, doth greatly now desire.

Agamemnon  
to Nestor.

Then Agamemnon he spake him thus: ah Prince of great renowne;  
Oh would to God so; this affaire, the Gods would send the down  
From heauen aboue at my request into this corpsc of thine,  
Such strength and force as wisdom doth thy sprite and senses line,  
Alas, why is not this your age bequeathed to some lad  
Whom whilom time hath taken away: y youth, which once you had,  
Which

Why see we not eft to reuine, to vs to be a day.

O god olde fire, now pong againe, why are you not I fay?

I would (quoth he) that now I were as lustie and as strong,

As when Eueithali the stout these hands did lay along,

And sue: but what, al that is past, the Gods do nere bestow

Upon vs men all things at once, but alwayes order so,

That after our vnbrideled youth comes sage and wrinkled yeares,

Pe pong, now old my selfe I feele, as to you all appeares,

And far vnmete exploitcs to welde, as touching force of hand,

Yet for all that to do my best in counsell wil I stand.

It is the honoz of the olde to counsell men aright,

And of the pong the gloie is, stoutly to deale in fight.

Who then can strike, lay he it on, and I assuredly

Will haile me to the horsemen here to raunge my selfe thereby,

And will instruct their deede to guide: Agamemnon right glad

In heart doth ware, and doth reioice when Nestor heard he had.

A god howe shote not further off warlike Menesthee stode,

Whome there he meets with his Captains amid his souldiars god

Of Athens towne: next him ful still asote Vlysses King

Of Cephelonic was great routes him eke accompanying.

They stand both close, march do they not, the skirmish they do hark,

The which the souldiars should beginne to set them all awarke.

The chieftain of the Grækish camp their negligence doth blame:

O Menesthee and Vlysses, what do you feare: for shame

Where is your so:wardnesse (quoth he) what mean you thus to lag?

What looke ye for: why do you not with firke and so:most wag?

In my god cheare, in hiest place you alwayes I do put,

The flesh most trimmest rosted ay, for you is also cut,

And when you fancie for to drinke, the sweetest wine you hane.

Therefore in fight your selues should be moze so:ward & moze brane

Than are the rest that lag, and onward with such willing mind,

As of your friends tenne bandes you might in danger leane behind.

The wise Græke grieved at this talke, whose choler now doth rise,

akes answer thus, with bended bowes a front his settled eyes:

O Atreus sonne, what sayst thou here: thou Agamemnon frowes

Us dastards and faint hearted folke, t'approche the Troyan foes:

What,

What,

Nestor to  
Agamemnon

Menesthee  
Athenien.

Vlysses.

Agamemnon  
to Menesthee  
and  
Vlysses.

Vlysses to  
Agamemnon



## The fourth Booke

Agamemnon  
so Viriles.

What, branie no more, but if thou please, thy selfe come, and beholde  
 Who doth his duty beste this day, whether the father olde  
 Of people of *Talemach* kinde, both *Chelias* and *Curets* crush,  
 And giue into the *Trojan* please the first of all the push,  
 In better point than any prince: this heate he being in  
*Atridas* sawe, wherefore againe he gently doth begin:  
 I kisse *Prince*, the impe and heire of good *Laertes* line,  
 Thy valiant acts are wel approbd by that same hand of thine.  
 I wil not thee reprove at all, I wong the should so much,  
 Greatly surpasse thy worthy dedes, the counsell god is such  
 Of thy sage head, thy prowesse eke all men is layed before:  
 Content thy selfe, and of my wordes I pray the thinke no more:  
 In time to come mends that be made, for this time I the pray  
 To shewe, and so behaue thy selfe, as al men of the say,  
 And take the wordes, which I haue spoke, as simple sond, and baine.

Agamemnon  
so Dione-  
des.  
The father  
of *Dione-  
des*.

He ending thus, doth leaue him there, and onward goes againe,  
 A little off, he findes the *Prince* *Diomedes* the stout  
 Upon his chare, not minding he of further setting out,  
 But talketh with his *Chariot* guide, calld *Stenelus* by name,  
*Capanees* sonne, to nothing he this toyny mindes to frame.

Polynices.

*Atridas* rushing forth thus saith, when he his countnance sawe,  
 Of *Tydes* heire, whom doubt you here of whom stand you in awe:  
 Belike you stay till we haue fought, and tryed in field at length,  
 Would you we should for you prepare an entrance in the strength  
 Of *Troians*: wel, thy whilome fire had stomacke more at full,  
 He neuer quaild in mortall toyne, ne yet in perillous pull,  
 But sole hath gone to front his foes: as oft I haue bin told  
 Of such as kept him company, and were his quaintance olde.  
 My selfe I neuer sawe the man, yet many do repute  
 What he was at *Myceenae* once, my country towne, and forte:  
 That time, when as he warred on the warlike *Thibanes* towne,  
 He came then to demaunde some aide with *Polynices* downe,  
 Such as their souldiours shoulde refresh, and we with willing heart  
 His armie would haue cast at full, and taken eke his parte,  
 If loue my friends and lieges al by signes apparant plaine  
 Had not quite turnde, whereby aide lesse he did retorne againe.

After

After he long abode had made, vnto his campe pitched  
 By *Alope* floud, with store of grasse to those banks are much enriched.  
 There *Tydeus*, as reporte hath gon, long bid not in his tent:  
 For euen that daye, yea al alone, the *Grecians* with him sent  
 Embassadors, to *Thebes* for, and to their King, who hight  
*Etheocles*, to toke he came wel aynd with yron bright,  
 Whereas he found the king in shade, with many a *Theban* stout,  
 Discourfing this and that, and when he tolde his message out,  
 And shewd his courage and his might, he tild them for to trye  
 And yron with him the combats shere, and deah by him they dye.  
 For *Goddess* *Pallas* did encrease his forces and hautille minde:  
 The *Thebanes* payed, do thent reuenge, and it with ashe they binde.  
 The same to doe, they amply lay, which doubtie *Meon* lead,  
 With *Mneptolme*, who tumbled off so many ioules ahead.  
 These leaders two full little menchole as for such a feate  
 And secretly conduct him to *Thebes* with weapons bid to beate.  
 What came thereof: he shew them all, he did them soundly soule,  
 Of all the traytors *Meon* sole he home sent to his house.  
 Whereby before all men he might the *Thebanes* leuouesse lay,  
 And his valor, such was the King of *Thebes* I say,  
 The race is falled in the same, a godlier man he is,  
 And better tongde to tell a tale, no souldior like pious.  
 So *Agamemyn* *Diomedes* pricke, who nothing did replie,  
 Ashamde, he doubtid for to moue the Kingly state so hie.  
 His mate who well the matter heard, his speach he takes and sayes  
 O *Agamemyn*, sith that the case is sure no manner wayes,  
 As you reporte, I you beseeche, the trueth do not disguise,  
 For do (I craue it at your handes) therein vs to despise.  
 For as for vs, I dare amouch, and stand to't to your face  
 Our forces and valiantnesse ful far are metes in euerie case,  
 That of our auncient fathers pass, as men more traind in warre.  
 The seauen gated *Thebes* to woe had not withstode so farrs,  
 Be yet hir walles, if so we two besiege hir had aboute.  
 For some you should haue some them to me, e turnd vp from the rout,  
 Our fathers where in that assault by folkie deah are done:  
 Then hold your peace, and sathis do not prasse aboute the same.

The histo-  
 rie of the  
 warre.

Diomedes

## The fourth Booke

Diomedes was full ill content, thus hardly so to heare  
 His fellow speake, he thus him blames in anger as he were :  
 What mooves you so to talke thus much, your tong can you not hold  
 Out prattling in this case of waight: Agamemnon may be bold  
 For to complaine, and fault to finde, with such, as lie the sight :  
 For if he conquere, as to him belongs the honoz right,  
 So if he conquerd be, againe with shame he shall be sped,  
 The honoz and reproche of al doth lie vpon his head,  
 And as so: vs, let vs go shew what men of warre we be.

With this he leapes, his Chariot downe, and as downe leaped he,  
 His gay and gorgeous armoz rich so sounded in the shake,  
 As yea the fiercest fighter there almost thereat did quake.  
 There might you see the battels rangd, and raking in aroe,  
 The gallant Grækes, and at the heeles therof their leaders goe.  
 Like as the waues within the sea, so large, so hie, so deepe,  
 Forst by some flat, yelds whushting noise, & shoring banks do sweepe.  
 The Captaines cease not to exhozte with woordes their souldiozs still,  
 Who to their chieftaines beare good minde, and them obey they wil,  
 They on do march, and nothing dzeade, to them they list their care,  
 As still as stones, they would haue saide song tyed they had bin there.

But contrarie, the Troyans march, they cries and clamozs yeld,  
 And therewith rings the countrey round as they prepare to fiele :  
 Unto the godly flockes of sheepe compar'd in euery thing,  
 Whiche shepheard to his Pastors Pen both safe together bring,  
 The old and yong together put, the milke of them to take,  
 The Ewes do bleate, the Lambs do bey, and noise not small do make.  
 Like clamozs do the Troyans ble, the medolues ring at hand  
 With sundrie sound, and diuers tongues, as they of sundry lande.

The Gretians by Minerua they were boldned to the blade,  
 And Troyans they by cruel Mars were full couragious made.  
 Terror and dzead did fend them both, and did their doings guide,  
 Strife mate and siffer vnto Mars eke in the plaine was spide.

This Goddesse namde, although she be but yore and basely bred,  
 Yet rests she not till that she touch hie Heauen with hir head,  
 And yet on earth stil kepes hir seate. Nowe came she in a thzowe,  
 Of purpose, quarrels and debate, and moztall strife to lowe,

Wherby

Wherby thereafter might procure a bad and woollfull state,  
With sobs and sighs, the which should bring repentance, but too late.  
In place for fight the armies met, the darts and arrowes fill  
The aire aloft, and in the app:och full many a man they kill.  
But when it came to hande strokes, muche more the murder was,  
Sought heard but dying grones, & which fro pelding spirites did pas,  
And ioyfull cries of conquerors: be wing of harnesse tough,  
Sbearing of shields, and who erst hane, now falles, & hathe ymough.  
Of this slaughter the purple goze so runnes from them that bled,  
And as the springes mountaine top, which oze the valleys spred,  
Rushing with noise the shepheards heare, alsoe that lodged are,  
Euen so the noise of them that fight is heard both nie and far.

Of all the Grækish famed knightes was first Antilochus  
Did there of armes the first dede do, he slue Echepolus,  
Fighting in sozmost Tropan ranches: his top of helme he bit,  
And with such force and courage stont the blow so deubled it,  
That of the staffe the steeled point made in his forehead way,  
And pierced down so in his mouth, that dead along he lay.  
He fell as doth a tower hic, to wpych men do mine about:  
His fall when as Elphenor sawe, he like a souldior stoute,  
Did forye his body for to spoile: but Agenor he sent  
His Iaueline to his bared flanches, that backward downe he went.

The fight for these two bodis dead more fierce & moztal grewe,  
As egre Wolues the souldiors all on one another stwe.

The toly Ajax then came in, Symofius he did daunt.  
Symofius he a yonker was, who Tropan towne did haunt:  
So called was he of his friends, byrause nie *Symofis* head  
That water cleare, his mother there, of him was brought abed:  
She tardise tane, comming to biewe what pasturing then had  
Hir flockes vpon the medow bancks. The yong mans lucke was bad:  
To parents he coulde neuer shew what honoz due he ought,  
For bitter and too hastie death too soone his carcasle cought.  
Stout Ajax with his cruel launce so pierced his right pappe,  
As like a mightie Poplar grene he downe on earth doth flappe,  
Whiche by the water growing his, by workmans force it reles,  
His Are it selles, a wood ful fit to forge the trolling whæles

## The fourth Booke

Of chariots, and also pokes, which on the river bankes  
He leaues long time to dye, or else vpon some boarded planches.

This Priams sonne, gay Antyphus to hart he doth it take,  
His death to venge, his seemly dart to Ajax he doth shake,  
But misse the man, and Leucus hit, who was Vlysses friend,  
He through his guts and bowels thrust, and of him made an end.  
Vlysse his friend thus seeing dead, in furie forth he fares,  
Vnto the foremost Troyan ranches, whereas he stands and stares,  
And studies whom he should assault, his enemies gaus place,  
And swayde aside, when as they sawe such fiercenesse in his face;  
Yet forth his staffe full stiffe he stong, and toke vp by the way  
Democoon bastard to Priam, as he did runne away,  
But all too late: his temples both the Steele it thorow slept,  
He dies. Long time in *Abydos* King Priam had him kept.  
From whence he came, and left the steeds and coursers of his fire,  
To go abroad a venturer then was it his desire.

The Trojans all discomfited, retire, and almost die,  
The sonne when they saw of their King all dead in field to lie,  
Hector himselfe, who had the charge and leading of the host,  
Doth manner eke whats best to do, least that his life be loste.

In truth the warre had ended bin, if not Apollo he  
Had turnd the chaunce from sacred walles, the Trojans he did see  
Out order, bycke, the field they left, amaine he cries and calles,  
He stayes them straight, and that they fight he to exhort them fallies.

Take hart (quoth he) pee Trojans stout, I pray you do not sinke,  
Dread not the Greekish brauerie: a Gods name do you thinke,  
That they of stone or Steele are made, and that your sturdie Darts  
And Cimpters cannot suffice to pierce and sheare their harts:  
Aduance, aduance, and surely hope that conuere neds you muste,  
For Achilles that mightie bugge (to me I tell pee truste)  
Who at his pleasure wonted was your heads and helmes to cleaue,  
Doth keepe aboꝝde in mourning rage, the battels he doth leaue.

The Trojans at the heauenly call renue againe the fray,  
And Pallas bolos of Greekes, & blames whom fear doth there dismay.  
In this conflict Diorus fell, Pirus a *Thracian* Loꝝde  
With pibble great his legge he strake & burst eche vaine and coꝝd,

And



And with his sword his breast he liste, and guttes on grasse he laide,  
With armes abroad before the Græks he falles, as asking aide,  
Wherewith sir Thoas thrusteth in, and with a deadly blow  
His cruell darte did Pirus wounde, the head of it did goe  
Under his pappe vnto the lungs, and yet not pleased is,  
But ruthlesse cuttes in mids his paunch, with hand and sword of his:  
And after forceth al he may, the carcase out to traine  
The please, his armes and hys weede to conquere for his paine.

The Thracians soze for their Prince, and hap that was so hard,  
The doubtie Thoas do resist, and stand vpon their guard,  
And that so well he carried nought although he were so strong:  
The bones of these two valiant Dukes together lye along.  
And numbers great of souldiours moze with them died alas.  
And if Minerue had graunted them a souldior olde to passe  
Unhurt at all the armies throug, to see who there did best,  
With wonder he, such slaughter like, was neare he would proteste.

*Finis quarti Libri.*

## ¶ The fifth Booke.



Allas the willing to set forth  
Diomedes his praise,  
Among the Græks his fame t'advance  
by any worthy wayes,  
Diuinely doth inspire his breast  
with stout and haughtie heart,  
And to his person force and strength  
dame Pallas the doth part.

His armes she doth yelde ful bright, and eke his waightie farge,  
His harnesse shone as doth the starre within the heauen large,  
The whiche in Autumne time is raisd amid the mightie skie,  
And bathes it selfe in Ocean flood: asote then by and by  
The prissant Goddesse brings him in the thickest of the host.

*Lij.*

*Polw*

Comparis  
of the Star  
vvhich is  
called Ori-  
ons Dogge  
Dares V.  
ca 10 p. 11.

## The fourth Booke

Now of King Priams subiects one, of all as rich as most,  
 Was Dares Priest of Vulcane God, the seruice tended he:  
 Two sonnes he had, one Phegeus, the seconde call'd Idec,  
 Whose valiance in the Troian campe did cause their fame to flow:

Phegeus &  
 Idec sonnes  
 of Dares  
 assaulte Dio-  
 medes.

Above the other souldiours much, the armour shining so,  
 When as they spide of the front Græke, no time they carryed then,  
 But fiercely assailed him from their chaire, and poded with him like mē:  
 Phegeus there aduanced thowes his dart, a souldiour front  
 Whiche doth no harine, his polozone it doth strike and sleeth out.

Diomedes  
 slayes Phe-  
 geus.

Diomedes the mostall launce he girdes with better hap,  
 The whiche he sendeth to his foe, and wounds him on the pay,  
 And Phegeus the bloudie death receiued by the wounde,  
 And from the Chariot there (god soule) he falleth to the grounde:  
 His brother slaine, straight Idec left the Chariot where it stode,  
 And no resistance made, so why defence would doe no god.

Vulcane  
 saues Idecus

For dyed he had, but that Vulcane he of his heavenly grace  
 Preferred the man, and with a cloude he hapte him in the place,  
 With pittie he respecting now the Dares god so gone,  
 Who childlesse sonke with sorrow great, his age would end anone.  
 The filthy flight Diomedes sawe, to sue he nothing spedde,  
 The horses byane he gaue his man, who them to haue ledde.

Pallas to  
 Mars.

When Trojans sawe these brethren two discomfit. as you heare,  
 One put to flight, the other slaine, they greatly ginne to feare,  
 The warre they deeme not well for them, wherefoze dame Pallas than  
 To Mars she comes, and takes his hand, and friendly thus beganne:  
 O bloudie Mars and gashfull God, O mightie Mars in rage,  
 Who to towres and Castels in their force, and fighters still doth gage,  
 And raisest quite when pleaseth thee: is it agreed that still  
 We disagree, why, let the Grækes and Trojans fight their fill,  
 By teath let them the matter trie, our discord bid farewell,  
 Let vs not breake our heads with them, or with their quarrels mell:  
 Who loue the victorie will giue, that all men well may knowe,  
 To leaue this enterprise as nowe my counsell would it so,  
 And surely so I thinke it beste: wel, let vs hence I pray,  
 Take hede we stirre not vpon vs, Ioues furie any way.

Mars lea-  
 ueth the  
 battaile.

The Goddes sage nowe ending thus: she softly from the rout

Of Scamander a pleasant shade to banches the brought him out;  
He gone, the Troyans host both quare, and yeld to shamefull flight;  
Whom Grecians now as conquerors do followe at the night:  
And then the Captaines wel did shew their worthy promise his.

Agamemnon leader of the warre, to earth he manfully  
Of Alifones Odus bight, a doughtie Duke he dong,  
The chin he cleanes, & pierst his breast with Dart he strongly stong,  
Wherewith he from the Chariot fell, whose fall (the noise was such)  
Cause wel be heard his trembling corpe and eke his armes rich.  
Idomen Phestus also slew, the vertuous Meons heire,  
The courteous Phestus from *Tarnes* his prouince did repaire  
That fertile was, renoume to get, but his (alack) he must,  
In his right side the Cretane doth his bloudie saucine thrust:  
He falleth downe, blacke death he seies, by souldiours he is spoyld,  
His carcase all besmerde with bloud and filth, lyeth soule soilde.

Agamemnon  
kills  
Odus.

Idomen  
king of  
Crete kills  
Phestus.

On the other side his valiantnesse wel sheweth Menelaie,  
With swift and sturcie launce he doth Camander hunter slay.  
Him Diane she did honor so, to him so friendly was,  
Him cunning game and courage too, & assaile the beasts of chase:  
The Goddesse and his godly art in quiver and in bow  
Full ill doe serue, he in his sight behinde receiues the blow,  
And down on earth he dead both lye: Phereclus may no starte,  
Meriones hand, a Carpenter, so cunning in his arte  
That tooke he was none so excellent that any man did frame,  
But that Phereclus by his skill with tole could cut the same,

Menelaus  
kills Camander  
the hunter.

Meriones  
kills Phere-  
clus, vvho  
made the  
ships Paris  
kille He-  
lenus vvith

Minerua wife so fauoured him, for Paris he of Troy  
Did builde the ships, which were the cause of al this great annoy.  
And to his Citie and himselfe such spoyles and mischiefe brought.  
For to the Gods, who will be & same, he wold not wield his thought:  
Without reuenge he yelds the ghost, him Merione doth smite  
Upon the haunch with steled speare, and pierst his bladder quite,  
When as he seies hys breath to part, he falleth on his knes,  
With better teares, sith die he must, distilling from his eyes.

Meges also fiercely fought, for Phegeus wife and bold  
Right down he slew, the bastard sonne of Antenor old,  
Whom Theana his mother in Law had nourisht with great care

Meges kills  
Phegeus  
Antenors  
Bastard son

The Poet  
to moue  
the more  
pitié,  
names the  
race and  
bringing  
vp of these  
are the same.  
Euripilus  
kils Hipse-  
nor Priest  
of Scamander.

To please his fire, even as though legitimate he were,  
By great mishap into the teeth, the dart doth teare his skul,  
He on the plaine doth die, his mouth with blood and paine full.

Hard by the bastards bodie there Euripilus doth quell

Hipsenor Priest of Scamander, who serbde the Temple well:

Whose maners good were liked much, yet forst, he rested there

In field: his right hande as a blow his falchion off did there:

Wherewith him sodainly receiue the darke and duskie death,

Which darknesse throwes upon his eyes, & takes frō him his breath.

While that the kings they sought, & down in flight þe Troyans flew,

A man right hardy Diomedes for Græke or Trojan knew,

He through and through the Campe doth go withouten any stay,

And nothing findes can him resist, no any kinde of way.

Like as a spring throughout a plaine falling from mountaine top,

Disorders all, both bancke and bridge, and no where findeth stop

Which it not byakes in spreading forth his mightie course on fields,

On vines, and fertile Gardens eke, and meadowes often yelds

Fruitelesse, that erst were fruitful much, and firs them full of bande:

Even so this Gretians haughtie deedes, and valiance of his hand

Makes way through Troyans euery where, he findes none doth resist,

No band or battayle in defence that stand against him list.

Pandarus  
the archer.

Pandarus then beholding thus the folke of Troy to fle,

Doth bend his bow minding to strike Diomedes mortally:

He letteth flye a shaft at him, and pierst his Curet flap

On his shoulder, and in the flesh it gaue a pretie knap,

Diomedes  
wounded  
by Pandarus

As well appeared by the blood abountantly that sprong,

Wherewith the archer giues to bane, that al the field it rong.

Pandarus  
to the  
Troyans,

Oh balliaunt Troyans al, (quoth he) come se, and here behold

The luckie bit of this my shaft, take hart and ware ye bold.

Aduance my friends, now hurt I haue one chiefest of our foes,

Belene that long he cannot stande, of force to die he goes,

If so Apollo do not spoyl, and yeld my trouble baine,

And take from me this worthy gloze, which now I seme to gaine.

Sthenelus  
pluckes the  
arrov out  
of Diomedes,

Thinking that victour now he shode, thus Pandarus doth bane

At the house Græke, who feeling wel himselfe a wound to haue,

He draweth backe, but not agast, and Sthenelus his friend

He wills to come downe from his chaire, and softly take by end  
The steele, and plucke it out the hurt, with ease as much as may:  
As best he can, the piercing shaft he doth, and cast away.  
Wherewith the golden buckle gale, the which he wore before,  
And Curets did together hold, was stained with purple gore.

Diomedes thus painde alite, cast vp to heauen his heade,  
With hart he Pallas doth entreate, and thus to hir he sayde  
Oh Pallas great, the daughter thou of Ioue the God so hie,  
Giue eare, and graunt thy seruants suite, which craves it earnestlye:

Diomedes  
prayer to  
Pallas.

If euer thou Tydee my sire, or else now me his sonne  
Hane prospered wel gainst forceful foes, wher we exploit have done,  
Graunt I beseech, thy fauour now, that I may send to Hel  
This gallant, who me hauing hurt, he thinkes he beares the bel,  
Believing sure, seeing from me my scarlet blood to runne,  
I cannot hold, but am depriue from euer sight of sunne.

Tideus Di-  
omedes his  
sister.

The Greeke no sooner saide his sute, but Pallas would it so,  
She came, and straight to al his parts did double strength bestow,  
And spake him thus: So, fiercely fight, thy foes to daunt not feare:  
The gifts of force are now in thee, which in thy father were,  
And more, the bale I take away long earst before thy fight:  
That thou maist know both gods and men the better in thy fight:  
Yet take good heede, if any God present himselfe to thee,  
That one to deare him with thy hand thy minde, do not agree.  
If Venus faire do hap to come, then do thy forces plie,  
And hurt hir coxpes, if so thou canst, compose so tenderly.

Pallas to  
Diomedes.

Minerua left him with these words, with courage fully frought,  
And to the Trojans then he made, and one them fiercely fought.  
Who, though sul fierce in war he were, and so;ward alway bent  
Before his hurt, a thirde part now he findes his strength augment:  
Nothing reuenge most Lion like, the which the simple heards  
Doth gaulle with shaft or skirring dart in keeping of his heard,  
Wherewith the beast is more enradge, the blow doth make him grin,  
The which the heardman when he sees, so; feare begins to spin,  
And to the sauage Lion leaues his cattail and his fold  
To do his wil, who doth perforce his losses manifold,  
And commeth out a conqueror: one with like valiant hart

Compari-  
son of the  
Lion cha-  
racter.



Diomedes  
slayes A  
Riaous.

The mightie Greke the Troyans scourges awaide in every part.  
Althous and Hipenor, two puissant Dukes to sel,  
By weapon of the worthy Greke in slay the Princes sel.  
For thwart the way the one he stroke, his lance so helde the trade,  
The other smote his mightie sword thwint necke and shoulder blade:  
The cruel blow he stroke, the toynt no whit if mylie at all,  
The bodie and the shoulder both to earth sag ther fal.

Diomedes  
kils Abant  
and Poli-  
dus the  
sons of Eu-  
rimach the  
Prophet.

After he cutte in pieces there Polidus and Abant  
The children of the Prophet great cleaped Eoridamant.  
Who prophesies and dreames though true he could interpretate,  
The hoarte fire yet had not cast his sonnes unluckie fate.

Theon &  
Xanthus  
slayne by  
Diomedes.

And in the rank by his right hand the selfe same daunce now runne  
The brethren Theon and Xanthus, rich Phenopa only sonnes,  
And to the glorie mans grieve, sth fate no children did him leane  
He forced was his soyled wealth to strangers to bequeane.

Echmon &  
Chromius  
Pyrrus sons  
slayne by  
Diomedes  
Comparisō  
of an hun-  
gry Lion.

And passing forth, a Chariot met Diomedes in the face,  
Wherein were two, king Priams sons, with wise and warlike grace,  
Who wel did know the states of war, Echmonone that might,  
Chromius the sel deade in feldes ydaunted by his might.  
For euen as the Lion proude for hunger set to pray,  
In pasture findes an hearde of neate, and srikes to force away  
One of the troupe, with strength on him he leaseth with his pawes,  
And fiercely holds him by the necke, and soth the botie waines:  
Euen so the hardie Greke did ioy, e pluckt them from their chare,  
His mightie hand of both their blouds the badge and token bare.  
Off them their armour then he tare, their harness eke he sente  
Fourth by his friends vnto his ship, or else vnto his tent.

Eneas to  
Pandarus.

When as Eneas thus behelde the Troyans go to wacke,  
With wounds and slaughter only one to put them al to sacke,  
And at his pleasure play the Bug, he forward straight doth passe,  
And in the throng he thrusteth in, wheras it thickest was:  
Saking he asketh of his folke for their Duke Pandarus,  
The Lycian head, whom when he found, he cherefully spake him thus:  
Oh curteous knight, thy piercing spasts where are they, e thy bowes?  
Are they in peeces al to paynt, wherof thou boasted so?  
Thy great renoune and wo; thy fame, wherewith al Lycie rung,

And

And eke our Camp, and oft the Græks with dread and terror dong,  
What, is it out quenched cleane: alack thy bow take yet,  
And nocke the mortallst shaft thou hast, and sende it right to hit,  
And pray the Gods to further thee against this Cretian sel,  
Who cruelly our chiefest folke doth chase, destroy and quell:  
I greatly feare some mightie God descended is from skies  
To punish vs for our offence, whose furie now doth rise  
For hauing not his honours due, if that way go the geare,  
We quiet must content, for why, their rage is great to beare.

¶ A noble Trojan quoth Pandare, as touching now this Græke,  
The prudent heire of Tydeus he seemeth to be like:  
Like targe he beares, his loftie crest and armour both agré,  
His horses also make me thinke that wel it may be hee:  
I dare not yet affirme the same, for no man mortall sure  
Is to be thought, whose deedes of armes such balliunce both procure.  
Perchay it is one of the Gods in mortall armoz bent,  
Or else some one, to whom the Gods haue secrete fauour sent,  
And turnes aside the wounds and blows, which should vpon him fall,  
If not, my shaft had sent him erst to god king Plutoes Hall.  
But now I see him in the sight more furions than before,  
And more I know some mighty God hath me displeasure bore.  
For here I nothing haue to arme and fronte me to the sight,  
My strong and shining chariots braue, my coursers eke so light,  
And mightie hand alack, I want: oh (no god reason why)  
Far hence I left them at my home, the more vnhappy I.  
I haue eleauen armed wel and richly wrought throughout  
With goldsmithes worke, and gallauntly embroydred round about.  
Two horses tough ech'one it hath, the Jades they are not dul,  
Of Barley white, of Rie and Dates they fede in mangier ful.  
Licaon when I did depart the god old man me bad  
To take them with me, for to shew what force in sight I had.  
I do sozethinke, for that I would my fathers hell obey,  
And did forsake his counsel god: I only searde alway,  
(Knowing with siege this Citie girt) I doubted to come by  
The wonted fode my horses had, wherfore vnhappily  
Trusting vnto my sturdie bowe, I here am come a taste,

Pandarus  
to Eneas.

Licaon fa-  
ther of Pan-  
darus.

¶

And

And haue them left, which bow of mine hath serbde to little bowe,  
 I hauing often probede the same: two of my shots did picke.  
 Both Menelau, and Diomedes, and thross them to the quicke,  
 And al in baine, for thinking I, with death their bones to boze,  
 I nothing did, but stirde them by more furious than before.  
 Wherefore I iustly now may say, vnluckie was my fate,  
 To bring my bow or souldiours else to fight in any rate.  
 Under the Tropan enignes here, or put my helping hande  
 He for the noble prince to ayde, and subiectes of his lande.  
 If Gods do please that est I may my wife and Countrey see,  
 For this my gréuous great mishap, I willingly agré  
 And am content some straunger do cut off this heade of mine,  
 If bow, if shafts, and quiners be, as right as any line  
 In fire and flame I do not cast, with most despise to burne  
 Which with my payne in this exploite so I haue serbde my turne.

Eneas to  
 Pandarus.

This spake the *Lycian* Pandarus, do not thy selfe thus däre,  
 Quoth Eneas vnto him, but be of better chäre.

Let vs togither ioyne, and leaue this fancie wood,  
 Let vs assayle this souldiours foute, if so you thinke it good.  
 Come by into my Chariot here, do you my horses trie  
 How light they are, how wel to hand to such as do them gye  
 To scoure apace, or else to stop, to ioyne to gallop swift,  
 To turne, and how to helpe vs to at any sodaine list.

Chose which you list, take you the rain, and guider be to me,  
 While I do go and fight with him, or I will guide to thee.

Pandarus  
 Eneas.

It best is that you take the charge quoth Pandarus by my råde,  
 For they wil better gouernde be by him, who doth them sáde,  
 Than by a foraine, for I see are when so we should retire,  
 With hit in teeth they still would stand: and horses wil require  
 The chearing of their wonted guide, and so it might befall,  
 That he the Græke assayling vs, may raigne and gouerne all.

Wherefore do you your horses rule, and let me now in faight  
 By force and prowesse put in proufe: these words he ended straight  
 And both the iustie souldiours there in march do forward goe,  
 And ballauntly do shake their dartes, whom Schenelus doth knowe,  
 He calls his friend and sayth him thus: two enemies are here,

Schenelus to  
 Diomedes

Who

Who force themselves to loyne with vs, and now are drawing nêre,  
Both warlike men, one cunning much in fighting very straight,  
The Trojans praise the other stoute, and wise in things of waighte,  
Esteeme and honoarde ouer all, the olde Anchises heire,  
The which he vaunteth he begot on lovely Venus faire,  
Whether he be in danger much, and therefore I you pray  
Retire a while, hast not so much the hap of war to taste,  
For doubt that this our so:wardnesse may peld vs both to fate.

Diomedes hearing thus his mate to counsel him to fye,  
In choler great doth aunswere him as discontented much:  
Thinke not thy foolish counsaile can pelds feare or terror such  
In me, no, no, al men of vs great till now would say,  
No souldiour following at our barres so so: we run away,  
I aunswere can a greater cause than this yet with my so:ce,  
That it is true, I wil not take my Chariot no: my horse  
To deale with them, let me alone, Minerva she doth graunt  
This bragge it shal be mine, one of them I must daunt,  
And reave from him his vital breath, belene it true to finde,  
At least I wil constrain them here to leave their chare behind,  
God friend remember wel my words, part not from me alway,  
If so it hap, and fortune, that I both those Trojans slay,  
Or if in field they mangled lye, make hast in any case,  
Their horse and Chariot to my hall I pray you leade space.  
These godly bestes are of the race of these great coursers true,  
Which Iupiter to Troj the prince presented vnto him,  
When as he meant Ganimedes from Troy to steale and catch  
To serue him in the heauens hie, no where is found their match  
For countenance and for courage, not, vnder the morning gray,  
Nor yet beneath the shining sunne, Anchise wel knew the way  
The race and kind so: to come by, so: with the same in gift  
Laomedon would neuer graunt, he findes a pretie shift,  
Into the pasture prissly he puts his godly Mares,  
To couer them the Stallions stoute and coursers nothing spares:  
Sire colts so had he beautifull of which he chose him foure  
To serue him at all tymes of nêde, and made of them great floze,  
These thus he gaue Eneas here so gay and richly clad,

Diomedes  
to Sthenes

Eneas horse  
of the  
heavenly  
Race.



O what a pray were this, if loue would I the bottie had?  
 So spake the Græke, who euen thinks the dæde already done:  
 In meane time both the Troyans do against him ioyntly runne.  
 Then spake Pandare, oh cruel Græke, sth so it is befall,  
 That erst my mortal piercing shaft could not the hurt at all,  
 To cleaue thy Cures pnce againe I now wil trie my dart.  
 And when he ended had these words, his launce he threw so smart,  
 That through he thirde his buckler quite, and to his Curet fled,  
 And further not, yet thinking there that he the Græke had sped,  
 Doth haunt aloude: O Diomedes the dæde now is it done,  
 Wherby I iustly iudge my selfe the happiest vnder sunne.  
 This blow so dæpe it pierced hath thy side, and pretty poke  
 Of guts, as die of force thou must. receiuing thus the stroke.  
 Diomedes  
 to Pandar: Diomedes nought afright him sayde: thy strength it is too pong  
 Thou art deceiue, for by the same I nothing now am wrong.  
 I wil thee shew another tricke, thou shalt not so wel bryoke,  
 My launce shal send thee to thy graue, at my handes do not loke  
 For better grace, but it in blood of one of you to bathe:  
 He with these words at Pandarus doth throw it strong and rather:  
 Diomedes  
 killeth Pan. Then Pallas to the Lycians face directs the weapon right,  
 Which mightily thrusteth through the same, & cuts in two his sight,  
 His nose, his teeth, his tong and all, and there remaineth in  
 A good pæce of the skæle and skæffe, the head from out his chin  
 Doth pearce, and downe he falleth dead, the horses start withal,  
 Hearing the noyse that there did make his armor in the fall:  
 His armour bright and finely wrought, but filld with blood so raw,  
 And helde throughout, this great defeite when as Eneas saw,  
 With lion like he deters forth, and loude the Prince doth crie,  
 With sword and sarge in hande, in hast he runneth desperately,  
 Spinding mortally to wound, the Gretian first he met,  
 But Diomedes then wel aduise, a waightie stone doth set,  
 Which scarcely two god men could heane or lift vpon the ground,  
 Wherewith he hits him on the thigh, and both Eneas wounde,  
 So sore, his sinewes he doth part, and muscles teares in two,  
 As forth halfe deade almost he was, head long on knees to go,  
 And groueling staid him with his hands, he bitter death had sought,



If to his tender dame had not his present succor sought:  
Who knowing wel the danger great, whiche to his forme did hap,  
To rid him out the hard distresse, his cloke she doth beuow ap  
Him round about, and hateth him, wherewith he was so clad  
As in a fozte, else thousand darts him ouer happed had.  
And then to leade him out the pzease, Venus hath hir deuise.

And Schenelus remembzng what his friends had willd befoze,  
Æneas hozle doth take, his owne aske doth leade a while  
The Trojans hozle he doth betake hys trustie mate Deiphile,  
To guide into Diomedes tents: this Deiphile was the same  
Who wel belovde of all the campe, of knighthode bare the name.  
His owne coursers he mounteth on, and followeth speedily.

Diomedes, whom then he findes with all his might to hie  
After the Goddesse, hir to sell, and Venus downe to beate,  
Well knowing she is none of them, in whom is poyze so great,  
As in the two maydens Minerue, and in the fierce Bellon,  
A weake and daintie parnell she, in whome is godnes none.  
He in the pzease doth finde hir out, he foloweth on so fast,  
Whether th'immoztaills wil be hurte, to proue he nowe doth casse.  
His dart with poudzed Æmins lynde doth pierce the gallant cloke,  
And in hir fine and Goddesse hande there sozward hit the stroke:  
The kinde and daintie dame is hurte, wherewith she waild hir ill,  
And heauie in hir heart she feels the heavenly iuice distill,  
And scarlet blond, which was not like as moztall men do bléde,  
For, sozasmuch as heavenly folkes on fruits they do not séde,  
And do abstaine themselves from wine, their humors do not gré,  
With vs are men, therefore we say immoztall that they be.

Venus she grieses, and chafeth much, being thus sozke to pine  
By hand of one that moztall is, and loud beginnes to whine,  
For feare she is constrained to leaue, and sozake Æneas,  
Whome Phœbus helpeth at a pinch, and doth him there embrace,  
She haps him with a cloud, and keepes him from the Grækish spite,  
Which for the purpose, when he came, she straight had therein sight.

In meane tme Diomedes doth at Venus gibe and floute,  
Prouokes hir tozath, in sight (quoth he) hēceforth no moze come out,  
Let it suffice you with your wiles poze women to decaue,

Sp. 115.

The

Schenelus  
Diomedes  
guider take  
Æneas  
horses.

Diomedes  
pursueth  
Venus.

Minerua  
& Ballona.

Venus  
wounded  
in the hād  
by Diome-  
des.

The trade of warre and warlike adde I reade you for to leaue:  
For if the battaile thus you haue, your selfe you will beguile,  
One day you will be payde for all, that you wil curse the while.

The Grecian spake the Goddesse thus, for grief who sorowes soze,  
Not onely for the wound that painde, no lesse, but rather moze  
She doth lament thus to be mockte, wherewith hir colour gap  
So bright that was, becommes to swarte, and seemes to fade away.

Iris bringeth  
Venus out  
of the barge

Wherefoze Iris with pitle wounde, vnto hir draweth nie,  
And for god will she brought hir out, and to a place there by  
On the left hand she led hir in, where Mars did stand and groile,  
As ill disposd, and did behold the blondie sight and boile:  
He sitting in a dorkie cloude, his counter by him there,  
He leaneeth sably on his launce, as though he wearie were.

Venus to  
Mars.

Then Venus on hir maribones thus prayes him earnestlyes  
God brother Mars so well belobde, to mounte t Olympus hie,  
And heauenly pallace, lend me now pour chaire, great pain I haue,  
Alacke with treason Diomed, that fierce and cruell knaue  
He hath me wounded in the hand, that fierce and cruel curre,  
I thinke he loue woulde also hurte he kepeth suche a furre.

Mars lendeth  
Venus  
his chariots  
vvhich ascen  
deth into  
heauen.

Mars willing graunteth hir request, his chare and horse he lent,  
She mounts, and Iris takes the raine, for guide with hir she went:  
The godly Genets cut the aire, they rather wish to flie,  
And in a moment they are come vnto the heauen hie,  
And found the mansion of the Gods, where Iris straight hir spedde  
To dresse them wel, and there with meates immortal she them fed.

Then Venus found hir mother deare, and fell down in the place,  
Halfe sounding, whome Dione doth lamenting there embrace,  
And carterondy doth thus entreate: God daughter, whom I loue,  
Whose hand hath bin so cruell bold of al the Gods aboute,  
That dared dare thy tender fleshe: no worse they could haue vsde  
The rankest dyuel, who hirselfe most filthie had abusde.

Venus to  
her mother.

Diomed that rebell (quoith she) hath given me the gelpe,  
When as I meant my tender sonne Aneas for to helpe,  
Else did he had, and now I se that Greks not onely warre  
With folke of Troy, but do in fight the Gods both hurte and scarre.  
The worthy Goddesse Dione then this furious rage to stay,

A while so quiet at hir harme doth lonely Venus pray.  
 My daughter swete, content your selfe, for many Gods there are,  
 Whome moztall men dispirefully haue wrongd with hatefull care,  
 But yet in time haue felt at full the guerdon of their faulte:  
 Ephalte, Otus, stout Oloeus sonnes Mars God they did assault,  
 And so ppenasid against the God, that thirtene moneths long,  
 They bound and kept him prisoner in prison like and strong:  
 Where he had dyed by long abode, but that with pittie fraught  
 Euribea their mother in law Mercurius she besought  
 In fauour of the God distressed, who stole him in a bzaide,  
 And secretly conuayde him forth, without whose present ayde,  
 The fetters and the stinking aire had there consumed him quite,  
 His nature so diuine it was. Iuno for al hir might  
 On hir right bzeast was wounded soze, and stricken so did stand  
 By triple headed hering shaste, ysent by Herculs hand.  
 What shal we say of Pluto blacke, who rules in eche behose  
 Th' infernall powers as onely God: hath he not had good pzoise  
 Of Herculs darte, when as he was in *Palie* country soile:  
 Among the murthered carcasses, where so receiue the soile  
 His Godhead, that if possibly a God could die or wast,  
 The wounde on shoulder which he caught had bin his vtas laste.  
 But to the lightsome mansion tho, of Ioue he hies amaine  
 To seeke a helpe there for his hurte, where Peon taketh paine,  
 His grieuous wounde he desseth well, and quite doth heale the same:  
 O Hercules, unhappy thou, too foolish and too blame,  
 Who feared not to deale in fight, and strue offensively  
 Against the Gods, who alwayes seeke reuenge assuredly.  
 But daughter trust this Greeke durst not haue hurt you any way,  
 But by Mineruas helpe, who willes you all the ill she may.  
 A good poze soile, who doth not knowe the man that doth contend  
 Against the Gods with enuious pride, muste haue a wretched end.  
 This onely faulte another day (at home) shall make him misse  
 His pzoatie babes to call him Dad, and there his knees to kisse.  
 He surely ought to thinke, if they, who be of greater force  
 Then you, would not reuenge your case, so diuinen by remorse,  
 That your power can well suffice his punisher to be

Dione to  
Venus.

Iuno hurt  
in the right  
bzeast by  
Hercules.

Pluto hurt  
by Hercu-  
les.  
Pluto was  
healed by  
Peon phi-  
sition to the  
Gods.

## The fourth Booke

In his owne lande, that is to say, by his wife Egiſſee:  
 Who waking out hir heauie ſleepe, ſeeing the burning pricke  
 Of Ioues deſire, to quench hir heate, ſome roag ſhe ſhal not ſtrike  
 To tice vnto hir huſbandes bed, and ſpozte with many a ſit,  
 As merily as Cooke and Pie, he nothing wotting it.

Dione ap-  
 preſent  
 Venus.

To cheare hir daughter thus ſhe ſaide, and ſoftly dreſt the ſore,  
 She ſwagde the paine, and Venus was moze eaſed than beſore.

Pallas to  
 Iupiter  
 mocking  
 Venus.

But when as Iuno and Minerue did ſee hir thus arayed,  
 In ſtouting wiſe, O Ioue they ſayde, be you not ill apayed:

Ironia.

O holy father (quoth Pallas) of this ymery be,  
 Venus a Craeke to Tropan campe to bring there minding ſhe  
 To giue to one whome wel ſhe likte, in leading forth the man,  
 Hir hand with buckle of his belte (ſhe hardly leaning an)  
 Is hurte, the tong hath thruſt hir in, and then it may befall  
 God cauſe to aſke ſome ready helpe, the wound it is not ſmall.

Iupiter to  
 Venus.

At this god ielt the God of Gods ſmyleth with mery cheare,  
 And kindly came and ſpake hir thus: Venus my daughter deare,  
 It is not yours to rule an hoſt, noz deale in boilles of warre,  
 But loue and mariages to make, ſoz you they ſitter are,  
 Meddle with them, your brother Mars to him leane you the fight,  
 And to your liſter Minerua, as due to them of right,  
 In loue your office onely is, thus loue both pleaſaunt ielt,  
 And talking ſo they to and fro, he ſpozte among the reſt.

In the meane while Diomedes, Aeneas he had ſlaine,  
 And miſte but ſmall, but Apollo defended him againe.  
 For the deſire that then he had, the Tropan ſoz to ſlay,  
 And gaine his godly furniture, al indgement toke away,  
 Apollo thrice there guarded him, him thrice the Craeke did charge,  
 Apollo ſtil did ſtrike aſide his weapon and his targe:

Apollo to  
 Diomedes.

The fourth time dead he had him drowne, oz layed him on the ſoure,  
 But that with grimme and grieved looks Apoll both threat & loue.  
 In haſt retire I reade (quoth he) how trimme a man you are,  
 So ſawle with th'immozall Gods, and boldly to compare?  
 And henceforth this conſider to, far different is the powze  
 Of men, who leades their liues on earth, and eke die every houre,  
 From that of Gods immozall who and heauenly neuer dies.

Here:

Herewith the haſtie Græke, apace (wel fearde) a way he flies,  
Then Phœbus there out of the fight the Tropan take away,  
And on the Cittle wall he plaſke him in the Temple gap,  
Vnto him conſecrated, large, and ſumptuouſly wrought,  
As in a foxtreſſe ſacred much, and moſt aſſured thought:  
Vnto the end that Diana, and his ſiſter Latone,  
Goe carefully might help to heale his wounds, which cauſd his mone,  
And ſtraight the armies to abuſe he vſde a Stratageme,  
An image like vnto Ence himſelfe (it ſo did ſeeme)  
He did erect, about the which the bloudy goze did runne,  
And round about the ſame, many a doubtie déede was done  
By Knights of Greece, and Tropan both, the one their trauel ſpent  
It to defend, it Grækes to ſpoile their might and forces bent.

An Image  
of Acaas,

When as Ence Apollo had in god ſure ſaſetie ſet,  
Another way he helpeth, ſo, he mightie Mars doth get  
By his great meanes in Tropan aide, and him he bourded thus:  
O Mars thou God inuincible, Mars ſell and furious,  
O bloudie Mars with gaſſful lookes, gainſt whom no batteld wal,  
For armour tempzed nere ſo well, can ſcarce reſiſt at all:  
What, can you ſuffer here this Græke to bzaue throughout the hoſt  
And glozie thus: wil you not plague and ſcower him to his coſte  
For this ſo ſauorie attempt: ſo he would make no ſtoppe  
An enimie to be to Ioue, and ride vpon his toppe,  
Who made no bones ſo ill t'array Venus thy ſiſter here,  
And hath prepared againſt me to, a mad man as he were.

Apollo to  
Mars,

Apollo ending thus his words, vpon the wall did reſt,  
And Mars the puſſant God himſelfe to battel ready preſt.  
He commes into the Tropan campe, preſenting in the face,  
And furniture, one Acamas, a mightie Prince of Thrace.

Mars in the  
lykenſſe of  
Acamas ex-  
horreth the  
Tropan.

The ranches he cheares, and comforts vp, namely King Priams ſons:  
His voice he liſteth vp and calles, diſordzed now who runs,  
O valiant ympes, whome erſt I toke ſo woꝛthy and ſo ſtrong,  
To ſee your ſolke thus murdzed here without your helpe, how long  
Will ye ſo beare: what, ſtay you till your Knights be beaten down,  
And that your ſoes do come and fight at gates beſoze your towne  
What greater griefe (oh) can there be ſoꝝ you, than to behold

D:

Ence



Ence a Tropan of suche pyce, so balliant and so bold,  
Another Hector well & skilful in daunger here to ly,  
And such a friend to rescue out not one of you will try?

Sarpedon  
to Hector.

These wordes made many Tropans shew god face & corage take;

Wherby Sarpedon worthy knight to Hector thus he spake,  
With choler seeming somewhat moode: O Hector sage and wise,  
Where is the pꝛowesse that sometimes ertold was to the skies,  
When thou didst boast that thy bꝛethꝛen, and thy allies alone  
Could bid god welcome to the Grækes, and wel defend pour owne  
Without the foꝛce of straungers aide: where is thy great kinred?

Comparis  
of Dogges  
affilyed by  
a Lyon.

Thy bꝛethꝛen, cousins, and adheres: surely they all are fledde,  
I see not one, no, no, like Dogges, whom Lion seekes to teare,  
They leaue the here in daunger great, and runne away so; feare.  
They leaue not the, but vs also, who here are come not streit  
In thy quarrell to spend our bloud, and thys haue done our best.  
To Tropan King I am no liege, ne with him kinred haue,  
I haue no countrey lies so neare, which I neede seeke to saue.  
Yet here I come from *Liere* lande, a countrey surre that lies,  
Prouoked by thy great repute, which famde is to the skies.  
I there haue left my louing spouse, my babes, such good and golde,  
Wherewith such men as want the same, greatly reioice they would.  
I hazarding with most god will my life and state so; the,  
I cannot nolue but maruaile muche: so; why, alas I see  
Thy friends and souldiꝛs runne away, and I and mine to stand,  
Thou holdst thy peace, who ought renoue, & beare them hard in hand,  
So moze thus to abandon the, declaring to them all  
The mischiefe, wherein they and theirs is haply like to fall:

Comparis  
of beaſts  
taken in  
Nets.

The which shal be as simple beaſts ywꝛapped in the snare,  
Their great and famous Citie spoild, yſackte, and pilled bare.  
You better ought to minde this geare, and goe vnto the chiefe,  
And tel them, that there yet remaines great hope of god relæſe:  
And that by stoutly standing to't, the victorie may be had:  
So men of you will deeme right well, else iudge of you to bad.

Hector be-  
ginnes the  
battaile a-  
gaine.

Sarpedon thus pychte Hector on, the pꝛince nothing replied,  
But in his armoz as he was from Charlot straight he bled,  
And leaped doſtwe, holding in hand of darts a goodly paire,

Which

## of Homers Iliades.

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Which there he fiercely shakes, and doth unto his folke repaire :  
 Where, with commandment and request his hands he orders eft,  
 Who taking harte, so;ward aduance, to gain the place they left.  
 When Grækes the Trojans thus perceiue themselves in ranks to  
 Their cruets they clappe together close, the surer to receaue, (weane,  
 And souldiours like do ready make, to hide the sight they meane :  
 And euen as men out of the barne fanning their coyne cleane,  
 Often by greatnesse of the winde the chaffe abroad that blowes,  
 The filth doth white the husbandmen, which out the coyne goes :  
 The dust was likewise great, when as the Trojans neare appeare,  
 The souldiours and their armes all with dust were all besmeard.  
 Then did the cruel warre begime with great and sozer teiue  
 Than erst before, they fight it out, and shieldes in pæces helue.  
 Mars runneth vp and downe the fieldes, the Trojans he exhortes  
 In couert wise, and cheares them vp with speche of sundry sortes,  
 Phœbus (quoth he) doth take your partes, and Pallas is your foe,  
 Wherefore some woorthy deede of Armes, it you behoues to shoue.  
 The selfe same time Ence returnes all freshe into the field,  
 Apollo brought him in, whom when the Trojans whole behelde,  
 And not to do like as a man that hurt or maimed were,  
 But like a strong and valiant Knight, they greatly gime to chere.  
 At him they coulde not gaze their fill, some woulde haue talkte with  
 But now the boile and bickering begon was very bzinne : (him  
 Apollo, Mars, the Goddesse sond Contention toke the partes  
 Of the good Trojans, enflaming to war their warlike hartes,  
 The valiant Knights the two Ajax on th'other partie doe it,  
 With Diomed and Vlyses they pray the Grækes stande to it,  
 The whiche obey: like men of war they stand and kepe their ground:  
 For as the cloudes the mountaines toppes do close & compasse rounde  
 Paugre the winds, by Ioue his meanes, who else no way abides  
 The blasts & blustering nozthern puffes, & thrusts at hart their sides :  
 Likewise with stout and valiant minds the Græks wel armed stand,  
 Staying with them the woorthiest Dukes of al the Grækish land.  
 And Agamemnon doth commaunde, where neede he thinketh moste,  
 And trauasles carefully about to order all the hoste.  
 A warlike Grecians (quoth he) tho, if ever men haue sene

He next ret  
turneth to  
the field,

Apollo, J  
Mars, and  
Contestis  
for the  
Trojans.

Comparis  
of the clou  
des of the  
mountaines

P. 51.

Wom

## The fifth Booke

Your warlike deeds perforce me them now, no lesse than they haue bin;  
Take courage fir, and with one mind now charge vppon your foes,  
The souldioz who esteemes his name, for suretie do suppose,  
And for the same doth stirre his stumps, more dangers dothe escape  
Than cowards do, who from the sight to flee doe onely gape.  
The sooner se goe to the backe, the dull and fearful soke,  
Than hardie souldiozs in the field, who wishe with foes to yoke.  
The spite, the which for honoys sake hath not more liuely grace,  
The body faints, and mated eke, to death it giueth place.

Deicoon  
slaine by  
Agamemno

He with these wordes doth shewe the way, his Iaueline to his foes  
He gyrdeth forth, and dead in field Deicoon ouerthioles,  
Deere friend vnto the great Aene, through all the camp Tropene  
So honoys and esteemd, as he King Priams sonne had bene.  
Not onely for his iolitte, and for his strength and might,  
But that he alway stil would be the soymost in the fight.  
The Dart his massie Target doth and Wandzicke thozowe beare,  
So downe it goeth to his paunch, and dead he falleth there.

Aeneas kills  
Crethon &  
Orsilochus.

The selfe same time Aeneas slue Crethon, Orsilochus:  
Who had of the Citie Phere to sire Deocleus,  
Abounding both in powze and wealth, whose petigré they fetch  
From Alphe byrke in Pilie land, so largely which doth stretch.  
Orsilochus was Alphes sonne, a King of woorthie name,  
Who did beget Deocleus, a Prince of no lesse fame:  
Of whome descended these two heires, Orsilochus and Crethone,  
In seates of warre, in Crækish campe their betters was there none:  
And chiefly for their times, who more their honoys to encrease,  
Had solowed harde euen to Troy Agamemnon through the seas,  
Supposing they it honoys great as souldiozs for to go  
Under the guide of such a chiefe: as oft it happens so,  
That two yong whelpes of Lions race, close in some cozner by  
The Forrest, sed by Lionesse who in the countrey nie  
Spoiling their cattail and their foldes, an Ore they sometime slay,  
Sometime an Horse, sometime a shepe they kill and runne away,  
Shall be at length yet overtane, and by the shepheards catcht,  
They not bearing their harmes, who wel wil cause the to be watcht.  
Likewise Aeneas couragious queld (gainst whom ther was no boot)

Compari-  
son of two  
Lions fur-  
giled by  
the sheepe-  
heards.

The

The Gretians two, who fel like Pines plournde by by the routes  
By force of winde, then Menelau herat doth greatly griene  
To see his friendes thus murdred here, whom he comes to relieue.  
Throughe armed wel, in his right hand a Dart right bright he bare  
Mars let him passe, that by Ence his hand he murdered were.

Similitude  
of two  
Pine trees  
felled.

Antilochus him folowes harde when as he forwarde went,  
He thought the hazard was not small, nor he sufficient  
Alone to make his partie good, which when Eneas saw,  
Although he twelved wel in sight, himselfe he did withdraw.  
To deale with two he daunger thought, no sower he retires,  
But that to draw the bodie forth the other two desires,  
And gaue them to their fellows there, and then to fight they gone,  
In this conflict Pilemene fel, the king of Paphlagon.

Menelaus  
kills Pyle-  
menes.

With Mydon loyall guider, who his royal Chariot dresse,  
The shoulder of the foresayde king there Menelaus clibbe,  
At Mydon mayde Antilochus a waightie stone did throw,  
He crused his arme, constraining him the byble to let go:  
Beside this blow, he on his face gaue him a schochelade,  
Wherby he fel downe to the ground illaine by his blade.  
He fel not straight, the Palestres did trape him upon the mould,  
Antilochus til he them stayde, and led them where he would.

Antilochus  
kills Mydon

Then Hector prince by chance came by, right as the deed was done,  
Seeing the good king thus distressed to wape in heate begonne:  
And therewithal he cries so loude, that euery Tropan leapes  
That heard his voyce, and with good heart they follow him in heaps.

The furious Mars, and Route Bellone, on them the charge do take  
To march before the Tropan bands, and dreadful noise do make.  
Mars shaketh his redoubted lance, he neuer Hector left,  
Sometimes before, sometimes behind he oftentimes doth shift,  
In fine, it was a godly thyng a God to haue for guide.

Mars and  
Bellone  
vvaite Hec.

Diomedes seeing Mars to march, so feare may not abide,  
But did recule a foraine like, who ryding by the way  
To some far land, doth finde a fount, whose bredth both him assay,  
He stopped is by the swift course, and surging so amaine,  
That he his busynesse leaues vndone, and home returns againe,  
Pea even so the puissant Greeke his souldiours doth abuse,

Compariſon  
of a trauct-  
ler vvho  
stopps by a  
ruiſe, re-  
turneth.



Dio. to the  
Greekes.

Himselfe withdraue: h from the sight, and spake them in this wise:  
My friends quoth he, maruel no whit that Hector is so stout,  
And prest himselfe to fight with you, and hence to drive you out.  
With him to leade him in the fielde a guider God doth go,  
Erst in humaine and mortall forme I Mars the God did know,  
Who mans him throughtly at the ful, wherfoze sirs by my reade,  
I would perswade you tarry time, and stay but for a bread.  
Tourne not your backs but do retire, for doubt what happen might,  
Prouoking here the mightie Gods, who for the Trojans fight.  
The Grækes a little leaue their ground, the Trojans hie as fast,  
And Hector first of al the rest his iavelins he doth cast

Anchialus  
and Menes-  
thes slaine  
by Hector.  
Ajax kills  
Amphius.

Wherwith two warlike souldiours he doth slay, Menesthes strong  
And Anchiale, whom from their chare on earth he layed along.

The stoute Ajax did pitie much their fall, the which he spied,  
Wherfoze his piercing dart he thzew, wherewith Amphius dyed:  
His armour coude not beare the blow, but that his guts it gozde,  
This Amphius was Selags sonne, of Pese the wealthy Lord,  
Come far to Troy in Priams ayde, who there doth leaue his course,  
And sturdie Ajax seeks to spoyle his furniture by force.

But Trojans on his target thzew so many darts at once,  
The carcase they it toke him fro, for all his mighty bones.  
Sauing his launce, he nothing had, which he was faine to plucke

With both his hands the body out, so deepe in him it stucke.

This done, by Trojans put aback, himselfe away he wyde  
Almost wel weary of the toyle, againe on th other side

By fortune hard and fate doth fall valiant Tlepoleme, sonne  
To Hercules, with hardie harte, who forwarde there doth runne,  
And puts himselfe in place to ioyne, with stout Sarpedon knight,

Tlepole-  
mus to  
Sarpedon.

Who meeting both together rounde, and readie to the fight,  
Thee wordes Tlepoleme to him says befoze his dart he slings:  
What waighty cause, what gret affairs, what need the hither brings  
Thou coward knight of none account, unhappy here to dye:  
Who told the loue to be thy fire, they coart the pretily  
Thy faintnesse with his heavenly race doth greatly disgræ:  
Thinke thou in baliaunce to appzoch Hercule my father he,  
My louing sire, with Lions heart so hardie and so haute,

Who



Who with five ships he brought from Greece, took them by assault,  
To take reuenge of broken faith of Laomedon tho,  
Who promist on him in reward his horses to bestow:  
Thy force and strength is far from his, and here before thy face  
Thy Lycian souldiours are for e hayde, and no man rues thy case.  
What dead canst thou the Trojans stand: thou lest thy mē be hakt,  
But al is one, for why my launce to Hel shal send thee packt.

Sarpedon at his foolish threates doth mone and hath no whit,  
He takes his tale out of his mouth, (quoth he) ful true is it,  
That for the great abuse and fault to Hercules thy fire  
They did, Troy it was sackt, and al hir buildings set on fire:  
But as for thee, here by thou shalt pmutched by my hand,  
To my renowne, and send thy soule to low and darksome land.

They make an end of wordes, their darts eche shakes with his god  
To slay his foe, and so it fel, as either had his fill.

Sarpedons launce stroke through the Græke, who dead in field doth ly,  
The Græke his launce Sarpedon pierst in the sinister thy.

So deepe the stæle stæcke in the bone, Sarpedon it had kild,  
He had not told who had him hurt, but Iupiter it nild.

The souldiours when these two great Dukes on earth they thus  
Themselues they ply, their proper prince asace they come to ayde.

The Lycian Lord they took first by, and brought him out the host,  
In euil plight, and very faint, he so much bloud had lost.

As him they beare, the iaueline stil trayled vpon the ground,  
They had no time there gently to plucke it out the wound.

The Grækes take Tlepoleme aside, they lay him in a noke,  
At this defaite and ouerthrow as Vlisses doth toke,

And saw Sarpedons safe retire, he doth the chauce betwape,  
And doth for ethinke which better is, the victor to assaye,

Or else to charge the Lycians, and them in pieces he w:  
But following goddesse Pallas minde, he there doth them pursue.

Fate had not willed that Vlisses Sarpadons death should be,  
Gods prouidence had kept it for a worthyer man than he.

But there in pices he doth cut Alastor, Chronius,  
Ceranēs, Nomon, Alcander, Prytanes, Halius:

And but that valiant Hector came, he more had serued of trust,

Sarpedō to  
Tlepoleim.

The light  
berylene  
Sarpedō &c  
Tlepoleim  
Tlepoleim  
slain: and  
Sarpedon  
wounded.

Vlisses slay  
eth seuen  
Lycians.

But

Sarpedon  
to Hector.

But Hector bled to succour them, and in the ranckes he thrust,  
Pea fearing with his armes bright the hardest of the Grækes,  
Sarpedon togeth this to see, and running down his cheekes  
The trickling teares, thou Priams son (quoth he) I hardly pray,  
Unto the Grækes in this distresse, oh leaue me not this day:  
Cause me to Try to be conuaide, there let me end my dayes,  
For sake me not, I wel do knowe I may no maner wayes  
By Countrey see, and home returne to see my louing wife  
Nor children cherish, for I seele now ends my sating life.

The woorthy Hector answerde not, among the Grækes he comes,  
Them, who withstode him for to send unto their longest homes.

Sarpedon  
in  
plucking  
out the dart  
by vouns.

The Lycians on a mole-hill set the wounded Sarpedon,  
The dart drowes out his friende and mate the faithful Pelagon,  
He sounded in the plucking forth, his life it sated cleane,  
With grones and sighes far set, his breath by little comes againe,  
Wherto the shadowe wel doth serue, and eke the open ayre,  
Which colly blew right in his face, as he lay dawing there.  
Hector his arme and Mars the gods the Gretians in al steades  
So soule affray, as they dare not once march, or shew their heads.  
They leaue their order and array, in field they turne their backs,  
And to retire to shameful sight the Gretian souldiours packes.

Hector by  
the fauour  
of Mars  
slayes many  
Greeces.

Wel, let vs tel what Grækes were slaine by Hector in this boyle,  
The valiaunt Theutras he was first, in fight who bare such coyle,  
As he was wont to conquer stil, then their Orestes lay,  
The cunning rider of great horse, Threcus bide in the fray,  
Stoute Helenos, who with the Grækes for knightwode bare the bell,  
Oenom, last Oresbius by Hectors handes he fel:  
Oresbius a prince of power, with Sceptre and with Crowne,  
The which right princely he did beare in Hile his proper towne:  
His neyghbours all he did excede in wealth, hauing his god  
By Cephise lake in Beocie, wheras his Citle stode.

Inno to  
Pallas.

Juno seeing this wretched plight the which the Grækes were in,  
Doth finde hir selfe beguilde, and chaft to Pallas doth begin:  
Oh daughter of the mightie Ioue, what nothing else but kill:  
Is it agreed we al shal die: if so we suffer stil  
This cruel Mars to soke so long, I see it very plaine,

The

The promise made to Menelaus to have Helene againe  
After the siege and sacke of Troy, shall turne into a jest,  
And that his tranasle he shall lose, if longer here he rest.  
So we my wench, and let vs the in this dizarde here at sul,  
What power and puissance we two haue, when vs the same we wil.

Dame Pallas she consented straight, and Iuno she doth his  
Forthwith to put his horse in point, and to his Chariot tye:  
Againe the gorgeous Chariot trimde Hebe on th'other side,  
As did belong thereto, wheron the Goddess she must ride,  
And then the wheeles she fastned fast, wel so: gde of perfect golde,  
Strong bound with brasse & yron nailles, w<sup>th</sup> spokes twice four sul told,  
Of self-same bright and glittering brasse, & naues of silver mas,  
The ends of skelle with silver beame as brasse as cristall was.  
The scate with goldsmithes worke bedaubde, & in such running wise,  
As no man wil whether the worke or matter moze to prise.

Hebe makes  
ready Iunons  
Chariot.

Mincrua made his readie while to dresse the chare they sought,  
And off she puts his right attire which she his selfe had wrought.  
She claspeth on the Curets skiffe which Ioue doth weare in sight,  
And on his shoulder she doth cast the mightie targe, in weight  
That is so pesaunt, and so broad, enuironed with feare,  
Contention, ferro, br: aules, ho: ro, and surie eury where,  
With boldnesse, noyse, and gaspfull threates of horrible Gorgon,  
The gaspfull dreadfull monster, there the head was painted on,  
Which frights al such as loke therat, a heauie helmet she  
Puts on his heade, of gold most fine, with crests pressed thre,  
Which would suffice to hap the heads, yea of so many folke,  
As wel an hundred Cities hath, in sight if they should yoke.  
Thus armed, she lightly leapeth vp the chaire with speare in hand,  
Against the which (she angry) not the demi-gods can stand.

Description  
of Pallas  
armour.

Dame Iuno of the tryed horse in hand doth take the raynes,  
To be the conductour and guide his self wil take the paines.

The hours  
porter of  
heauen:

They scoure so fast, to gates they come there of the welkin large  
Fast shut: as porters of the same the hours haue the charge,  
And governe all the skie, and rule the hye Olympus eke,  
And cloudes to cal together to, and force them so: to breake.

The hours to the goddesses do open readily,

W.

And

## The fifth Booke

Juno to  
Iupiter.

Iupiter to  
Juno.

The way  
which the  
horses kepe  
betwene  
heaven and  
earth.

Stentor  
who had  
the voyce  
of 50. men.

And forth they let their coursers out, who passe the champis side,  
They come to the hugie hill of the Olympus hie,  
Where Ioue in throne doth gouerne it, and nere they draw to him  
And Iuno keeping still hir chare, thus tels him hir annoy:  
My brother, and you husband mine, what pleasure or what loy  
Have you to see thus Mars your son before Troy Grækes to kil  
So cruelly without respect, to please the foolish wil  
Offentious Venus and Apoll, of force, what must you cloke  
This hateful and malicious part with faith and promise broke?  
I pray the græue no whit at all this furie for to stay,  
If I descende and do my best to chase him (hurt) away.  
I am content answerd the God, but in your place I wis  
For better end, that Pallas she do take the enterprise.  
For Mars cannot defend himself against hir, nor resist,  
For she shall often conquer him, and mate him if she list.

This answer liketh Iuno wel, she shakes the raynes and hies,  
Hir coursers runne, and kepe the way betwene the earth, & skies,  
They scoure aloft as far from vs, as men can wel discerie  
A ship, which sayles alose in seas, from of some towne hie.  
And thereabout the hoxses kepe their way, which down discende,  
And soon they came against the towne, and down to Troy they bend,  
They quickly fall vpon the ground, and down do set their fete,  
Where cleare Scamander hir brother flood Simois doth meete.  
At Simois there Iuno left hir chare and horses bjaue,  
Who wel do tast the heauenly foud, and stoe of vitayles haue.  
The Paragons like two white doves, and yet with valiaunt harts  
Do march to y Grækes cape, with minde to play some worthy parts  
Where stout approued folk they finde, who spare no more hir fers,  
Than Lions great, or wilde swine, which hungry a praying goes.

Iuno toke the habite on of Stentor Grækish knight,  
Whose voyce was more than fiftie mens, crying with al their might:  
O what dishonour and reproch, oh Grækes that of your shame  
So smal account, vnhappy Dukes and princes yet in name,  
But in effect more fearful much than simple seruing men,  
If not, the blage of you thus why do you suffer then?  
When as Achilles fought with vs, they fled for fearful hart,

# of Homers Iliades.

99

So Trojan flouts durst any way from gates of Troy depart,  
 They dreaded so his valiant lance, but now god Gad what hap.  
 They fight not only out their town, but kill, and down they clap  
 Us and our souldiours at our ships, thus cryed she amaine,  
 The goddesse great, wherewith reuolde their hardie hartes againe.  
 The prudent Pallas she againe meteth Diomede right,  
 Wearis not only of the toyle, which he all day in fight  
 Had taken, but his mightie targe did make him sweate apace,  
 As he doth ply to shew himselfe a knight in euery place.  
 And moze, the hurt he lately had, did put him to such paine,  
 As while he bled, leauing he could scantly himselfe sustaine  
 Against his chare, yet nerthelesse Minerva drew him nyc,  
 And toucht the collers of his horse, and spake him courteously  
 Ful true it is, and as for me, it shal be in my crede  
 That Tydee that so odde a knight had neuer of his seide  
 A son so valiant as himselfe, he was but dapper he,  
 But saye so valiant and so wise, as often without me  
 He to the flouts and strongst would begin the fight and fray,  
 And eyther bow them to his bent, or down in field them lay.  
 To warlike Thebanes did he not his courage wel declare  
 He once a legate sent to them, when after banquet fare  
 (He seeing them carelesse ful of chat) with them begins to braule,  
 And to his gloze and great renoume he ouerthrew them all  
 And howe I tenderd him so much, in al his facts, I came  
 For to conduct him as a guide, as to thee oft I am,  
 And sometime put me in defence thy state and life to saue,  
 And worke on Trojans stoutest knights that thou y triumph hane.  
 And yet as now thou wearie art, with sloth and wead distress,  
 Among the valiant warlike folke no moze I thinke it best  
 Thou name thy selfe as Tydes son: Diomede doth reply,  
 O dame impute not my retire (I craue it humbly)  
 To want of hart, nor blame me not: for sth I certaine know  
 Your presence here, of my retreats th'occasion I will shew.  
 Neyther for feare nor fainted flesh, but wel in minde I had  
 Your counsel, which to take in hand against the Gods forbad.  
 Did you not warne me so, vnlesse on Venus tender soles?

Minerua  
to Diomed.

Diomedes  
Minerua.

D. G.

And



## The fifth Booke

And seeing now against vs here God Mars to deale his dole,  
 And I blame worthie if I leaue and part the combat fro,  
*Minerua to Diomedes.* And do admonish all my friends that like wise they do so:  
 Quoth Pallas, friend, wel, make no bones, if so be come in place,  
 Be not a fraide, but thrust to him, and lay him on the face,  
 Or any other God that shal afront him selfe on the:  
 Mars is a wrangling creaking wretche, a flawering Jacke is he,  
 And worse, a lier: of his wordes he taketh little care:  
 No longer than this morning last, to me he said and swore,  
 He in the ayde of Greekeish cruels would come to fight and deale,  
 And like a sickle so he fights here for the Troyan weale.  
 She wils Scenele come downe the chaire, she wishes for to try  
 How she can guide and take the raines and will Diomedes gup.  
*Minerua mounteth Diomedes Chariot, & guides it.* The Chariot began to bow with burden that it bare,  
 The Aretræ (though great) did bend vnder the creaking chare,  
 The goddesse for she wayrd so much, and eke the champion god,  
 They go to trumpe and down to beate the raging Mars so wood.  
 And Pallas, (least she should be knowne) had pluckt hir face vpon  
 The helmet great halfe stele and byasse of th' infernal Pluton,  
 And when as Mars beheld them thus to come in such a hast,  
 A Greeke Etolian, Periphant, whom he to earth had cast,  
 Did leaue: this Periphant renoume with best they did esteeme,  
 But Mars the warlike Greeke to slay, and take his spoiles doth meene.  
 And now at hand Mars shaketh straight his launce, a wound it made  
 Harmelisse, vnder the horses neckes, it flyeth as a shade:  
 For it the goddesse turne abacke, aduised wel, and wise  
 She guides the Dart with hir own hand, vnder the chare it flies.  
*Diomedes wounded Mars.* Diomedes threw not so in vaine, for Mars his dart he felt  
 Which prest his belly with the stele that hit vnder his belt.  
 In bottom of his bulke it thrust so deepe entered the blow,  
 The stroke Dame Pallas for the Greeke diuinely did bestow.  
 She woteth wel to do the feate, and eke the speare regaine,  
*The terrible cry of Mars.* With his great wound and so straunge hurt, Mars cryeth out amaine.  
 His hideous voyce & fearful cry, his thundring bleate & rore,  
 Ten thousande men faulting a town coude not haue thundred more.  
 Into the Grekes and Trojans both, when in their eares it rust

ful

Full suddenly beguine to feare, and all for dread are confusht.

The sorrowful God surpris'd with grief, & shame a thousand throes,  
Most like a thicke and lowering cloud to high Olympus goes.

Which in the cleare doth softly waite, when pirling wind doth beate  
And makes it parte, and yields the earth beneath soe pleasant heat.

Unto the heavenly mansion come, with griefe and dolefull chere

He sits by Ioue, shewing his wounde which bled, and spake him there:

Mars tal-  
leth Ioue  
his mishap.

Redoubt'd fire, I cannot tell whether pour will it be,

To see the Gods and Goddesses as Cattes and Dogges agree,

For Ioue we onely beare to men, and so thy quarrell not,

Whose subtleties true we are: Thou hast a daughter ill begot,

So mischeuous, she nere is pleas'd, but when she wrongs or spites,

A God, or Goddess, when she lists, with pleasure she delites.

So God so mightie or so great, but iustly shee obayes,

But she, the frantike lawlesse Jyll unpunish'te goes hir wayes.

A cruell Strike she forced hath this day the hande to wounde

Of Venus sister mine, and eke hath made hym keepe his grounde,

And so warde come to foile and hurte me, as well see you may,

My Godhead almost had bin losse, but that I ranne away.

He so mee mangled had and cowl'd, and so my force decayde,

The heapes so great of Trojans dead, by them he me had layde,

Which he in gobbets there had cut: thus spake vnto his fire

God Mars, & shewde his shame & grief, which prickt & burn'd like fire.

To whom est Ioue: Thou sickle soule, so wicked and so ill,

Leave thy complaints, with thy soule beades, thy fathers eares to fill.

Iupiter to  
Mars.

Thou art the most malicious God of all the Gods above,

Thy nature full of strife and guile, with cause whom least I loue.

Taking wholly after Iuno that sond and spitefull shewe,

A iealous head, past helpe to mend, like thee, hirselfe doth shewe.

Of thy deepe wounde she causer is, I truly thee assure:

But, so thou art of both our blouds, my grace it shall procure

Thy to be heald: but thinke if thou so wicked art and wilde,

The fathers fauour thou shalt want, whiche from offending childe

He doth withhold: it is long since I iustice did on thee,

For thy malicious wickednesse and cankred crueltie.

Ioue doth commaund to heale the wound, Peon doth loke thereon.

¶ Iy.

And

## The sixth Booke

Comparing  
of curdes  
milk.

The beaust-  
ly bodies  
are sooner  
healed than  
mans.

Pallas and  
Iuno leaue  
the barrails  
and ascend  
to Heauen.

And there so wet he doth his charge as he it heald anone.  
And as full oft in Sommer time their labor men do lese  
In putting curdes into the presse, wherby hardly then will cheese:  
Whymmo; falls hold of heauen much, from vs they differ far,  
When as their bodies haue a wound they sooner healed are.  
Mars sounde, Hebe preparte sweet baine, with garmets gay in hand,  
Mars cometh forth in open Court, and there by Ioue doth stand.  
Againe victorious Pallas she, with braining Iuno pleads,  
To skies returne, for chasing Mars and wounding him, wel eads.

*Finis quinti Libri.*

## ¶ The sixth Booke.



After the Gods had left the fight,  
the boile againe beganne  
Among the Grækes and Trojans both,  
and nere so soze as than.  
Many a slaying darte was sene  
on eche side in the fray,  
That none coulde iudge the doubtfull end  
betwene them of that day.

In field so many corpes fel, where *Xanthus* river flows,  
And *Simois* spreads hir bankes, where store of trees & herbage grows.

The worthy *Ajax Telamon* of his part was the furst,  
The rampire sure of Græke the campe, that Trojan order burst,  
And to his souldiours maketh way that victors they may be:  
One of the chiefe, a *Thracian* Prince in fight there murders he,  
Bright *Acamas*: betwene the cress and helmet toppe, he strake  
So iust, that hard vnto the braine the skull with brande he brake,  
And in the forehead notchte him deepe, wherewith the grievous paine  
Of wounde, so wide, with darksome death his spes it did retaine.

*Ajax slays  
Acamas.*

And

# of Homers Iliades.

103

And Axilus there Theuthras sonne, was slaine by the hands  
Of Diomed, a souldio: odde of all the Trojan bands.  
His dwelling was *Arisba* towne, with walles wel closed rounde,  
Where many a straunger he had lodgde, to whome did oft abounds  
His curtellie to bfe them well: but yet his blage god  
And gentle hart did not so boote, when in this plight he stode,  
That he might mate with friend or guest, to yeld him helpe or aide:  
The faithfull guider of his hoise along by him is laide,  
Calefius his seruant there, vsplitted through with wound,  
To keepe him company, he fallies flat grouelling on the ground.

Diomed  
kils Axilus

Calefius  
slain by Di-  
mede.

Euryalus  
kils Drefus,  
Opheltius,  
Pedasus, &  
Eopas.

Euryalus bereft of life Opheltius, and eke  
Drefus, and olde Bucolions sonnes he serued with the lake.  
They wist not how to saue themselves, the one Pedasus hight,  
Both twinnes, the other Eopos, a well rpnowned knight,  
The gentle and the worthy Nais, called Pymph Abarbare,  
Unto the saide Bucolon them secretly she bare:  
At such time, when from *Ilion* he, vnto the mountaine came  
To spozte himselfe, and to enioy the loue of beauties Dame,  
Who then a simple shephearde she, the fearnep pasture on  
Did keepe hir shepe, he was the sonne of King Laomedon:  
But leauing fire, and countrey both, aside their loue he laide,  
Then caught with sterie sparke of loue of that so gentle maide.

Bucolon  
son of Lao-  
medon.

In selfe same rancke Menepsoleme do wne dingeth Astile deade,  
Vlysses sworde doth at a blowe strike off Pidices head.  
Areton is by Teucer hurte, and tumbles in his bloud:  
Antiochus eke Nestors sonne, that forwarde souldiour god  
Ful well doth knowe to do as muche to Abler, there he glides  
His Janeline, wherewith dead he dies, it shot through both his sides.

Menepro-  
leme kiles  
Astile.  
Vlysses kiles  
Pidices.  
Teucer or  
uerthouvs  
Areton.  
Antiochus  
wvoundeth  
Abler to  
death.  
Agamemnon  
kils Elarus  
Leirus kils  
Philacus.

Agameinn seeing them thus slaine, he forwarde thrusteth on,  
And Elatus he doth slayde, whose lying lay vppon  
The pleasaunt bancke of *Satnyon* floud, whereas it was not small  
In *Pedase* towne cunle and riche, and stately platt withall.  
And Philacus taking his sight, Leytus with death him charmes:  
Euripilus seeing his friends doing suche feates of armes,  
Doth shake his dart, and at the first (he needes not many blowes)  
He doth Melanthius neuer reck, and dead him overthowes.

Euripilus  
kils Melan-  
chus.

Among

## The sixth Booke

Among the rest to hew himselfe desires Menclay,  
 He takes Adrestus there alieue, who then doth runne away:  
 But by ill lucke with Chariot to his horses braue did stumble  
 Against a stub of Juniper, that downe it fast doth tumble:  
 Wherewith the beame full soze it brake, the couriers, who wel knew  
 Themselues at large, to Troy the towne in course amaine they flew,  
 Leaning their Paster in the feldes: but Menclay, that false  
 Doth follow on, steppes at an ynche, when downe he sees him caste,  
 To slay him with his lostie launce vpon him he doth sie,  
 But Troyan killing there his knés, entreats him humbly.

Virgil hath  
 imitated  
 this in his  
 tenth Booke  
 of the A-  
 neides.

Thou Atreus sonne, I you beséech, graunt vnto me I say  
 Pardon of this my wretched life, such raunsome wil I pay,  
 As you your selfe will thinke right great, if graunt my sute you wil:  
 My fire is riche, a house he hath with sops on stuffed full,  
 Of icwels, gold, yron, and brasse, which whole shall be your owne,  
 And all he hathe me to redéme, when well it shall be knowne  
 I am alieue, to gaine this wealth, your mercie graunt to me:  
 As captiue Menelaus then to take him did agré,  
 Thinking to giue him to his folke, vnto his shippe or sent  
 To leade him safe: A stay doth come that failes the mind he meant.

Agamemnon  
 to Mencl.

For the great Gréke Agamemnon came to the Market than  
 With his brother, he chafte in rage, and thus to him beganne:  
 Thou colward great, what makes thy mind to pittie any whit  
 O: grieue for these false Troians here: haue they deserued it  
 Of thee at al: when in thy house as guests they harboured ware,  
 Did they deserue so good a turne, as thus thou shouldst them spare?  
 It shall not boote, for all the worlde in pées shal be tozne,  
 Yea ene the very sucking babes, and such as are not bozne,  
 They die shall at the bitter death, by these, these handes of ours,  
 And passe the swoorde, and in shorte time we shall enjoy their toures.

Agamemnon  
 to Adrest.

The chiestaine Gréke with these his wordes turnd Menelaus so,  
 As to his councell he consents, t his prisoner he doth go,  
 And thrusts and chases him away, Agamemnon was not stanche,  
 He fallies on him, and with a stripe he slayes him in the panche.  
 But for to plucke his faueline out, he forced was to stride  
 Vpon the carcasse: in the while there Nestor hard beside,

Ending



Tending the fight exhorts the Grækes, and thus to them he spoke:  
 O valiant friends you Mars his impes, courageous charging foke,  
 To gaine this victorie at hand stricke not to take some toile,  
 Give once a lustie charge, let not your mindes vpon the spoile,  
 Til that you see them murthered al, your darts and launces file  
 Their corpses in befoze the pray, that yet after a while  
 The glorie had, them at your ease and pleasure ye may strippe,  
 Then shall we in our romie kēles their wealth by treasure shippe.

These wordes enflamed to their harts, that victors they were than:

The Trojans put vnto the worse, vnto their Citie ranne,  
 And had forsaken cleane the field, but that King Priams sonne  
 Sage Helenus did keepe them backe, as they away did runne.  
 Who byewing well this cruel chase, to Hector there he hies,  
 And to Aeneas, vnto whome, sit in you two it lies

Helenus to  
Hector and

(Quoth he) the leading and the charge of all our men and bands,  
 As two the expertst princes here, that with our faction stands:  
 My friends, in this defeat you ought this day some meanes provide,  
 That it be easie, stay this reproche: what, stande and doe abide,  
 And shewe your selues diligent, do you our souldiours call  
 Together here befoze the gates, and do exhort them all  
 Againe the battel to beginne, if so they loue their liues,  
 And will not be in peeces cut befoze their dolefull wiues,  
 Pea in their bosomes and their lappes, who seeing so their sight  
 Shall be ashamed, we in the while wil trauaile all our might  
 To stay them, though our forces are diminished too much,  
 It yet will bote, we thus constrainde, by cause our neede is such,  
 And as for thee O Hector thou, according to my rede,  
 Thou shalt to Troy to Hecuba our gentle mother speede,  
 And will hir so: to call to hir the womens troupe eche one,  
 The chastest and the worthiest, and she with them to gone  
 Vnto the Temple reuerent of sage and wise Minerue  
 Inuincible, with such habites, as beste she doth referue  
 In all hir Courte, the richest stuffe, and chiefe laboured gear  
 With simple and with lowly heart devoutly let hir beare,  
 Them on the Goddesse heavenly knees with humble mind to lay,  
 With Orisones, to promise hir with crouched bow to pay

## The sixth Booke

Each yeare a solempne sacrifice, his saunour so to get,  
 Of Beues twelue, or Bulles that yet to yoke were neuer set.  
 Which also let them bring with them, that it may please his bend  
 To take in hand our babes and wines, and people to defend,  
 As far as may be, keeping off from this Citie of ours,  
 The cruel dreadfull Diomed: not al the Greekish powers  
 Togither set, as I beleue, can do so much in fight.  
 As he alone, I neuer sawe our folke in suche a plight  
 Forsake their ranches, and so askeard, no for Achilles hee  
 Paine thetis sonne, as I beheld them here away to flee,  
 By furie and by dreadfull actes of this redoubted Greeke,  
 Who to no other mortall man but to himselfe is like.

This was the prudent Helens minde, saying befoze his eyes  
 The daunger that his friends were in: Hector to him agrées,  
 And downe he commeth from his chare, two gallant bartes he held,  
 Among the stoutest souldiours then sozthwith himselfe he weld,  
 And like a stout and woorthy head he willes them weld their swordes  
 Yet once: The Troyans fiercely stand at those his onely wordes.

The Grecians were constrained then to stay and leaue the chace,  
 And to recule, saying them thus to thewe suche fearlesse face.  
 For they did feare some God fro skies was come down in their aide,  
 And made them turne est to the fight in suche a sodaine braide:

Hector exhortes his people.

Wherewith their courage Hector lauds, and gentelly them chéers:  
 O sovraine Knights and Citizens, my valiant friendly féres,  
 (Quoth he) to shew your selues like men the present time it bindes,  
 To helpe the peril we are in, put to your warlike mindes:  
 Now shew the prowesse oft to me you promist to employ,  
 March on with hardie countnaunce now, while I do go to Troy  
 Our Ladies al, and our good Quene, and ancient Dames t'entreat  
 To make their prayers to the Gods, and solempne vowes beheat,  
 That from this daunger it wil please their Godheads vs to shield.

Hector goes to Troy.

The Prince of prowesse ending thus, there left them in the field,  
 To Troy he goes, his targe yfackte, with sable leather thong  
 Well bypte him rounde, from shoulders his vnto his heeles it hong.

Glaucus advanced sozth himselfe these things a doing thus,  
 Th'illustre and the woorthy sonne of god Hippolochus,

There

There man to man to try himselfe, and shewe some badge of worth,  
 To whome the mightie warlike knight Diomed commeth forth:  
 But valiant Diomed at hand and wel disposed to fight,  
 Beso:e they ioyne, dothe speake him thus: Thou worthy champion  
 Among the rest a warlike one, a stout and sturdy squire, (Knight  
 to Glaucus.  
 What here wil come to deale with me, thy name I do desire,  
 (If so thou wilt) ful muche to knowe, so: why, I haue not sene  
 Thee in the warre so forward erst, thou hardie art I weare,  
 And armed wel with hope I see, and surely thinke to stand,  
 And to sustaine the waightie blowe of this my mightie hand:  
 Unhappy fathers I haue made ynow, their sonnes can tell,  
 Who hazard with me the fight, their soules haue sent to Hel.  
 But seeing this thy haute attempte, I so: am to suppose  
 Thou art a God from hie come downe, or else, him: selfe to lose  
 Some mortall man with simple sense: if so thou art a God,  
 Declare thy selfe, I wil giue place, and thou shalt haue the rod.

I wil not purchase to my selfe Licurgus danger so,  
 Who so: hys rashnesse to the Gods, reward receiued tho  
 Of wretched life and painefull death. On the mountaine of Nysse,  
 It happened that Licurgus there the women did aduise  
 To doe to Bacchus seruice due, his festalls when they were  
 With shippes of wine their heads vpon: but so he dothe them feare.  
 He following on, that eche constrainde the sacred Crowne they fall,  
 Whereat (god God) he doth reioyce and pleasures therewithall.  
 For why, the murderer with goade so soze them on did pricke,  
 And scott his fil, and worse than that, he rashly doth not sticke  
 To minde disgrace, yea, to the God, whome rudely he dothe chace,  
 And thunders out aloude his threats, but Bacchus flies apace,  
 And hardly scapeth from his clawes, and so: he goes his wayes  
 To marine Thetis, who receiues him gently in the seas,  
 Yea trembling yet so: feare to fall into the cruel poyze  
 Of suche a gripe. At this offence ful soze the Gods do lowze,  
 And so: with did reuenge the same, reauing Licurgus sight,  
 But so: a time: not so content, to punish him aright  
 His life they ended wretchedly: If so thou please, this while  
 Tel me thy name, who was thy sire, and vse therein no guile.

Licurgus  
despying  
the Gods.

Licurgus  
lost his  
sight.

## The sixth Booke

And if thou art no God, but one that feedes with wine and beere;  
Draue me, if thy desire it be here to be tumbled dead.

Glauco  
answers  
Diomedes.

Then Glauco boldly answered him, and with a comely grace,  
Dost thou enquire of my descent: quoth he, mankinde the race  
Is fraille, and fading like the leaues, and hath no longer time:  
For as we see the bzaunches greene, alway when happes the time,  
Yclad with leaues, with Autumne winds down tumbles off the trees  
With hard and hoarie frostes, wherewith their verdure they do lese,  
And when the colde hath played his part, their hue againe they haue:  
One so mankinde to day aliue, to morrowe in his grave.

A notable  
specche.

And if to day one yeelde his life, another commes as faste,  
One dead, one borne, and so it commes the stoe it stil doth last.  
But if you long to vnderstand my house, my stocke, and kinne,  
Though almost al men knowe the same, and worthy it hath bin:  
Yet barke, and I will tel the same. In *Argos* godly land,  
The which for seeding beares the name, there *Ephyra* doth stand,  
A Citie of so great repozte whereas their Court they held  
My parents god, and sceptres eke in Princely state did wield.

Glauco tel  
his offspring

Of *Eolus* the first was sonne the mightie *Sisyphus*,  
Who did enioy such masse of wealth, and he begat *Glauco*:  
Of *Glauco* came *Bellerophon*, such honoz great that got,  
To whome the Gods as singular, with liberall loue did lot  
Beside the fauour and the shap, which happes to him alone,  
Such force and strength, as to the like arriued neuer none.  
That time a King *Proetus* bight in *Greece* did sceptre holde,  
Whose wealth was great, vnder whose raigne th'immoztal Gods so  
*Bellerophon* his tender yeares and youth with him he spends, (would  
Who had his linage much in price: but there the King pretends  
Gainst him, and to procure his death he after both conspire:  
Not willingly, but woude thereto by the wicked desire  
Of *Andia* his wife, who then endamde with whozish loue,  
Could finde no meanes to haue hir will, nor pong mans sancte moue:  
So, though she sued earnestly, lamented, whinde, and howld,  
Wherefore in mode she turnd to spite, when nothing gaine she could.  
So that the vehement liking turnd to hate, yea, by and by,  
One day she commes hir husband to with countnance like to die,

Proetus.

And

# of Homers Iliades.

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And spake him thus: chuse of these two and thinke to do the one,  
 Either to die thy selfe, or else to slay Bellerophon.  
 Who gone about hath to assault thy honoz, it to blot,  
 Speaning by force to ransish me, when as prevailed not  
 His sawning toyes and sewing tales, to end his sonde desire  
 Thus sets the trayterous laide the king with griefe and wroth a fire,  
 Who straight doth thinke to be reuendge, yet daemes not he it wel  
 Bycause he was one of his house, in house him there to quell,  
 He likes of treason in the case, to treason then he goes:  
 Malicious, false, and ful of guile he letters doth compose,  
 Which he vnto his father in law king Rheon sends away  
 The Lycian prince to deale herein, he doth king Rheon pray  
 And that without returne of word he cause the bearer die.  
 When as Proetus thus had writ, the pong man presently  
 He sendeth forth, he takes his way, with gods his guides he goes,  
 In Lye they cause him to arrive, where head of Xanthus flows,  
 Which florid the prouince watereth: At his first lighting there  
 The prince receiue him curteously, with tope and tople cheare.  
 Nine days throughtout right bzaue they feast, & baquets were not bad,  
 Nine chosen Bênes on th'alters layde, th'immortall Gods they had.  
 And all so welcome this ne w guest: And now when commeth & tenth,  
 The king then of Bellerophon to know the message menth:  
 And whether that he letters brought had from his son in law,  
 The packet false he toke the king, which hauing red, he saw  
 The treason and the dâde denisoe, he saine and holdes him stil,  
 Spinding the letters whole effect at ful soz to fulfil,  
 And soz to kil the messenger, his force yet wil he say,  
 Against Chimere he him emploes that monster dire to slay,  
 The gaskfullst thing that ere was sene: which beaſt & Gods on ble,  
 To see reuendge the hateful facts of humaine trecherie,  
 Had forme by nature of such shape, ful hedious and ful rare.  
 The head and breast right Lion like, the midst the forme it bare  
 Of Goate, behind like Dragon hâde, and moze, from him there gone  
 Right terrible flames which forth he breathes And yet Bellerophon  
 (Though fel he were as fel might be) the beaſt he doth assaile,  
 With fauour of the Gods, and of his wil he doth not sayle.

Bellero-  
phons let-  
ters.

Description  
of the Chi-  
mere.

Bellerophons  
kills the  
Chimere.



He slayes  
the Solimo-  
is and the  
Amazones.

Belle, slayes  
an ambush-  
ment of the  
Lycians.

For after wearie toyle, in felds the beast he stoutely slue,  
That done, the *Solymes* down he backs, and quite them ouerthrew.  
Report so goes, him much it please the *Solymes* to haue slaine,  
And yet beside all this, the king commaundeth him agayne  
To try with maine an Amazon, but still he was so steele  
With heart so good, as victor he dead left them in the feld.  
At length to make an end of him, a bushment doth prouise  
Of *Lycians* to set on him, harde by a fountaine side.  
But al in vaine, for no not one of all the packed craft  
Did once returne vnto their home, for murdered them he left.  
Wherewith the king repents the guile, he stands amazed dum  
And knoweth wel that from the Gods, the victorie did come,  
Who knew him innocent, himself his deedes doth disallow,  
With him for his own quiet he doth minde to keepe him now.  
For his preferment him to giue his daughter wife to be,  
And halfe the whole of al his raigne, to ioyne sure amitie  
The courteous virgin giuen him was, and for his place to dwell  
The fertilest soyle, two sons he had of this faire Damoel,  
A daughter eke, Ifander first, the next a warlike knight  
Hippolochus, Laodomie his daughter sayze she hight,  
Whom Ioue did wish to haue to friend: with brand of Ioue did swate  
Diuine Sarpedon in hir wombe, himself he left hir great  
But after this it was not long, but that Bellerophon  
Did lose the fauour of the Gods and stirde them euery one:  
He hates himself, he companie flies, he coznors eke doth seke  
He wanders by and down his grounds most wad and frantike like.  
Therfore his fields are wandring calld, againe of very spight  
God Mars his son Ifander stapes a man of haughtie might  
To weloe in war both club and sword, the *Solymes* soze him dye.  
Again, Diane as ruthlesly doth slay Laodomie.  
Of al the thre there rested but my sire Hippolochus,  
Who Glaucus gane me vnto name and hither sent me thus  
In Tropan war with many a band here of his Countrey brado,  
And wilde me soz to purchase pyce and prayse among the god,  
Wherby not to degenerate mine auncient parents fro,  
Whose great renowne *Epira* wals and *Licia* land doth know.

# of Homers Iliades.

III

Diomedes  
to Glaucus.

At your request now haue I tolde my name, my stocke, and race,  
And what occasions any way haue brought me to this place.

Diomed at thout Glaucus words long tentise care doth hold,  
He doth reioyce and marnaple much at things that then he told.  
His iaueline right he sticketh down with words ful curteously,  
And friendly chere he thus begins: redoubted are quoth he,  
Betwene your friends and mine long sith I see by your report  
Was friendship deare, and great welcome, the which in euery sort  
Posteritie we ought to keepe: Oeneus my grandfire  
Lodged twentie dayes Bellerophon, who sayde not from his fire,  
He vsing him in al respects like perfect friend and guest:  
And at the time he shoulde depart, that friendship stil might last,  
One friend vnto the other then a Princely present gaue,  
Of the aliaunce to remaine as witnesse for to haue.

Oeneus gaue a girle bzane enricht with boydery,  
I pickt out of his arming house, of crimson purple die,  
Bellerophon a gobblet round of gold ful bright he bare  
To him againe, (which comming forth to war, wher now we are)  
I left at home. As for my fire and also for your owne,  
What proue of friendship since they had, to me it is vnknownen,  
I lost him in my childehode I, when he with mightie power  
In Thebes towne did lose his life, where then he had the scoure  
With many a Gretia knights he brought, with so long time doth lay  
The roote of friendship, I do iudge to let it not decay.

Wherby, if you shoulde hap to come to Grekish pleasant coast,  
You might your lodging take with me your faithful friende and host  
For euermore. And I also passing your Countrey by,  
Will take your house, and you as host and friend assuredly.  
And for a perfect token now of this accorde to smite,  
If in this war we hap to meet, let vs two leane the sight,  
And turne elswhere, for why me thinkes the nede it is not so,  
We two to deale in doubtful marte hauing so many a foe  
On euery side, with whom to loyne: to cause the standers by  
Hereafter not to thinke it much of this our amitie,  
It god is we do make a change, giue me (if so you please)  
Your armour, and you shal haue mine, ful tough at al assays,

which

Di. & Glau-  
cus change  
the armour  
one with  
another.

With this they lighted and took hands, Diomed of him fro  
His brazen Armour took, and it on Glaucus did bestowe.  
Who straight gave him his harness braue of gold so riche and fine:  
To make such chaunge al iudgement loue took from *h Lycians eyne.*  
For why, his sumptuous furniture was great, of balne much,  
It well was worth an hundred beues, the price of it was such.  
But, that which he receaude againe, to make a iust accompte,  
And to esteeme it, to the worthe of bullockes nine did mount.

Hec. comes  
to Troy.

This while vnto the Citie comes the tollie Hector he,  
Where at the gates in numbers great the women swarming be,  
Demaunding diuers things of him, she asketh for her sonne,  
She for her father deare, she what is with her brother done.  
Another how her husband fares: but he to all their call  
To satisfie them any whit, doth aunswere nought at all,  
But willes them pray vnto the Gods with sacrifice and teare  
Now for the safetie of the towne, which greatly was to feare.

Descriptio-  
on of Pri-  
am's  
pallace.

From thence to Priames sumptuous court, *h* vertuous pynce doth hie,  
The pallace gaie with marble blake is built full go;groulie.  
In midst thereof king Priamus did sitte lodgings reare  
Vnto his chldzen and their wiues, which onely lodgings were.  
Twelue more against them he had built, which glue away he would  
To great and lostie Lords, the which his daughters marrie should.

Hecuba to  
Hector.

Dame Hecuba his mother olde at th'entrie he doth mete  
Going most courteous Laodice her daughter for to gréte.  
She staies, and takes him by the hand, and gently thus begunne:  
Why leave you thus your tried folke my Hector dérest sonne?  
Goes our affaires now backward still? I feare it so alacke,  
The Grékes are sure here at our walles, & Trojans goe to worcke,  
Which makes you thus in hast to come, the mightie loue to pray  
For their safegard: with me a while yet dérest sonne doe stay,  
That I to you some pleasaunt wine may bzing, and readie make,  
Before you sacrifice shall doe, refreshing for to take  
Vnto your ouerhauled limmes, with toile and trauaile tozned:  
God wine can much to strength *h* wight, that wearie is and woyned.  
For feare I feble ware, no wine bzing me quoth Hector he,  
By to much drinke least of my selfe forgetfull I might be.

The force  
of wine.  
Hector to  
Hecuba.

And

And ill it were a smered knight with blond, with dust, and sweats  
 Not waite before, with prayers his the Gods so to entreate:  
 But mother mine, the dames of state in Troy assemble yet,  
 And other Citizens also, you first example be.  
 Unto Minervas temple goe, hir fauour do imploze,  
 Bestow on hir the costliest robe you haue in all your store.  
 Deuoutly lay it on hir knees, on prayers set your care,  
 Dearely beghit twelue Bols of grease, that neuer poked were.  
 That she these wretched people here in byz tuition haue,  
 That she Diomedes (of our folke in slaughter who doth raue)  
 Do keepe far off, and far aloofe our sacred turrets fro:  
 My brother Paris I will seke, and wil him that he go  
 Unto the Campe, but of my word God knowes what wil betide.  
 Oh would to God, wheras he standes, the ground would open wide  
 To swallow him in depth thereof, the Gods haue giuen him life,  
 Sure to king Priams utter ruine, or to his endlesse grieve,  
 And of vs all his children too, who else in fame and blisse  
 Might haue triumphed with the rest, my only wish it is  
 That of his latter end I here the carke it would me leaue,  
 That so: ceth now my heauie thought, and makes my hart to heane.

Hector des  
 fires the  
 death of  
 Paris.

With this the noble prince doth part, and Hecuba she bends  
 Unto hir lodging backe againe, and thence hir women sends  
 To go entreate the worthy dames, that they come to hir thyther.  
 She all bewept to chamber comes, wel swate and deckt togither.  
 To ward: o be then, wheras were pilde of robes no number smal,  
 Bewrought with needle Iuagrie, of pretious stufte them al  
 Which byz trickes sonne sir Paris he, had brought from Sidon the  
 With the faire Græke, on Hecuba the same he did bestow:  
 Among them all the Quene chose one, so: worke, the best y might,  
 The balme in odour it did match, the starke in his light  
 So brighter was then it of hue. Also she kept it layde  
 In bottome of hir cosser coucht, about most gorgeous wayde.  
 With heart deuoute than wayted on with numbers in a row,  
 Unto the Goddesse temple large wyth others she doth go.  
 In midst of all the pallace great no sower there they came,  
 But that Theano Antenors wife did open them the same.

Hecuba  
 with the  
 Trojan  
 dames goes  
 to the tem-  
 ple of Pallas  
 Theano  
 Antenors  
 wife hath  
 the charge  
 of the tem-  
 ple.

A.

The ple,

## The sixth Booke

The doores of gold the doth vnbar, vnfolded, rich, and large  
 Of this gay Church by Trojans all as priest she had the charge.  
 Now thither come, the Dames in troupe with reared hands on hie  
 They make their bowes, they strike their breasts, & howle so piteous  
 And then the worthy Theano the ropall roabe she laide (crys  
 On Pallas knees with humble grace, and forthwith thus she prayde:  
 O chaste Minerva, o clemencie diuine and sacred scene,  
 Of this fortreffe and Trojan folke who garbaine sure hath bene,  
 The prayers I beseech thee heare, which we to thee commende,  
 In this thy house, that of our woes we once may haue an ende.  
 We pray thee that the stoutest Greeke (Diomedes is he)  
 Be beaten down at Scea gate, his lance eke broken be.  
 That done, vpon the altar we our sacrifice wil do  
 Oforen twelue, in thy service as many yearely to,  
 If so thou helpe vs at this plundge: this prayze she did addresse,  
 But Pallas to accept the same in sooth thought nothing lesse.

Thrones  
 prayer to  
 Pallas.

This while comes Hector to the place, where tricked sir Paris lay,  
 A cunning piece of building, yea both costly, rich, and gay,  
 Which Trojan maister builders had made vp in point deuise,  
 A court it had, where kitchen, hall, and Chambers round do rise.  
 Unto king Priams mansion chiefe it ioyned was at hand.  
 This balaunt Prince with steeled lance he holding in his hand  
 Sire sote in length with golden poynnt, vnto the place doth draw  
 So sumptuous, where his brother he Alexander saw  
 Well occupped in deede of praise, his targe and armour bright  
 He furbushes, his bow himselfe he rubs, and semely dight.  
 Heleinos sits by, amidst hir mapdes, that they may cunning be  
 She studies, and sozethinks some workes, that pretiest shew may be.  
 Then Hector thus his talke began frowning with moodie cheare:  
 What cause is there oh cursed thou that keepes thee idle here?  
 What tethynesse thus to thy house doth make thee draw aback,  
 Sith wel thou knowst that for thy sake the Trojans go to wracke,  
 And lackt must needs this Citie be, who haue this war begun  
 Only for thee: thou seing one, who from the field should run,  
 Doughtst to crye open shame on him, but now thou hidst thy head,  
 As ringleader and toward chiefe of all that ere was byed.

He chideth  
 Paris.



So quickly now and do thy best, if so thou do desire  
To save the towne from spoyle and wast, and from the Greekish fire.

Tell Paris tho, bearing him chide so roughly in his mode,  
O brother Hector answerde straight, sith of your meaning god  
You moued are, yet please it you my scuse for to allow.

Paris answer  
svers He-  
cartsouly.

So yet not wath with any one retire doth make me now,  
It is but only my mishap, to ease by time I thought  
My griefe, & curteous Helene here with me al means now wrought,  
Perswading me with milde exhortes mine armour on to pul,  
And for to leaue this idle sit, and surely so I wil,  
It giues me this day should be mine, for victorie is so,  
To day a friend it is to some, and yet to morrow foe.

Stay here a while till I be armed, or else go forthward yet,  
Straight at this geare, hard at their heels you shal me busie see.

The balliant Hector these his words seeme nothing to regard,  
Wherefore with milde and humble grace Helene drew to him-ward:

Helene to  
Hector.

O brother mine in law quoth she so worthy of the same,  
(If I a wretched woman may of sister haue the name,  
Who am no better than a dogge) when life I was assignde,  
Unto some desert mountaine top would God some whirlewinde

Had cast me by, or in the sea my carcase throtten would,  
By ending life, this mischief all auoyded then I should:  
But though that by the whole consent of all the Gods on hie,  
The instrument of al the ills, must needs be none but I:  
Yet ought I haue a better spouse of wisdom and of sight  
To looke vnto his own affaires, that vnderstand he might  
When one doth speake to his reproch, that to his blame doth tal,  
But for to know his wealth or want this hath no sense at al.  
And what so he shal take in hande, know wel shal end as il.

O noble, deare, and brother mine beseech you now I wil  
Come in, sit downe here in this chaire, oh thorough griened wight,  
I wel perceue and see in you the dolour of your spright,  
For vs two captiues you sustaine, for that we did offend:  
The gods if calling to their mindes, do ordain wretched end,  
Which shal be song in euery rime, and rung in euery raigne.

Unto dame Helens curteous words bold Hector sayth againe:

Hector to  
Helene.

A. y.

Though

## The sixth Booke

Though this pꝛocēde all of god wil, it cannot foꝛce me stay,  
 Foꝛ things I haue now in my heade, call me another way,  
 And that I hast into the Campe to comfort and to chere  
 God Trojans all, who greatly wish (I know) to see me there.  
 And lady mine, you shal do wel to wil him arme apace,  
 And if he present follow me, he wisely in thys case  
 Shal do: oꝛ take me going soꝛth: foꝛ now to see I go  
 My house, my some, my gentle spouse, foꝛ little do I know  
 Whether at wil another day it please the Gods on me,  
 That I may see them once againe, as tyme this day I dye.

Ending his talke, his lodging to with pace he stalketh on,  
 Andromacha the pꝛinceſſe great he found that she was gone  
 Unto a tower with hir son, a nurse, and wailing mayde,  
 Where thinking on hir husbands broyles, soꝛth tears amaine she layde.

Hector to  
 his viues  
 maydes.

Unto the Maides quoth Hector then your mistresse where is she?  
 What, is not she now gone abꝛoad some sister hers to see,  
 O: to my good sisters there hir griefe to put away,  
 And so to passe the time with them: now sirs do quickly say,  
 O: with my mother at the bowes in that deuoutful rue,  
 Presenting Pallas sacrifice with them both she ensue?

One of the  
 maydes to  
 Hector.

With Hecuba she is not gone, quoth one, sith you wil knowe,  
 Foꝛ to hir tolly sisters she, alas she tenders so  
 Your (state oh Hector) that she swels (she is to careful plaine)  
 Foꝛ frantike like with hir swete son she ran with might and maine,  
 Into the keepe, supposing that the Trojans lost the fight,  
 Eke in the iourney you had quayle, and life had ended quite.

Scaman-  
 drius.

With this sir Hector tournes his steps, & then the streets he thrēds,  
 And lanes, that faire and ample were, and soꝛth apace he spēds  
 To Seas gate where bode the Campe, Andromacha by hap  
 Doth meete him right, hir dārest sonne, and eide in hir lap,  
 Whom Hector cleapt Scamandrius, but Trojans other wise  
 Alhanax, as son to him, from whom their health did rise,  
 Foꝛ so did right his name import, the Hector stoune this while  
 Doth herewith very pleasaunt ware, and smothly gan to smile.  
 Metewing his son as cleare as star that cloudelesse heauen beares.  
 But then his wife with wailing great, and stoe of gushing teares,

With

With humble there drew to him me, and thus he tale began,  
 Clasp'ing his hand: O to thine owne most hard unchristious man,  
 Thy sozwarde minde shall the vnde in midst of flourishing life:  
 Hast thou no pittie of this childe, ne yet of me thy wife?  
 Dost thou not see the dolefull end, that I pose wether shall gaine?  
 If thou go aside nōw thy comforts, a widow is remaine:  
 The Grækes conspire against thee all, and trauel all they may,  
 They most do gape to haue thy bloud, but yet before that day,  
 Mercilesse deuide thou earth, and me deuoure allie,  
 What top to me when thou art gone, or which way may I thinee?  
 What, is ther lone, or wiuely care with mine that match may make:  
 Shall I hereafter be content another spouse to take:  
 No, no, I that desie, no mirth can chaunce me so,  
 The whiche of thee can cause me let the swete remembraunce go:  
 What, shall I to my parents trudge, of them to seeke reliefe:  
 What, out alas they all are dead: O bel and heauie grieve.  
 Diuine Achilles in his dædes, after that he had pillo  
 And bozne away their treasures great, and had the offches fill  
 Of Thebes, with the walles thereof, whose fame far strangers knew,  
 His warlike hands right cruely in bloud he did imbue  
 Both of my fire, and of his sonnes, who strong and valiant were,  
 The King my fathers armoz: yet he would not off him selfe,  
 To cindyes both he them consume, and off he did riot drawe  
 The furniture, for why, he stode of mightie Gods in awe.  
 A Tombe to him he rearde, whereas vnder the bzaunches græne  
 To pleasure take and spozte themselves the Panphs Orestads bane,  
 Delighting there great stoz of Climes be-planted they haue made  
 About the same, where they at ease may play them in the shade.  
 The father dead, his bote did foze the seauen sonnes to yelde,  
 He slue them dolone in Cicilie encamped in the field.  
 My mother Quæne with pensuenesse and sozrow fully fraught  
 Was captiue made, who found such means, & so by ransome wrought,  
 That she deliuered was at length, with manner fullie rare  
 Diana wrought against hir then, with bolue botw dead hir bare.  
 O Hector deere, do notwe behold Andromacha hir case,  
 Of fire, of dame, of brother eke, and spouse thou haste the place,

A. 17,

The

Hector to  
Andromeda.  
ccl.

I the beseech this my request of mine may graunted be,  
 Haue pittie on this petic boy, an orphane, if thou die,  
 Haue some regarde, and call to minde the wretched creature I,  
 Who life and wh' hode maye not haue, into this towne ascende  
 To heere the same, and round about call soulblooz to defend  
 The wall whereas it lyeth low; for foure times we haue seene  
 The Ajax twaine with many a Greke, and also I do mene  
 With bold and doubtie Diomede, to force al what they can  
 To mount the same by haunte heart o; Augure some set an.  
 These words oere wise, quoth Hector tho, which wil me thus to care,  
 Both day and night, such mind and thought still my companions are,  
 My head long sith hereon I set, yet nothing can I frame  
 That profite wil, I greatly feare that ay reprochful shame,  
 Which on me this wretched folke with open throte wil cry  
 When absent from this warre I am, where I so wel do try:  
 My heart to alter from his wont it also doth disoatne,  
 It prickes me forth to purchase same, that cuer shal remaine.  
 I know right wel the time shal come, the Greks wil take this towne,  
 Priam, my parents, kinne and friends to death pbeaten downe,  
 My brothers almost passe the sword: To see them so to dye  
 My fire, my dame, my bjothzen all, and nearest friendes them by,  
 I shal not grieve for them so much, as grieve for thee I haue.  
 And most, to thinke, that of some Greke thou shalt become the slave,  
 Who to his countrie shal thee leade to tease and tosse his wul,  
 He shal thee put from day to day to spinne, to picke and pull.  
 And in the midst of al the heat, from spring his water drawe,  
 Which needes must pinch thee at the heart, but pcede it hath no late.  
 And often shal the passers by say, A wke who ponder is,  
 The wife of valiant Hector loe, who in the field with his  
 Such fame and great renoume did get, whi Grekians compass round  
 The great and mightie towne of Troy, and tare it to the ground.  
 How great to heare my name rehearst shal then thy dolors be,  
 And that my helpe thou canst not haue est to recover thee,  
 But ere the waylings I wil heare of thee my captiue wife,  
 The earth shal hap this corple of mine, and I wil lose my life.  
 Which this the valiant prince doth hide his carke and inwarde grieve,  
 And

And out doth put his hands to take his sonne the pretie leste,  
A little pretie bulchion fat, seeing the dreadfull crest  
And armes, cries and calls his name, and nibzels in his breast.  
With this the courteous parentes they smile at the prettie grasse  
Of that the babe, and Hector he his sonne soz to embrace,  
Doth set aside his lostie helme, he him doth call and kisse,  
With pleasant mind he holds him softe and soznd his praers thus.

O mightie Gods, ye soueraigne Lords, request this grant to me,  
That once this boy triumphantly a doubtles man may be, Hectors  
prayer to  
the Gods.  
Among his folke as nowe I am: Also when I am dead,  
Giue him the honoz, that he may the Trojans guide and leade:  
That men may say, when they shall see him prosper in such case,  
Howe farre the sonne the father doth in deedes of armes surpasse.  
And when the spoiles as conquerour from sojraine foes he pull,  
His mother she may see the same, hir top it may be full.

The child he giues his mother nowe, who takes it in hir hand,  
She smiles therewith, yet in hir eyes the water sal doth stand.  
He rues thereat, to hir he dratwes hir sorowle to delay,  
About the necke he takes hir fast, and thus beganne to say.  
My dearest spoule these waylings leaue, and take not thus at heart  
My death, thou knowest well ynough we al must hente departs.  
No man can boast that he is free from death and from his bloot,  
For from the first day of our byth to death we subiects goe.  
And as for me, this body, who, and life shal part in twaine,  
Shall pay full deare, and haue no cause to gloze of his gaine.  
I shal not die before my time: God wile so: Gods sake goe  
Come to thy house, be of god cheare, and leane to graue the so,  
Do passe the time to winde and rale, & with your maids to spinne,  
Commaunde, and order take, that they god wo:kewomen may bin.  
And let vs men see to the fiede, and loke what needfull is,  
And I (as alwayes) now to be the sozmest wil not misse.  
With this from ground his helme he takes, & on his head it weares  
Home goes Andromacha with sighes, and seas of sobbing teares.  
When she into hir house doth come she findeth weeping eyes,  
The seruants al do sobbe and howle with spail and heauy cripes,

Between



## The sixth Booke

Be weeping Hector thus they say: On this ebbe knight a lacke  
 We neuer shall see eyes againe, this day will be his wracke.  
 Some, fit and true, Graue this day shall waite his death & harme.

Paris fol.  
 Iorvca He-  
 dor.

Comparis

Paris againe makes no abode, he hasteth fast to arme,  
 He after Hector runneth nowe, he trusteth in his force,  
 And eke in his agilite. And like vnto the horse,  
 That in the stable halter doth and headstall cracke in twaine,  
 And slippeth out the house apace into the fields amaine,  
 With many frisks and yerks behinde, his head doth cast aloft,  
 At last vnto some pleasant streame doth pare, and trottest soft,  
 Wherein to wash and play himselfe, and haply there doth finde  
 Some lustie Mare vpon the bancke to assuage his raging minde:  
 One so fit Paris tall and trike, in citie shewes ful haue,  
 Vnto the sunne his Armes and targe the like for brightnesse haue.  
 As Hector left Andromacha, he meetes him in the towne,  
 He going forth, he greeteth him, and thus beganne therewith:

Paris to  
 Hector.

Hector to  
 Paris.

O brother deare and eldest borne, w' abode deserueth blame  
 In staying nowe thus long, sith that you willo me haste the same.  
 All in good time quoth Hector then that doubtie Trojan he,  
 None can thee iustly giue reproach how worthy that he be,  
 When to the field thou settst thy mind, thou lustie art and light,  
 A bauntage great, but slowly oft thou drawest to the fight,  
 He wil not mend thy pace one whit, nor leaue one toke of will,  
 It grieues me most that so thou givst thy selfe to pleasure still.  
 And chiefly, when the Trojans they see thy doings blame,  
 They byding many deadly brunts, do babble to thy shame.  
 Well, let vs go against these Grekes, our forces so to lay,  
 These brutes ful wel we may appease, if haply come the day.  
 Hauing our enemies put to flight, the condigne sacrifice  
 Vnto the hie immortall Gods on Altars they may rise.

*Finis sexti Libri.*

# The seauenth Booke.

**N**owe warlike Hector both depart  
 with Paris out the towne,  
 They willing both in armes to the warre  
 some deede of great renowne.  
 And like as after stormie flawes  
 that dares the shipmen soze,  
 In deepest sea against the winds  
 there strine with arme and oze,  
 God sends a present calme to cease that dreadfull tempest blasse:  
 Euen so the Trojans ouerhaeld doe comfort at the last,  
 When as they sawe these brethren two marching befoze their sight,  
 Who, well they knewe sufficient were so; to maintaine the fight,  
 They were no sooner come, but that they slae two Greekish soes,  
 The front Menesthius to the ground by Paris hand he goes,  
 In Arna towne he sceptre held, of king Areitho bred,  
 Who young, with faire and glassie eyes Philomedusa wed.  
 Hector with sharpe ppointed launce Ioneus both slae,  
 Twene curer, and his go; get both the skelle it maketh waye.

Hector and  
 Paris re-  
 turn to the  
 battaile.

Compass:  
 64.

Paris kylls  
 Menesthius.  
 as.

Hector  
 slaies Ioneus.  
 as.  
 Glaucus  
 kylls Iphimachus.  
 as.

Pallas de-  
 scends to  
 Troy.

Apollo to  
 Pallas.

Glaucus doth Iphimachus dinge downe on earth doth fall,  
 The raines eke of his horse the blowe did force him leane withall.  
 The slaughter Pallas seeinge nowe thus of these Grecians thræ,  
 And the confusion of the rest, which likely was to be,  
 Full mowde, and grieved to see the sight, vnto the Trojan towne  
 Descends from high Olympe, Phoebus that sawe hir comming downe,  
 (He sat vpon the wall, to vnderstande howe ende the battaile shall,  
 Which in the fauour he doth wishe of Troy and Trojans all)  
 He finely comes vnto hir straight, quoth he vnder this Wæche  
 I count it best you rest your selfe, and thus beganne his spæche.  
 You daughter of the mightie God, shew me th'occasion why  
 You now are sene here in this place come downe so speedily, (leakes,  
 Sure great affaires, or else some cause, which muche your minde it  
 The victorie from Trojans god to giue vnto the Grekes.

H.

And

## The seauenth Booke.

And is not that your meaning now, your purpose and intent  
To see the Trojan towne destroyed, his buildings all to rent?  
It better were (in my aduise) this day to cease the warre,  
And eist they may beginne their fields, and fights wherein they ar,  
Till that such time the citie there to sacke and pillage goe,  
Sith that you Gods with one remorce, of force will haue it so :

Pallas to  
Apollo.

Apollo to  
Pallas.

The Goddesse answerde then : Agreed, for so I meane aright,  
Of purpose I descended betwne to state these folke from fight,  
Wherefore: sake the way to seuer now fro this daies warre these wights.  
Apollo sothde : quoth he therto, of all these gallant knights  
Let Hector bold march boldly on, and chalenge so: to trie,  
Pea man to man the stoutest foe, with him to liue or die.  
This byaue demand will much amaze the stoutest of their hands,  
And they will point some odde man out with him to mingle hands,  
And thus this battaile shall haue end. Apollos saying thed  
Unto his graue and learned skill, sothwith it was agreed.

Helenus to  
Hector

Then sage and prudent Helenus, who there their secret knewe  
By ghost diuine, with courteous wordes lowlie to Hector dytwe.  
Quoth he, my dearest bzoether now, to me thine eare attend,  
And maruaile not, though to aduise, and euerie way I bend  
My selfe to aduance thy great renowne, sith byethzen both we be,  
I cannot chuse to doe my best, as duetie doth agree.  
Causc Grækes and Trojans to retire with voice and courage bie,  
Aduance thy selfe, if any Græke will out this quarrell trie  
Upon him, doe, so; by the fates this day thou shalt not dye,  
I haue it from the mightie Gods, whose counsell cannot lye.

Hector right lolly marcheth on, out of the rancks he goes,  
His lance full long in midst he held, he willes the leaue their blowes,  
He byzings his squadrons backe againe, he shot he bids retire,  
The Grækes stand fast, they order kepe, and newes they doe desire.  
Agamemnon eke to harken to, made Grecians to abide.

Pallas and  
Apollo sit  
on a Beech

Both Pallas and Apollo then seeing on euerie side  
The dardes to cease, upon a Beeche of armes a mightie tre  
The God and Goddesse they doe sit, as Vulturs there they be.  
They doe delight such puissant cries in field to see so still.  
The Battailons yet soundly knit on ground doe lie at will,

with

With toles of warre at elbowes end, much like the Ocean waue,  
 Which working strome, not green, but black doth make & colour haue  
 When Hector arme at euerie point thus spake vnto them all, (fall, the Greeks and Troy,  
 Hearke both ye Grækes & Tropan knights what to your wealth may and  
 Betwene these campes the treatiees swoyne, & paris so firmly fast,  
 Imperfect are, of no effect, as none had euer past.  
 Ioue in this daunger hath vs lapt, n' accord he will allotue,  
 He doth determine in his minde, with malice he doth bove,  
 He all a cruell sacrifice of vs doth meane to make,  
 As thus: that either you the Grækes our Tropan towne shall take,  
 Or that your iourney shall returne to you both voide and baine,  
 Or hardly by vs Tropan set, quite beaten downe and slaine.  
 And now I knowe it verie well, that in your campe you haue  
 As to defend, so to assaile both souldiours sytte and byaue,  
 And valiant men, single to me the strong and stoutest knight,  
 Let him nowe here his manhood trie, and cope with me in fight.  
 I will abide the man, and truth and faith I giue withall,  
 To which (if so it needfull is) I Ioue to witnesse call,  
 If victor of me so to be so luckie be his chance,  
 And in my bowels that he doe imbzwie his warlike launce  
 Take he my spoyle vnto his shippes, my bodie let it rest  
 Without outrage, let Tropan take it to the fierie feast.  
 Let them the ashes gather vp: And if him vnder soote  
 That I doe tread Apollo graunt, I craue no other boote  
 But that his harneys I may haue, to *Iliou* thether I,  
 In temple his a relique signe to set and hang on hie.  
 And so; his carcase send I will, the Grækes they shall it haue,  
 Who in the shoze of *Hellespani* the reon may reare his graue,  
 That if hereafter to this land a straunger take his way,  
 And with the tombe doe haply meete, full iustly he may say:  
 Here lies intombde the doughtie Græke, whom Hector charging hard  
 Downe due, although he shewde the part of knight of great regard.  
 For valure and for force: and loe, thus shall a foraine saye,  
 Whereby my fame and great renouine shall last for euer and aye.  
 This spech so stunt and sodaine sayed yelos all the troupe abasht,  
 Ech doubting to accept the fight, they blushing all are dasht.

Hector calls  
 the Grækes  
 to periculus  
 lar Cobat.

Epytaph  
 by antici-  
 pation.

Menelaus  
 angry  
 with the  
 Grækes.

R. g.

Menelaus,

Menelaus, who marked all, and how they stood, he greiue  
 In furie great, he out doth come, and sighes he deeply dyetwe.  
 O villaine Grekes (quoth he) in wordes ech proude & hardie speaks,  
 But come to dedes, you quaille alacke like faint and coward freakes.  
 O Grekes infamed too much, what, Grekish men: not so,  
 But rather Grekish wiues, what shame and filthy speech will goe  
 Of you for this your cowardize: with hart not standing out  
 With Hector here to iopne, for why, you daungers dreadfull doubt:  
 And without further mouing hence, that ye to earthy molde  
 Doe turne (your faults to plague) I pray of else to water cold.  
 And as for me, I will me arme, the combat I allowe,  
 With hardie minde I it accept, I knowe it well ynowe  
 The losstie Gods as best they please bestowe the victorie:  
 Thus Menelau doth blame his mates, and armour on both tpe.  
 And now at hand O Menelau was end of all thy toiles,  
 Thy death was sure in Hectors hands, whose skill in warlike broiles  
 And strength of arme surmounts the sarre, & but the Grekish kings  
 Had come and stayde the, Agamem, he by the hand the wings,  
 And much misliking this thy Ate, with rage quoth he thou asle,  
 Thou fondling thou, thinkst thou thy strength of force to bring to passe  
 To matche this doughtie Tropan here, to whom, of Grekish race  
 Not one, howe skoute so ere he be, dare boldly thewe his face:  
 Achilles no: he greatly doubteth with him in field the frate.  
 Dyawe backe and quiet keepe thy selfe, we shall finde out a way  
 To end this cause, we shall finde one shall make him stirre his stumps,  
 Though that a dyeadlesse knight he be, and though in martiall lumps,  
 A souldior bold, nere tirde in warre, I hope right well that he  
 Shall thinke himselfe a happie man, if haply so it be  
 Without his death this quarrell end: and that with humble hart  
 Upon his knees thanke God aboue, with life for to depart.  
 Agamem Menelaus thus perswaded, and he stayde,  
 His gromes right glad their maister sawe, out daunger to be wayde,  
 And stocke about, his armoz one, another takes his shield,  
 His weapons some, and by his hands he seeth him in the field.  
 Wherewith the reuerent Nestor graue stode by, & forth he dyelwe:  
 O great unlitte reproch (quoth he) vnto this famous tpe,

Transgress  
 sion Plu-  
 sophicall.

Menelaus  
 armes him-  
 selfe to  
 fight vvith  
 Hector.

Agamem-  
 non to Me-  
 nelau.

Nestor to  
 the Grecks



What mishap, if at our home this dolefull newes be tolde:  
 Surely the Prince of *Myrmidons* Pelus that father olde,  
 And all his prouince fast will whine: he hath enquirede of me  
 Of fauour great, the names and race of meanest in degre.  
 Of all you here: but how abasht, how great shalbe his grieke,  
 When he shall heare your towardise: it sure is my beliefe,  
 He clad with care, his prayer will vnto the Gods commend,  
 That ere he see the Grækes so soyld, of him they make an end.  
 I would the God Apollo, Ioue, and Pallas they would graunt  
 I were so young and lustie, as when able I did haunt  
 The warres, and in the battaile fought betwene the *Archads* stout  
 And *Pylens* that auncient were, who tride the quarrell out  
 By citte *Phee*, vpon the fild that *Iordan* hath to name,  
 Whereas I shewde by perfect proue my valure and my fame.  
 Among them there, then liued one that Ereuthalion hight,  
 Who on had put of Arcithous the steled armour bright.  
 I meane that Arcithous that bare the great and massie club,  
 And therewith fighting, got such p:asse by force and wielding god,  
 That syname he obtainde thereby of Clubber thozowe all,  
 Whom after, not by force, but sleight Lycurgus gaue the fall,  
 And slue him dowlne in strayed lane, where club he could not wield,  
 Lycurge with dart did drawe him nye, & therewith through him threld:  
 And dead he toke his armoz gape, himselfe to shield and ayde  
 In all the byckerings that he had, and nere was ouerlayde,  
 As long as that he lyvde, and then to Ereuthalion  
 He them bequeathd, who bare himselfe as fierce as any Lion,  
 And often calld the *Pylens* with man for man to trie,  
 With floutes pnowe, and when I sawe the pride of *Arcadie*  
 Th'abated mindes, the cowardise, and faintnesse of my pheres,  
 I toke in hand to shewe my worth for all my want in yeres.  
 I toke him by, I layde him dead by grace of mightie God,  
 A maruaile great to see his corpe, a thing for hugenesse odde  
 Falling a long, I with my youth and conrage such, as tho  
 A champion then to match in fight the *Tropans* well should knowe.  
 And sith the hardest all of Græce be present in this place,  
 If none of you defend this cause, I thinke it great disgrace.

Nelsons di-  
 gression,  
 whether he  
 tells his  
 former  
 acts, as of  
 old and do.

Nelson  
 comes to  
 his purpose

R. 115.

The

## The seauenth Booke

The nine  
most yvor-  
thy Grecks.

The Greckish Lordes so prickt to quicke this good grane aged fire,  
As of the greatest nine he made stand vp, with great desire  
The combats bzarde so; to proue: Agamemnon first did rise,  
Pert Diomedes, to conquer all which still hath bene his guise;  
The Ajax twaine of like exploit, Idomene was the first,  
Merion eke, his maisters match in euerie martiall dlist,  
With whom was good Euripilus, the sonne of Euemon,  
And with the rest stout Thoas rose the bzede of Andremon,  
Of purpose eche to be recepuce, and Vlysses the sie,  
Not to be thought to be agast or slacke in chualrie.

Nestor call  
sels to cast  
lots to  
knowe  
vvhoe shall  
fight vvith  
Hector.

Quoth Nestor here vpon (finding their boldened mindes to growe)  
Renowned Lordes, sth thus it stands, full well we all shall knowe  
Who so; this combat shalbe tane, cast lots, on whom it lights  
That soth his bullet first doth come, with Hector him he fights,  
With suretie, he that ouercomes, immortall praise to take.

The Grecks  
pray that  
Ajax lot  
shd bee  
drawen.

Ech of the nine with marke, aduise a Bullet so; to make,  
His Helmet in their lots to put Agamemnon doth lend.  
The while the souldiours god of Grace their prayers thus attend  
With reachd hands: O mightie loue graunt so it doe befall,  
That first of doughtie Ajax he out come the lotting ball,  
Or it the sonne of Tydees his, whose laude so loude doth ring,  
Or else to please the to bestowe this honoz on our King,  
Our captaine chiefe, and leader graue. Nestor doth often blunder  
And shake the lotts within the helme, to part them moze asunder,

Ajax lot is  
drawen.

His hand thrust in, the bullet first of Ajax soth he brings  
So much desired, and Herault hadde to carie it the Kings,  
That they may knowe which of them all by fate appointed was  
In this conflict to deale: he soth with bullet on both passe  
By ranke and ranke through all the field, he open both it beare,  
But yet unknowne to Ajax bold till he approached were,

Ajax to the  
Greekes.

Who doth resoyce at so good lucke, the scripture when he read,  
And downe he throwes it on the ground, and to the Kings he sayd  
Thus, full right like a man of warre: O pray louing friends so deere,  
Vouſe that nowe I am the man, I pray you all to chere:  
O mynde assures me that I shall as victor downe him strike,  
And while I put mine armour on, you softy may besake

The

The ble Gods in my fauour now, and Trojans shall not néede  
To heare your cries: what say I now: I surely doe not héede,  
For pray you lowe, or out aloude, I doubtfull nothing déme,  
For if the breeding by doe make men moze of men esteeme,  
If Countrey soile, if woorthy race, doe mende the mindes of men,  
With these thre gifts so thozowly, sith I am furnishte then,  
You shall not see me runne away, I will not turne my backe,  
To princely blood what doth belong you shall not sence the lacke.

So spake the bold & manly Græke, his friends with hart deuout  
To loue for safetie of the man did polwe their prayers out,  
With bowes in many sundry soztes: but some that best perceabde:  
The hazard great he entred on, their hartes to God they heaude,  
And prayed thus: O mightie God, most great most god who staves  
On Ida hill beholding this, O loue who beares the sways,  
And rules all combats at thy will, this fauour graunt to day,  
That this god Græke of this confliat may bring the palme away.  
O: if thou dost too great god minde vnto Sir Hector owe,  
Graunt end this strife, they both alpye with honoz home may goe.

The grecks  
prayer to  
Iupiter.

The Ajax strong himselfe doth arme in braue and byghtsome baste,  
And forth he comes into the campe, in port and shewe he was  
Like Mars the God, when he doth march, he yet a smiling bath,  
But that his smile a visage shewes inflamde and set to wrath,  
With notice to his fellowes all he was their certaine sozte:  
His countenance stout, his sterne march, whē they saw in such sozt,  
And so stiffe shaking of his launce, they doe beginne to sope.  
But to this combat he thus prest, now doubte the men of Troy,  
Hector himselfe being agast, would haue retired sure,  
But him they would a coward count, he did the strife procure.

Ajax takes  
his armour  
& comes  
to fight.

Hector  
abashde.

Then Ajax hanging at his necke his huge and waightie targe,  
Which tower wise so stode aloft, so dreadfull and so large,  
(He Tychius of late it sozgoe, with seuen foldes hydes,  
With stiffe, sike hard, and a yerde steele he couerde it besides)  
To Hector drawes: he shewe full great, and boldnesse on doth set,  
Vnto him there these were his woordes, wherewith he thus doth threat.

Ajax Tar-  
get compa-  
red to a  
Tower.

This day thou Hector well shalt knowe, of Greece the sozce & polwe,  
Thou wel shalt know what beds of knights we haue the soz to scoure  
Achilles

Ajax to  
Hector.

## The seauenth Booke

Achilles out, who keêpes aboute, with armes who doth not mell,  
 Because of an unhappie farre betwene our chiefe which sell  
 And him: And here my selfe I aduance among the rest thou seest,  
 And therefore now beginne, begiune if of the mynde you beest.

Hector to  
 Ajax.

Hector hearing thus the Græke, doth sozthwith then replie,  
 What iollie Ajax are these wordes so arrogant and bie,  
 Most like a dame or pzentise young gesse you to make me shrinke:  
 Sure long agoe what longs to warre I knowe, and so doe thinke,  
 And willing thereto giue my selfe, a charge I can abyde,  
 And charge I can, my mallas shield I knowe to beare, I ride  
 At hand, and further fight I knowe, I fote it when I please,  
 And all these knowe I howe to vse, when most they ayde or ease.  
 By sleights my foe I can sometime imbrywe with mortall blowe,  
 But you a man of valoure much because I certaine knowe,  
 No cunning will I vse as nowe, but clap you on the Crowne,  
 With arme I will imploy my best therewith to plucke you downe.

Descripti-  
 on of the  
 combate.

With this doth Hector to him draw, his sturdie dart he shoke  
 So large in length, so stifely launce, that sozth the way it toke  
 And pierced to the seuenth fold of that his buckler strong:  
 The toughe and steeled plate with all it teared all a long.

Compari-  
 son.

Ajax againe his stubbozne staffe at Hector shaking rings,  
 With force so great, as through the bolle of Hectors targe it rings,  
 And further to his paunche doth passe, and Curet through doth glide,  
 No harme at all, a small at least the Tropan turnd aside:  
 Ch out againe his launce to plucke doth strue the best he can,  
 Like Lions fierce, inuincible, and grislie bozes they ranne  
 Together both: Hector doth thrust on targe, but all in vaine,  
 The strength therof doth beare it off, and turnes the poynnt againe.  
 And Ajax blowe did likewise glaunce on Hectors shield aloft,  
 And percede his necke, the purple bloud it trickled downe full soft.  
 So small a ticke he heareth not, rettying from the grounde  
 He seêkes and takes a coggle blacke, a mightie and a rounde.  
 Therewith on Ajax so doth lay, on target great it range,  
 In midst thereof the stone resounds, so soundly he it flange.  
 Ajax a greater farre doth ratch, and draw only so doth cast  
 That he his bigge and bumpishe targe therewith in peeces cast.

Fight with  
 stones.

The

The Troyan on his knees he sancke, perforce on earth he lay  
With shield behapte, from whence to scape he knew no maner way,  
But that Apollo sodainly ariuerh in the place,  
To geild a safetie to the man, and raise him in that case.

Hector falls  
on his knees

Then would they out haue bladed if their armor so to teare,  
But them betwene the Heraults came, erhe did a sceptre beare.

The He-  
raules parts  
them.

And hiee sage, the herault wise there thus in speech he shakes:  
Deere sonnes, leaue off this cruel strife, herein a breathing take,  
To loue you both are deare, do end this deadly combate nowe,  
And al the packe of mortall men you valiant doe allotwe.  
So here the might which bids you two to graunt to my request.  
Nooth Ajax then, O Ideus thou wel and wisely sayest,  
But I refuse, if Troyan here, who did vs al prouoke,  
And me assaile, do not entreate this quarrel to reuoke,  
And if he do, I do agree to graunt with al my hart.

Ajax to  
Ideus.

Nooth Hector then, sith Gods on earth such honoz the impart,  
That as of force, god gifts, and wit, so eke of mightie bone,  
I do confesse of al the Grækes thou art the knight alone.

McAorro  
Ajax.

On Gods name leaue this enterprise, againe we may beginne,  
Another time we may it trie, who shal the honoz winne.  
The more, because the sunne is lowe, and night drawes nie at hand,  
Whereby wel pleasd your mates wil be, & Græks hereby that stand.  
And I the dwellers al of Troy againe shall greatly glad,  
And eke the dames, who deaply darde, their prayers now haue had,  
For me, I thinke it Ajax mete in chaunge we do bestow

Our presents now betwene vs both, that all the world may know,  
And say to see our heate so calde: these two were lately foes,  
And now great friends, their enmitie to faithfull friendship gooes.  
With thys the protest Hector gane his bright and gallant blade,  
With samely sheath and belt so brane, so trimly which were made.  
Again to him both Ajax reach the Batordike big he bare,  
He pleasd therewith, and Ajax both vnto his friends repaire.

Hector gi-  
ueth Ajax  
his sword,  
and Ajax  
giueth him  
his baudrik  
vn lucky  
one for an-  
other altes,

And Hector to his Trojans commes, whome saring safe and sound,  
They lay awayne, they breadd he, had caught some mortal wound.  
They vnto Troy do bring him all, and Ajax strong doth goe  
Forthwith the Grækish faction on, victoz with soundz s shotes,

S.

And



## The Tenuenth Booke

And in his tent he seeketh out Agamemnon the King,  
 Whose chieftaine god, them al to feast commanded eury thing.  
 To loue for sauoy forthwith he both sacrifice prepare,  
 A Bull of greafe of fise yeares olde the poke that neuer bare.  
 Which straight was lead and offred vp, and off they plucke the hyde,  
 And him in piéces al to cut, and them on spits they slide.  
 And al things fit, eche man dretwe nie, to eate and fêde his al,  
 And so wel bld, as when they left they liked al at will.

The prest  
 was the  
 hornes and  
 hyde of a  
 Bull.

Agamemnon dothe his champion muche extoll, and presents feate  
 Of price hym gaue, in witnesse of his force and prowesse greate.  
 When eche so muche had eate and drunke, as wel content they stood,  
 The Nestor olde, whose counsell graue was alwayes proued god,  
 (Which to declare his last aduise it lately serbde them wel)

Nestor to  
 the Greeks.

To Agamemnon and the Græks his tale he thus doth tel:  
 Ye lostie Lordes and Princes great, ye are not to be taughte  
 Thys day how many Grecians are to death by weapon broughte.  
 Their bodie layed along the feld, their soules to hel are hied,  
 Some order must be tane herein, their buriall to prouide,  
 And for the same the war to cease, to morrow nêdes must we  
 To Carrs to ioine Poyles two to two, and also poke muste be  
 A number great of Oxen to, the carcasses to beare

To saue the  
 bones of  
 the dead.  
 Nestor per-  
 suades the  
 Greekes to  
 fortify them  
 (Glass)

Poke nie the ships, and there with fire the same on heapes to reare.  
 I wish also that herde there be to saue the bones that burne,  
 To giue them to their children, if we haply honne retourne.  
 And eke a common Monument a Trophæ let vs build,  
 And more, oure vessels eke is best: from Trojans them to shield,  
 (Least haply they vnhaply should in sight the better get)  
 We towers hie, and bulwarkes strong about them nie do set,  
 With ample gates and issues wide, the Chariots forth to goe,  
 And eke our Squadrons with our bandes to passe out to and fro,  
 With trenches large and darpe before, with pales impaled strong,  
 To kepe vs from the Trojans charge, if haply with their throng  
 They should assaile vs where they are. Thus Nestor loud did chaüt,  
 And that his counsell al the kings for god did willing graunt.  
 And Trojans to consulting come did greatly grabe to muse,  
 Howe ease so many diuers mindes they knew not which to chuse.

The

The Lordes and great men of the towne, and people many by,  
Antenor thus bps tale beganne with voice and speache on hie.

Giue eare ye Trojans I you pray, and so; raine sound bo; s to,  
Ye Citizens hearke what I wissh and counsell you to do:  
Let Helene to hir husband home be sent with all the spoile,  
The riches and the things of p; ces were brought out of Grecian soile,  
The pacts and promise Paris made with othe, so; to allowe,  
For other wisse to p; ge the selfe against that controuerse no; e,  
I surely hope no god at all can hap vs in the end.  
Sirs, thinke of this, the care whereof I doe to you commend.

Antenor  
counsell the  
Trojans to  
deliuer He  
lene and  
the Gods  
broughte  
from Grece.

This said, Antenor takes his place, and downe therein he set,  
And Paris doth in choller growe, with him he takes the pet,  
And pouthly thus doth answer him: Antenor wel you can  
When so you list, giue sound aduise, and are a pretie man;  
To tel a tale, so; Trojans yd you p; aise can at full,  
But your opinion now declares your senses lost or dull.  
And thinke so; truth the Gods haue tane (as you a dotarde ware)  
From you your wittes: And as so; me, I contrary declare  
My selfe to that which you haue sayde, and haue determind plaine,  
The Greekish Lady at no hand I wil hir leane againe.

Paris an-  
swers and  
gainesayes  
Antenora

But so; to end this strife, I will the treasure est restoze,  
And ieiwels which I toke in Grece, and with them thus much moze;  
The costliest in my house I haue, if so accept they wil;  
These points of peace, and so content remaine contented still.  
King Priam here vppon, a Prince of pyndence bearing bell,  
In counsel graue, to al the rout he thus his tale did tell.

Paris vryth  
yeelde the  
goods bus  
keepe He  
lene.

Paris to the  
Trojans.

Ye Trojans and my other friends hearke what I you aduise,  
Your lodgings home go seke ye al, sth now the night doth rise,  
Your selues with meat repast I pray, and with your supper done  
Regarde with hede your watch and warde, as they by course do run:  
And in the morning shall there goe a Herault to the Grekes,  
At length who shal to them declare what Alexander lekes  
My some, and knowe their minde therein, and enoe a matter say  
Which hardly they wil be deny, that there may be a stay  
Of warre awhile; that eche of vs in grane the bodies haue,  
And burne the carcasses, so; as which dead a boode remaine:

## The seventh Booke

And then we shall beginne to see who shall obtaine the prize.  
So soner saide, but Trojans obey him in a trice.  
They to their supper do departe, some to the watch do hye,  
And some their tyred limmes to rest on couches downe do lye.

The Tro-  
ian Herault  
goes to the  
Greekes  
camps to  
saile vvith  
them.

Good Ide the herault in the moone to execute his charge,  
Commes to the ship of Agamemnon, within the bestell large,  
Whereas he founde of Creekish Lordes the troupe in counsell sett,  
Aloft the pompe to whome to say himselfe he thus doth sett.  
Ye famous mightie Atreus heires, and al ye here together,  
Ye prudent hardie princes Creekes, King Priam sends me hither,  
And all his worthy counsell wisse to shew unto you al,  
His Paris some (the onely cause for whom this warre doth fall,  
Who rather should have suftered death, than such a mischief wrought)  
Is now content to yelde againe the pray from Greece he brought.  
And thereto offers for to put good portion of his store.  
But Trojans to perswade him much, who all are greatly grieved  
Dame Helene sake for to restore, their labors lost they take,  
He will hir hold. Doulfe nowe Lordes, what answer ye will make,  
That I to Troy returne the same, my king be che demaundes,  
If that of truce ye will allow, the bodies on the laundes,  
Which dead do ly by slaughter of this late and last dayes warre,  
In stilly graues and sepulchres the same for to entarre.  
Which done, the peace to have an end, and with our prynces it,  
To see who for the victorie by force in fight shal do it.

Diomedes  
to the  
Greekes.

Agamemnon  
answers  
the herault

The Creekish Lordes the Herault heard, amazed nothing spake,  
Till Diomedes that noble Prince he thus the silence brake:  
This offer must we not accept (quoth he) if that Helene  
They would and al the wealth of Troy with hir restore againe,  
Who doth not fully well perceive (if not a fondling babe)  
What shortly at the Trojans here shal be our vassals made,  
The time at hand this vile reproch with vengeance due to pay:  
Herewith they greatly laud the man, and doe what he doth say.  
Now Agamemnon the herault to, sheweth all the Grecians mindes,  
As theirs, my answer is, my will gainst theirs it not repines.  
As for the truce, it committed is as thou thy selfe dost pray,  
I may not crosse it, from the dead to heape their graues away,

The

The hate it ought to be forgot when dead the person lyes,  
Do you amasse the carcases which of your parties rise,  
And burne, or burie as you list, and we will do the same:  
And for a witnesse of our faith, that it be worde of blame,  
I loue I do thee now inuoke, and heptre by he throwes,  
His royal one to heauens ward, a signe, true meaning shewes.  
The Herault god wel hearing al, to Try with sparde he bles,  
And Trojans found at counsel harde, who longde with looking eyes  
His coming home, the answer brought th assembly parts a way,  
And forward with abode they go, & in the fields they stay.  
One number great both seke the slaine, another down both backe  
The wredes, and faggots bind, & Grekes like minde they do not la:ke.  
A whole day long you might haue sene the Grekes & Trojans pipe  
On woake they both, and often meete no whit displeasantly.

The good  
Heraule re-  
turnes to  
Troy.

The Greks  
and Troy-  
ans searche  
the dead  
bodyes,

It pittie was in field to see them labourd so and toylede,  
And hardly know their kinsfolks ble, with bloud they were so soylede.  
But often washing them they found, and layd them on their chares,  
And armour eke, with bitter teares & sighes that shewde their cares.

King Priam in a nightie flame did throw the Trojans slayne,  
And subiects would not suffer moze in mourning wise to plain.  
So with the Grekes best Agamemn, and moze a masse did reare  
Close in the night the slaughtered bones wherein they tumbled were.

The Greks  
fortify their  
camp.

Not resting so, they round about their ships and nauis set  
Pany a strong and sturdie towre, & bulwarkes big they bet,  
Gates hie and wide, as fit it was in fouldiours to retire,  
From battel come, or forth to go, to fight when they desire.  
Without a gallant ditch they dig ful depe, ful low and large,  
With postes and pales renforced so, it hard was so to charge.

The Gods in pærelesse Pallace set of loue, this stirre espied,  
And maruelld much, among the where Neptune, who could not hide  
His spite conceibde, these wo:ds did vse: you God of gods alone,  
I loue, in bolues, and sacrifice I careful now see none,  
For yet to reare a woake of worth, no men I see to heade  
The wil of Gods, they at their heales to call it are agréde.

Neptune  
so supere.

Dost thou not see these peruke Grekes, who be besought no wayes  
When as their toures they topt aloft, and rampires great did raise:

¶ iiij.

Their

Their same all Countreys thus shal fill, and of their buildings ring,  
And walles by me and Phobos built they down on ground shal ding,  
Their name increast, our labour lost, the Marine Gods thus spake,  
Who often by his proper power both force the earth to quake.

Jupiter to  
Neptune.

In anger loue straight answerd thus: what sayst thou Neptune here,  
A meaneer God of right than you these doings ought to feare.

You are so great, your glorie spreads as far as day doth last,  
For these gay towres and trenches wide, when their be ships depart  
To Greece their Countrey to returne, their worke destroy and race,  
Drewhelm it clean with sand, therof that none may know the place.

The son straight after downe it drowes, and by the night it gat,  
And all things done, the Grækes at rest in their pavillions sat,  
And many a beefe for supper doe, and there that instant tide  
Diuers keeles full fraught with wine from Lemnos sat did ride.

Euneus,  
Hiphyle.

Euneus, faire Hiphyle's son, to Iason which she bare,  
For traffike some, and some to giue cause thither to repaire.  
For of these new and pleasant wines, a thousand tunns he sat  
Came to the chieftaine of the war: the Grækes came down in scut,  
And barter for the wine apace, in haven where it lay: (page.  
Some wares exchange, some yron, some hides, & prisoners some do  
Some bullockes from their herds do giue, and so they drinke content,  
That all the night no tote they slept but it in chearing spent.  
Again the Trojans full at will possesse what they desire,  
But Ioue he did them much amaze, the heauen so it firs  
With thunder and with lightning flames, which all the night did last,  
Denout his anger to appeare, vpon the ground they cast  
In sack like great store of wine (the time then calme and quiet)  
They tend to Cabane at their ease, and sound in slepe lye by it.

*Fine Septimi Libri.*

The



# The eight Booke.



The morning with the ruddle betw  
on earth did shew his blae,  
When loue the Prince of lightnings  
al to counsel calleth be  
In welkin bright ech mightie God,  
who set in order due,  
And hee die all to hearken,  
thus loue into his tale he grety:

Discription  
of the daun-  
ting of the  
day.

Ye troupe diuine giue care to me, attend what now I wil,  
Which hauing heard, none of you al be ye of minde so ill,  
Whether he male or female be, to daeme to chaunge my dome,  
Or crosse the same: who out the troupe shal go and leane his roome,  
The heaucns who shal leaue I say in Grekes or Trojans aide,  
Him catcht, wel bumbd I shal him boh, and send him ill apaide  
With shame ynough vnto his home, and if I grow to spight,  
I wil him tumble headlong down, and cause him for to light  
Into the hollow dreadfull hole, which *Tartare* men do tel,  
Where *Baratrum* that gasfull gulfe doth lye so low in hel  
With yron gates: so far hence, as earth from this remaines,  
That wel to al men it be knownen how large my power it raignes.  
But if you long to seele my force, at pleasure you shal see it,  
From hence to take a golden chaine vnto the earth agree it.  
All get you down, your heau- nly powers apply with tooth & nayle  
To plucke me down or me to moue, you little should anayle,  
In fine your toyle to nought would turne, but I, if that I lust  
To draue you to, the welkin by, in spite of you ye must  
Amount aloft without my gricfe, and with you at a pul  
I ke would bring the massie earth, and seas of waters ful.  
One ende in heauen I would tie, and let the other hang  
That I the chiefe of God, and man the knowledge better rang  
This threat and surly speech doth pae the Gods amaine a dum.

Inp. to the  
gods assem-  
bled in  
counsel.

Iron gates  
in Hel.

The gold  
chaine so  
talked of,  
of vntuers.

Passer ann-  
svers sup.

Till Pallas daughter vnto Ioue with this hir tale doth come:  
 O king of kings, great sire of Gods, whom ethe and al obayes,  
 Long skil doth tel thy might to passe our forces many wayes:  
 But ifsome one do helpe the Grækes, it is not in disdain  
 O: spite of the, but pitie moues to see them dayly slaine.

Jupiter to  
 Pallas.

Wel, sith with deede we may not ayde, please you it to deny  
 The counsaile giue, numbers to saue which by your furie die:  
 With pleasant countnaunce Ioue replies: giue counsel to y Grækes  
 My daughter deare, and fauour to as best your fancie likes,  
 I will at this time pleasure you, you shal no way be chid.

Jup. horses

Then Ioue his mightie heauenly steeds vnto his chare doth bid  
 To tie, his golden robes he takes, so bright and brauely wrought,  
 He mounteth by, and to his hand the golden whip he caught,  
 His horse he beates, the ayre they cluie, aloft they skimme amaine,  
 Betwene the earth and welkin hie they treade a lolly trapne.

Jup. descends  
 & comes to  
 the mountaine  
 Idæ.

He plyes them, and so straight doth guide, vnto the mountaine top  
 Of Idæ hight Gargarus comes, and there he makes them stop,  
 A place of pleasaunt pasture it, where waters swete do spring,  
 Wild beasts great floze, on this greene hil so likt for euery thing  
 A temple large of antique yeares was built, and sacred old  
 By Trojans to his godhead hie, where Ioue now stay he would.  
 Ambrosie for his horse he gets, and least it should be known

Jup. frō the  
 mountaine  
 beholds the  
 Greekes &  
 Trojans.

That he was come, he with a cloude hath quite them ouerthow.  
 He from the height of mountain hie the champion low doth biew,  
 The slegers, and beslegde he likes to see, who like do rue.  
 The more he thinks vpon the men, he firs his might the more.

The Greks  
 & Trojans  
 make ready  
 to the bat-  
 tel.

The Grækes hauing within their tentes repast themselves before,  
 Did not forget to arme them wel, their battailes out they draw,  
 And in ful seemely order march, which when the Trojans saw,  
 And diuide they had, their bands they arme, their town they will defend  
 A handfull they, but sozt by need, theyz minds to valoure bend.  
 Whassapling Græks for to resist, and countrey saue at nede,  
 And to protect their native soyle, and shield their patric breds.  
 Their gates ful open wide they set, and out their cohorts hies,  
 Their hoisemen and their footemen al, not without lottly cries.  
 And to the place of battel come, they to their tackle sing

The Trojans  
 againt fight

With

With shield to shield, and dart to dart, and king both loyne to king,  
And souldiour vnto souldiour goes, most like stoute warlike wights  
Here one doth fall, another here doth vanquish in their fights.

One grones along, another doth boast of his conquest won,  
And in such slaughter rare, apace with blood the fields do runne.

This murther from the morning lastes vntil the none of day,  
Both sides so soundly stroke it out, right doubtful was the fray.

Then loue to see, to whom should turne the victorie at last,  
They fortune god and eke aduerso in ballance he doth cast:

The Grækes on one side he doth put, and iustly for to way

The Trojans haue the other part, and lets the scales to play.

The Grækes mishap the Trojans much he straight & plainly sound  
For to surpasse, for theirs do moult, the Grækes theirs dray to ground.

Wherefore amongst the Grækes he sings his stath of burning lights  
And sobainly with deead therof appalled were their spights.

Idomene first his people leaues, and runs away apace,

The king of Crete, Agamemne liues in field he turnes his face.

The Ajax twaine do stir their stumps, and take them to their fight,

Vnto there tackle theire do stand no Grækish prince or knight,

Haue Nestor sage, who so was soist, a horse of his that drew

Paris so right on head did hit, where first his top out grew.

The beast he sain would haue bin gone, he turnes, he rears, he thumps,

He reeleth with the mortall wound, he sings, he sars, he lumps.

The shaft so surely it was shot, it brake the braine vnto,

The man was soist the geares to cut, and so the horse t'vndo.

This while the mightie coursers tho, their maister Hector dray

To Nestor nere, who had bin dead, but that the Græke him saw

He Diomede so much in fame, and came vnto his ayde,

And seeing wilp Vlisses run, aloude to him he sayd:

Laertes son, whose cunning kend, and wile is knowne ful wide,

Why, whether now: Are sette thy fence: why dost thou not abide?

Hast thou no shame: no feare in sight on back some wound to haue?

Abide, abide with Nestor here, let vs thy person saue.

Vlisses heard he would not stay, vnto the ships he hies,

Yet Diomede Nestor to helpe amid the pteasse he diues,

And come befoze his horse, he sayes, The yowth of Greece doth lay

The victo:  
ry doubtful

In Balance

In. throwvs  
his light-  
ning on the  
Grækes.  
The Græks  
see.

Nestor in  
daunger  
without  
Di. vvho re-  
scues him.  
Di. to Vlis-  
ses vvho  
sees.

Di. to Nest.

## The eight Booke

O Nestor greater toyle on thee, than age can beare away,  
 Hard for thy woyme peares t'abide, whose force thou seest to scant,  
 And foraine bigo; earst enioyde the vitals now to want.  
 Thy chare, thy dyner, and thy seate, a tierd countenance thew;  
 Come down, mount vp my chariot too, to proue now in a thow  
 The swiftnesse great, the courage od of these my coursers gay,  
 Which late I conquerde from *Aeneas*, our gromes that lead away  
 Thy furniture, we two wil forth that *Troy* and *Hector* see  
 Yet once how weapons we can wield, and souldiours what we be.

Nest. comes  
 into Diom.  
 chariot.

Thy old man agreed, and to the seate of *Diomedes* doth come  
 In *Schenels* place, whiche *Schenele* goes, & takes erst *Nestors* home,  
 Nestor a guider was, but then, *Diomedes* was the knight,

Diome. kills  
 He. driuer.

Both passing forth, the doughtie *Phrige*, *Hector* to haue in sight,  
 A *Hector*, who no lesse desires to mate them in the fight.

The mightie *Græke* to dart he leaues, when *Hector* first he sight.  
 The sturdie steeld staffe he throwes, but mist the man he ment,  
 The maister mist, in dyners wombe *Enopeus* depe it bent.  
 He *Thebes* son, a man of price, a balliaunt man in daide,  
 The doughtie *Hector* griened much to see his seruauit blæde  
 Of so good count, and tumble dead, but there he lets him ly,  
 A like he sekes for force and mind, and to him by and by

Archiptol.  
 He. driuer.

*Archiptoleme* presents himselfe, the steeds he doth bestride,  
 The whip and raines he takes in hand and serues him for a guide.

At these two new and lotain baps strange slaughters did appeare,  
 Like lambes vnto their force and folde the *Troyans* do reteare,

Iupi. againe  
 throwes his  
 lightning  
 against the  
 Greckes  
 Nest. per-  
 seues Di.  
 so flye.

And seeke their wals for their defence, the *Grækes* they grew so hot,  
 But Ioue straight ways his lightning flames w thuder forth he shot,  
 That by him nere the warlike *Græke* beheld the flame as t flash,  
 His horse they quoke, from *Nestors* hands the raines are ready dast,  
 His scare was such, wherw (quoth he) perforce doth force vs now  
 O *Diomedes*, to hie vs hence the daunger see not you?

The glorie now the mighty *God* doth giue vnto our foe,  
 Another time on vs againe the same he wil bestow.  
 The minde of man it may not dare the gods for to withstand,  
 For greatest is of gods the might to rule it takes in bande.

Di. to Nest.

O aged sire (quoth *Diomedes*) thou nought but reason sayes,

I do agré, but yet lament, and griebe am diners wayes,  
When Hector cometh to my minde, who thus shal sé me run,  
Vnto his mates hereafter may, extolling to the Sun  
His balianntnesse, say, to the ships the chase he hath me giuen,  
All pitie past, I rather craue the earth it here were rinen,  
And I therin were swallowed vp, alas quoth Nestor than,  
Thinke you if Hector should repast you for a cowardly man,  
His tale it would be taken true: your sword in heapes hath slain  
Too many of the warlike wights, and left their widowes playne.

Ne to Dio.

Diom. Eyes

Herewith his hoxles straight he turnes, & with 2 Græks doth sîe,  
And Hector with his souldiours fast doth after sozward hie,  
With clamors great: And Hector loude his spêch doth thus begin,  
When as they fled: oh Diomede esteemed who hath bin  
Among the Græks, yea æn thy fil for balure and for fame,  
At boyd who sed til of the beste, and first sat at the same,  
Now like a hartlesse fem thou shalt be led in prisoner wise,  
Spake halt thou gay and glorious freke, dreadfull with flaming eyes,  
Belæue no more our towers to scale, hope not to ship aborde  
Our wiues, I Hector, only I sufficient shal afforde,  
My force shal serue to stay the strength, and sozth to make the pack,  
And kèpe the from thy ships retorne, and the in pæces hacke.

He to Dio.

At Hectors words the Græke doth stay, he thinketh what to do,  
To turne againe the spite to venge, or sozward on to go,  
Therby the daunger to auoyde, he thîce doth venter backe,  
And thîce doth loue him ele, and down he lets the thunder cracke,  
With lightning flame hard by his eare, a signe most sure and ful  
The Trojans strong should haue the day, for so the Gods they woul.

Diomedes  
in doute  
whether  
to fly or  
to abide.

Herewith aloude doth Hector crie his men to harden al:

He, exhorteth  
his  
souldiours.

O Trojans, Lycians, ye my friends, to who it doth befall  
To be my fellow souldiours here, if euer men you be  
Thinke now thereon, and shew like men your selues on the enemie.  
I know ful wel we vanquishé shal, the losse it shal be theirs, (feares  
Their walls, their forts, whiche they haue made to saue them in their  
By me shal sone be forced down, my horse with easie skips  
Shal passe their dikes, and do attend when I am in their ships  
To byng me fire to burne them vp, they may no more retyre,

He threatns  
to turne the  
Græks ships.



## The eight Booke

He speaks  
to his horses

V Vine gi-  
uen to hor-  
ses of vvar.

Ne, target  
of gold.

Di-curate  
made by  
Vulcan.

Iano to  
Neptune.

Egues,  
Hulke.

Neptune  
to Iuno.

The Greks  
shut vp in  
their streng  
thes by He-

I will their liues and liues consume with smoke and smothering fire.

Thus Hector comforts vp his mates, and speaks his horse, Podarge

Eton, Xanthe, oh ye my stades so swift with buttocks large,

Thou stie Lampus and diuine, for me that sweats and scuds,

Thinke on the cheare on you bestowes Andromacha my sads

And louing wife, the careful doth with Wheat & Dates you fede,

With temper eke of pleasant wine, when as she seeth nede,

Heding as much to haue you drest, as on my selfe to tend,

She quier is: aduance your force, your courses stoutly bend

To further now your maisters sads, that he do range in field

The Nestor old, and from him take his famous bruted shield,

Report wherof doth reach the skies, of pretious gold it is.

Of Diomedes his cupresse to (he catch) we shal not misse

So counted off, which Mulciber did forge: And al the night

The Grekish host all waht in sea you shal se take their flight.

And thinking for to do as much thus lostie Hector byanes.

But Iuno hearing this discourse, so spitefully she raues,

Hir members quike, Olympus shoke, to Neptune straight she comes,

Art thou not gredd (quoth she) to se the Greks hit on the thumbs,

And suffer in such sozie plight, who dayly sacrifice

Gay gifts and holies vnto the in Egues and Helse?

How canst thou without heauy cheare, support their heauy case

Thy fauour knowne, which I haue sen, that did their state embrace:

O Neptune if thou and the rest would once but say the word,

And from this slaughter them to kepe some fauour smal afforde,

It would be done, my husband loue for spite would strike and fare,

Yet least he might repent, depart from Ide he would not dare.

Thou frantike sot quoth Neptune tho, thinke not that I wil stir

Or speake against the mightie loue, whose power doth passe so fur,

To whom ech one ought to obey, he is to lostie he,

He is our king, our maister Lord, his vassals al we be.

Thus while the Greks are driuen back, and in the field defeated,

Their forts and trenches they do take, and doughtie Hector heated

Is Mars himself, the rampires so he forces them to gaine,

Betweene the ships and vtter sence they filled all the plaine.

Thus

Thus backe retir'd and cubberd vp, the Trojan flout had burn'd  
 Their vessels, al the (God so would) if Iuno had not turn'd  
 To aduise the Grækes, for when she saw this sight and this disorder,  
 To put in Agamemnon's mind their king to passe on forder,  
 With spee'de vnto the ships for aide. To naue he doth braue,  
 In hand a scarlet roabe he hilde, the Ad m'rall ship he sawe  
 Of the Ithaque king, to it he went, of other vessels moe  
 It stode in midst, the place he chose most meete his minde to shoe.

Vlysses  
 shippes.

The tents  
 of Atreus and  
 Achilles on  
 the sides,  
 Agamemnon  
 blames his  
 people of  
 cowardise.

On one side stode sir Ajax tent, on th'other stode Achill,  
 So guarded to withstand the force of such assault them will.  
 Agamemnon come into the shippe, he mounts aloft to poupe,  
 He cries aloude: O Grækish kings, O wretched fainting troupe,  
 What shame and marke of infamie this day on Greece doth light?  
 Where is the proud & haunting speech: where is the promise plight?  
 Where is the kilcote chatte become in Lemnos which you had  
 Upon your Alebenche, where you were so impudent and mad?  
 Then one of you would kil and eat fūe hundred Trojans full:  
 It was the chere, it was the meate and wine you so did gull,  
 That made you braue and brag so much. I see the matter nowe,  
 Lo Hector come, our fort to sacke, and al our army cote,  
 Our Bastion eke and vs to burne. O Ioue thou father great,  
 What king of kings so as my selfe hast thou with care beset,  
 Deprived of gloze, with enuy fraught, and wronged to my paine,  
 Defrauded of the suretie sounde, wherewith I fedde in baine,  
 When as m'oblations bow I did to please thee Ioue withall,  
 And Troy did thinke to lay full lowe: I see I now muste fall  
 A pray into my enemies lap: thou soveraigne God yet graunt,  
 (If better grace we may not haue) fierce Hector do not daunt,  
 For cruel Troy our people here, but that they scape their swordes.

Prayer  
 Iupiter.

The chieftaine chiefe thus prayde for al, with teares he spake the  
 Ioue full agreed to his request, his sighes did pitie moue, (wordes:  
 Which he did yeld for perishing folke, praying for their behoue.  
 For Augure sure an Egle commes, a calfe with talons tough  
 Of red Dere hinde he brings, and salles, which comforteth ynough  
 The whole Nobilitie of Greece, on Altar downe it lights  
 In sacrifice of puissant Ioue, reuivinge muche their spites.

Good toke  
 for the  
 Greekes,

¶.ij.

And

## The eight Booke

And straight therewith forth make they head of thousands sondtozs  
 And balliant knights, Don Diomede forth first he sallies out (front,  
 The forte with chare: On Tropan bands to trie and shewe his force,  
 To one he flies, one only blowe martyde a Tropan cosse,  
 Agelaus hight, Phadmon his sonne, whole armed for the warre,  
 Yet fled he fast from Diomede, his sight him so did scarre,  
 But thzough his chin his dart it due, and thzough the Curet came,  
 His armoz gaue a murmuring noise, he tumbling in the same.

Diomedes  
 slayes Age-  
 laus.

The nine  
 most val-  
 nt  
 Greks next  
 Achilles.

Agamemnon, and Menelau his bzother, Ajax twaine,  
 Princes of great exploite that were, Idomene in the traine,  
 With Merion his gallant guide, a man of courage bzauc,  
 God Eurypile Euemons sonne, in company they haue,  
 Of al the Grækes a man of choice, these forth from fozte do start,  
 And on their foes do forward hie, them charging ouerthwarts.

Beside these eight, a ninth with them, a Græke, one Teucer went,  
 He bzother unto Ajax was, his bolue he beareth bent,

Teucer co-  
 uered with  
 Ajax shield  
 wounds the  
 Trojans.

His skil was god to make his best, and straight to shote withall,  
 By subtle Arte his mortal woundes, did many Trojans thzall:

Under his bzothers Target he himselfe did often hide,  
 And fræly let his arrowes flie, where he his vantage spide,  
 And hauing sped, to saue his life seeks out the Buckler bigge,

Comparis.

As both the infant of entimes, the little pretie twigge  
 When he doth see displeasaunt sighes, both vnder garments crape  
 Of Nurse, or mother dære, and there playes like himselfe bo pæpe.

Eight Tro-  
 jans slaine  
 by Teucer.

Wel, let vs tell those lost their liues this Archer lighted on.

Ociloclus, he was the first, Detor, Amapaon,  
 Ophelst, Ormeayne, Lycophont, Chromius, Menalippe, (tip.  
 Hethzild the thzough with deadly woundes, they down to ground do

Agamem-  
 non to Teucer.

Agamemnshart it leaps for ioy, his part when thus he plaide  
 The sturdie shot, to him he drawes, and chærefully he sayde:  
 O noble wight and Prince of fame, whom I with honoz due  
 Dught to regarde, I thæ besæche thy sozward sides pursue:  
 Beside the praise men shal thæ giue, toten as thine aged sire  
 Thelemon heares of these exploits, he ioy shal, with desire,  
 And hope to see thæ shortly home: I know, and not beguilde,  
 He doth thæ honoz and esteeme, though thou no lawfull childe,

# of Homers Iliades.

I know that from thy Cradle vp, he did thee alwayes bring,  
As lawfull boyme: I sweare to thee in promise of a king,  
If euer I this Citie take, of al the gallant pray,  
Pert me shalt thou make choice, and at thy pleasure take alway  
A rich thee soted Catubron guilt, on thee I wil bestow  
A Chariot with two goodly steedes, or else with thee to goe,  
A Troyan faire, a Priams childe, or Dame of Citie brade  
To vse in bed, and serue thee ay, if so thou be agréde.

Quoth Teucer the, there is no néede, great king my wil to mend, Teucer to Agamennus  
Ful oft I shote, to nuy the foe, my force and care I bend.

Eight valiant foes it is ful true my shaftes haue deadly slaine, He meneth Hector.  
I were ful benched, if I could that massiffe mad attaine.

He with these wordes doth plucke his bow, & sends his piercing stele,  
To Hector straight, to breach the man, but harme he none doth seile: Gorgythion.

But yet the shaft on Priams sonne Gorgythion it light,  
Of sodaine cruel death he dyes, his pap it pierced right,

He was the sonne of Calhanire the Goddesse so like,  
A noble Simpho with hir good king in Thrace did marriage strike,

For beaultie sake which od she had, and like the growing Poppy, Comparatiō.  
As wel for fruit as Aprill houres, doth leaue his head so loppie

In gardens sat: Gorgythion hurte loden with stele did helme him,  
On shouldey layes his head, & dies with weaknesse which didwhelm

The Greekish shot to Hector est, his bow doth careful plucke, (him.

But him he misse, his arrow yet vnder the teate it stricke Teucer kills Hector's driver.  
Of strong Archeptoleme, who falles: his squier thus to dye

Hector doth griene to se, and downe he lighteth by and by,  
And willeth Cebrion for to come, and take the guiders charge, Cebrinus Hector's driver.

Which done, Hector a coggel heaues, a mightie and a large,  
With dreadful voice to Teucer flies, Teucer from quinner takes

A shafte againe, to slay a foe him selfe he ready makes,  
And ready for to shote, Hector did reach him such a bang, Hector strikes Teucer.

That downe he falles, and out his hands his bowe & arrows slang.

The forced stroke did force him so, the blow was deadly sent,  
Alost the breast the necke it hit, where downe the head is bent.

His brother Ajax ranne apace, when down he saw him dong, Ajax saues his brother.  
To saue and to defend the man, the noble prince he slong,

And

## The eight Booke

And him with shield so wel did hap, as by they take him there,  
 The wretched archers friends Menest, Alastor they do beare  
 Him in their armes straight to the ships, halfe gone so; very paine.  
 The Trojans strong by nightie loue aided, yet once againe  
 Do force the Grækes to leane the field, and so retyring est  
 Their trenches, force, and forte to take, which they before had left.  
 Hector the sozmost leades the daunce, as belied mongrell great,  
 Trusting in strength and nimblenesse, the Lion beaſt doth beate,  
 O; wild swine in the sozrest thicke, if either of them do cast  
 O; turne about to be reuengde, the cur he shiftes as faste,  
 Ful light he pincheth deepe their flanks, o; hangs so at their thies,  
 As oye they must. So Hector he, doth chase his enemies,  
 Who leane the field, and take to flight, if any lagge behinde,  
 With wo; o; lance he hits them home, with death of sundry kind.  
 The Grækes repulſed from their forts, from dikes and trêches ſpe,  
 With slaughter great confuſed al in bloudie death they oye.  
 Hard by their ſhippes at laſt they ſlay, eche comforting his mate,  
 To play the man, and to the Gods they pray for their eſtate.  
 This while the gaſtfull Hector he, with Mars his dreadfull eyes,  
 And flaming like the Sozgons lights, vpon the Grækes he lies,  
 And terror moze doth put them in, he ſtirres, he caſtes aboute,  
 To loke howe he may cleane deſeate, and breake the Grækiſh rout.  
 Then wꝛathfull Iuno griened much, to ſee the baliant Grækes  
 So harde diſtreſſed, and doubting woꝛſe, Pallas ſhe thus beſeakes.  
 O; loue deareſt daughter thou, canſt thou this armie ſee  
 In danger ſuch, without regarde to helpe th extremitie?  
 Suffer ſhal we them al to quail by this one Hectors hand,  
 So barbarous a ſlaughter man? loke in what caſe they ſtande.  
 Doſt thou not ſee how to their ſhippes he bath them forced all,  
 And wil not ceaſe, til in their bloudes he force them ech to fall?  
 Quoth Pallas then, I know your minde, I ſinde the matter well,  
 But this ſo hardie Hector he, whoſe dædes are ſene ſo ſell,  
 And ſo muche to be wondꝛed at, ſhal oye in countrey ſople,  
 But loue his wil to thinke to croſſe nought ſollow woulde but ſoile.  
 I feare him much, his aukward ſpite againſt me oft is ſet,  
 Too much ingrate, the laboꝛ great, and paine he doth forget,

which



# of Homers Iliades.

145

Hercules.

Which I for Hercules boote haue tane, his forces when to trie  
Unto King Euristeus Court he went so willingly:  
The trauailes truely which he toke had mated off the man,  
But when he cryed, and when he wept, sir Ioue he praiſe me than  
To hie to him, which oft I did, eſſe he quite overthrowne  
And tane had bene: if in thoſe dayes I haply then had knowne,  
What reckoning he would make of me, in hell had holden binne  
His Hercules for euer and aye, his conqueſt ſarre to winne,  
So famous got of Cerberus, that grimme three headed curre,  
The helliſh foud that *Syx* is bight, he had not paſſe ſo ſurre,  
But had bene ſtaide ere there he came, in guerdon of my dædes,  
He now for worthy recompence me hates and often chides,  
For to allowe the ſottiſh will of *Thetis* Ladie white,  
Her vaine requests he needs muſt graunt, ſhe flatters him ſo right  
With humble ſpæch, touching his bearde, his knees ſhe kiſſing lowe,  
Achill hir ſonne to ſet aloft and *Grækes* to overthrowe.  
But well I knowe I ſhortly ſhall by Ioue be daughter taken,  
And be againe his girle white, as nowe I am ſoſaken.  
Pour chare to haſt if ſo you pleaſe now Iuno get you gon,  
And I will hie vnto his houſe his armour to put on.

Hercules  
in at his en-  
terpriſes  
favoured  
by *Mine-*  
*ra*.

This *Trojan* I will make to ſeele what grieve or ſolly glæ  
The gueſt ſhall get when me in warre againſt him he ſhall ſee.  
And that I haue the uiſſance I, to worke him tæne and care,  
And make his ſubiects meate for dogs, and ſying ſoules of thaire,  
To be reuengde. *Mineura* madde thus ſpake and Iuno ſteares  
Right carefull for to put in poynt hir hoſes and their geares  
And all the rytes to ſhining chare. But *Pallas* ſhe doth leaue  
Hir linnowe robes ſo delicate, which erſt hir ſelfe did weaue,  
And happes hir with y cuirates tough, which Ioue in battaile weares:  
So armd, the chariot light ſhe leapes, a lance in hand ſhe beares,  
Wherewith the demi-gods ſhe mates, in anger when ſhe copes,  
Unto his heauen gates they come, which ſcræly to them opes.

*Mineura*  
puts on the  
armour of  
*Iupiter*.

Of theſe gate dozes the houres they haue, the whole & onely charge,  
Ech one a poſter is, they rule alſo the heauens large.  
Of cleare *Olymp*e they regents are, the cloudes at becke they bring,  
Or when they come, allowe againe away they ſo:ce them ſo: to ſing.

This is  
written in  
the ſit  
Booke.

A.

When

## The eight Booke

Jupiter sendeth  
Iris to  
the two  
Goddesses.

When Ioue aloft he looketh vp, and sees the hoxses flie,  
Which dye the Goddesses, in heate against them he doth scie,  
He sendeth Iris vnto them that readie winged wight:  
My pursuuant with golden wings (quoth he) goe shew this light,  
Goe meete these two, and say from me they doe retire their pace,  
Tell them I byd they doe not dare to come before my face,  
Tell them they are two sendings vaine, to thinke to breake my hest,  
Tell them who list least to obey shall tast of little rest.  
Their chariot gaie shall straight be burst, & beame from hoxses to me,  
My lightning flames full stiddy shot shall send them headlong borne  
Downe to the earth, and in such plight, as (maugre all their skill)  
In tenne yeres long they shall not heale their such receaued ill.  
And then shall Pallas know what shame she doth deserue, and shall,  
To stirre against hir fire, Iuno I blame no whit at all,  
She treadeth but hir wonted trod, I know hir so accurst,  
So labour my disquiet still she alwayes is the furst.

Iris to Iuno  
and Pallas.

Iris his message to fulfill from Ida mount he hoxes,  
And found them of the heauen hie then comming out the doores.  
Whom whē he seeth, he resteth straight, quoth he, O frantick wights,  
What fond & foolish sottish geare hath poisoned thus your sprights,  
To meane to aide the Grækes, and stirre against you Ioue his ire:  
He doth forbyd you further passe vntill you doe desire  
Ceue in a tricke your chariot gaie to flie in pæres small,  
And beame from hoxses burst, and you in dust and dirt to fall,  
By sodaine clap of lightning flames so tumbling from the aire,  
As tenne yeres long of quiet rest shall not your health repaire,  
That Pallas you doe know, that Ioue thy maister is and bad,  
And as for Iuno, he well knowes she is so leudly bad.  
She is no whit at all abasht, she alwayes takes delight  
His purposes to contrarie, and that in his despight.  
But Pallas be not stubbozne then as togge of currish kinde,  
Striue not with him, vse not thy staffe against his will and minde,  
Least thou offend thy fire too farre. Iris he flies his wayes,  
And Iuno to Minerua turnes, and thus to hir she sayes:  
Not to perforce our mindes set downe what can be greater hell?  
Pet sth that Ioue doth vs gainsay, I doe not thinke it well.

Iuno to  
Minerua.

We should herein against him stand, no; so; no wo:ldly wight  
 Such painfull daunger so; to take, his bie and heavenly might  
 Of their god hap or harne it shall at pleasure his dispose:  
 The stēdes with byole straight she turnes, & right to heauen goes.  
 The houres doe lose the coursers bzaue, and them to mangier lye,  
 The chariot they doe sitly place in rōme appointed by.  
 Hard by the Gods in golden chaires the lostie Ladies sit,  
 Who hauing faulde of their intent, they are in grēuous fit:  
 To welkin now eke Ioue is come, who is with honour due  
 Receaude of eche, as one as that of him they had a viewe.

The God-  
 desses re-  
 turne to  
 Heauen.  
 The hours  
 handmaide  
 of Iuno.

Iupiter res-  
 turnes to  
 heauen.

His godly stēdes the Parine god full quickly he vnties,  
 Their furniture he hutteth by, and then he hastie bies  
 Of Ioue the mightie seate to set, it readie at a loke,  
 He downe doth sit, but clapping downe the whole Olympus shoke;  
 Betwēne Iuno and Pallas there in midst the God he sat,  
 No wo:de betwēne them both they had, ne to the God doe chat.  
 But Ioue who well did know their thoughts in bitter choler was,  
 Ladies quoth he, whēce doth proceed your spite which thus doth passe?  
 Whence comes ye seek ye Trojans harne, & neuer hane your fill,  
 Unlessse you see their bitter fall contrarie to my will:  
 By force sith that so great it is are you to learne to knowe  
 That neither you nor all the Gods and Goddesses in rowe  
 By force can make me change my minde sith that my simple threate,  
 Doth make you quake with faces pale, & eke with trembling sweate:  
 What will you doe in bloudy marte so dreadfull to the sight,  
 When you shall see my beaue fist insurcible in might:  
 Marke then, gainsay no moze of you, I wishe you not to dare:  
 By happe if fondly ye oppugne my bie decrees that are,  
 Upon ye, ye shall see to fall the searatching lightning flash,  
 Therewith I thunder with my flames, & downe they shall you dash,  
 On earth to dwell, no meanes ye haue est hether to returne,  
 Pour chares and stēdes in cinders quite and pēces it shall burne.  
 Hereat Minerua grones so; grieke, hir hart it boiles with rage,  
 Pet still and coie she helde hir selfe, and surie doth allwage.  
 But Iuno takes the cause in hand, & crabbed Ioue quoth she,  
 What surie is here: we well doe knowe your vassals all we be.

Iuno to  
 Iupiter.

U. y.

Pour

## The eight Booke

Your portage is odder, but if one would the Greekeish armie aide,  
Is it against you to rebelle: why should it so be saide?

So great an host to see destructione pittie makes vs rue,  
But Iupiter to hir againe with wordes both thus inue:

Their losse let it not trouble you, it double shall to morrowe,  
I will make Hector Trojan chiefe, to ding them with a sorrowe,  
And slay them downe, not ceasing he to kill and dye them backe,  
Vnto their shippes, expecting nought but ruine, death, and wracke,  
There fighting hard, and round beset about Patroclus bones,

Whō he shall slay, wherby Achill shal yeeld his grievous groanes:

Seeing the slaughter of his friend, he shall in furie groe,  
Him to reuenge, and gine them aide, he hastie on shall goe.

I will it so, and sith that fate to Greekes hath so assignde,  
For you dame Iuno more I toy, the more you haue repinde,

Iapetus Sa-  
turne.

A gods name get you in the sea, or furthest earthlie selles,

Goe like Iapetus Saturne out, in darknesse where he dwelles.

Where neuer Phoebus shewes his face, nor no delight he takes

To heare the winds, trudge where you list, loke after you who makes

None shall you followe by my will, of you I doe not reake,

Your feumish hart with popsoned hate is ready still to breake,

This was his speech, the Goddess great full quiet lowe doth lout

The sterne God she greatly breeds, and of him stands in doubt.

Descriptiō  
of the sun,  
and of the  
night.

This while the cleare & brightsome sunne to th'ocean takes his flight,

As is his wont, and all the earth the browne and sable night

Doth wholly hap and cloke about with his so darksome shade,

A night right welcome to the Greekes, but Trojans mad are made

Hector en-  
campeth  
out of  
Troy.

Therewith. The gallaunt Hector breeds, & souldiours he commaundes

Backe from the shippes hard to the broke, and cometh to the laundes,

Wheras that day with sorrow great the slaughter was so bloudie,

The lſtgh  
of Hector's  
launce or  
dart.

There downe on fote they lighted straight in counsell for to studie,

To whom Hector, who in right hand a mightie launce did holde

As royall mace, launce skeld and guilt, of fete large trucly tolde

Cleuen full it was in length, with voice both loudly call:

Hector to  
the Troy-  
ans.

Oe Trojans fronte and straungers eke, I speake vnto you all,

Oe souldiours and ye citizens, god hope I did conceane

This day, and sure I thought my selfe them all of life to reane,

Their

Their beſtailes eke to haue deſtroyde, and as a conquerour  
 To haue returnd, but my intent I miſſe in euill houre,  
 Becauſe the night ſo ſone is come. Wherefore I thinke it beſt  
 Not hence to ſtirre, but here to encampe and take our quiet reſt.  
 Well, goe to then, let there be one point here his ſtation out,  
 With ſtew and barley bate your horſe. And let another route  
 Lie vnto Troy, muttons and beanes readie for vs to make,  
 And others wine and bread to get let them the office take,  
 Some muſt beſore our ſupper to good ſtoze of felwell ſell,  
 To kindle flames, which all the night may light vs gaily well,  
 The Grækes by ſea may cloſely lie, which if they doe fulfill,  
 To charge them frankly in their ſight, and cut their taile I will,  
 That their ozethowe example be to every lining wight,  
 That none doe dare to war with Troy, who well knowes howe to fight  
 And from the towne ſith farre we be, her ſafetie we muſt haue,  
 The Heraults let them goe to Troy, and tell it is agreed  
 That all the youth and aged men the citie doe defend,  
 And on the walles doe make their watch, and Trojan women bend  
 Themſelues to light the fire flame, to loke with carefull eyes  
 Our foes doe not ſurpriſe the towne by ſault or other wiſe:  
 As I haue ſaide let it be done, ech one his worke apply.  
 In morning further we ſhall talke, and doe accordingly.  
 I hope I worthy warriours mine, we end ſhall all theſe boiles  
 To morowe, and theſe furious curs ſhall by our manly toiles  
 Be hakt and betwixt with great diſtreſſe, well, let vs all this night  
 Repoſe our ſelues, and at the peere and dawne of morning light  
 In battaile let vs raunge our bands, theſe furious foes to mate,  
 When ſhall I ſee ſir Diomedes in what a ſouldiours ſtate  
 He will be ſene, and whether he me from his veſſels puts,  
 Or whether I ſhall ſpoile him quite, my darts ſent through his guts.  
 Full tryall he ſhall haue, whether he able can ſuſtaine  
 One thruſt of this my launce, I hope by me he ſhalbe ſlaine,  
 And many a friend full deare of his, who would him gladly ſaue,  
 If ſuch a victorie I get, I certainly ſhall haue  
 Eternall fame, immortall praiſe I purchaſe ſhall thereby,  
 I doe not thinke, but they to me will raiſe an altar hye.

He ſee  
 threatneth  
 Diomedes,



## The eight Booke

In witnesse of my pꝛowesse great, as is to Pallas done  
 That Goddesse she, cꝛ to Phœbus that God and brightsome sunne.  
 This said, the Troyans him obey, their god and wearie flædes  
 Un!osde befoꝛe, to chares againe they tie and foꝛward pædes,  
 Unto the towne, and quickly bꝛing by ead, wine and trinkets moꝛe,  
 The beanes and muttons were not fewe, they bꝛought no scanteð stoꝛe:  
 Then in the midst of all the campe a thousand fires they light,  
 The flames and smoke wherof, the winde to heauen carries right.  
 And euen as men shall often see in faire and pleasaunt weather,  
 The smoke being cleare the skies aloft: (foꝛ light is so togetheꝛ,  
 As all the hilles, the vales, and plaines, with light as lightly sholwes  
 As in the day) wherby the heard, when by his eyes he thꝛowes,  
 He ioꝛeth in his cabbin poꝛe: Cen so from Troꝛan towne,  
 In night so pleasaunt and so still, the dwellers looking downe,  
 Reioyce to see the armie sit: who when their hoꝛse were dꝛest,  
 And unto dꝛes and pasture set, they goe to take their rest:  
 By euery fire iust fiftie men downe lites, as best they may,  
 In hope of Grækes the moꝛning next shalbe the latter day,

A thousand  
 fires kind-  
 led in the  
 Troyans  
 Campe.  
 Compari-  
 son.

*Finis Octauæ Libri.*

## The ninth Booke.



Flight the  
 companion  
 of feare.

Compari-  
 son.

The Troyans haue they placed thus,  
 their watch with carefull hēde:  
 Foꝛ losse of fielde and fellows flaine  
 foꝛ grieve the Grækes they blæde.  
 Foꝛ sight the seere, and fellow mate  
 of chilling feare that nipꝛes,  
 Had dastardlike with shame enougħ  
 them dꝛiuen to their shippes.  
 And en as we full often see the pontique sea to growe,  
 When Borcas blafts oꝛ westerne gales frō Thracian moūtaines blow,  
 And

And make the bellowe so to bolne, as oft the brownish waves  
From bottome of fir Neptunes sea aloft full hiely bzaues:  
So were the Grækish princes sprites all troubled and to toss,  
Yet of them all Agamemnon he, he was tormented most.  
He willes the princes to entreate the Heraulds all and some  
(Not loude with Proclamations out) vnto his tent to come,  
To them his purpose to declare. The Heraulds they obeyed,  
And when þ kings the sommon heard, from him no whit they stayed.

Each one set after his degré, with sad and ruthfull grace  
Agamemnon standeth vp, the teares fast trickling downe his face:  
Euen as the fountaine water doth out springing from the stone  
Betwix the plaines, these were his words with sighes & doleful mone.

To deeply loue he doth me dære & all the Grækish Dukes,  
And staies not yet, with sozow more he further me rebukes.  
He promise me in fire and blond this Troy I should it sacke,  
(I maruaile much) my ill successe commaundes me from it backe,  
And bids me leaue the enterprise and home to haue to Græce,  
My honour lost, my fame sozowne, and host the greatest pære.  
So please it the mightie Gods all force and might to mate,  
Downe throwing strength of walles & men all heights he doth abate.  
With so it be, I wish it not that we against him strue,

Lets get vs home, our paine we lose, here sure we cannot thriue.  
Their chieftaine when the counsell heard, long still they muet sat,  
Till big and doughtie Diomedes this matter answered flat:

Thy want of skill & Atreus heire (quoth he) perswades me much  
Vnto thy words to answer now, thy speeches being such,  
And to gainesay the same: therfore against me rage not now,  
For any else, just counsell law the priuiledge doth allow  
That eche in counsell shew his minde: I pray the truely tell,  
When hast thou scene this campe afraide or weakely so to melt  
In charge, assault, or els Alarmes, as best it should now seeme  
Our weapons so; to leaue: dost thou so fill their heartes esteeme?  
So small hope hast thou in their force, as so; thy simple tong  
The Trojan conquest we should leaue: it is too great a wrong.  
These warlike hands so to despise. It shilleth not a lie,  
It is thy want, my selfe the first I haue it suffered, I,

Compani-  
son.

Agamemnon  
to the  
Greekes.

Sentence  
which is  
in the se-  
cond booke;

Diomedes  
answers to  
Agamemnon

Diomedes  
confesseth  
Agamemnon  
the greater  
of honour  
but the  
vvorst soul  
diour.

Thy

## The ninth Booke

Thy thought of me of all this host well knowest yong and old,  
 With thee a coward counted I, and meeter so: to scold,  
 Than in the danger of the warres to venture in the same,  
 Occasion sith I haue to speake, I speake it to thy shame.  
 The heauenly Gods haue made thee chiefe, & sceptre so: to beare,  
 And rule this host, stout manly minde in thee it is not there,  
 No: counsaile sound, in warlike seats, which are the gifts of gaine,  
 Unto those points thou canst not come, no: thereto once attaine.  
 Wherefore take heede hence forth to byaule o: iniurie the Grækes:  
 And if to sle, and hie thee hence it to thy fanlie lokes,  
 O: it thee to sea, thy stiffe it lies right readie on the shore,  
 Some to thy towne thou shalt be brought out trouble any more:  
 The other Grækes will here abide and willingly attend  
 The wished day, wherein we shall surprize Troy in the end.  
 And if that home likewise they will, not forcing any whyt  
 This high exploit, Esthenelus with me will tarie yet,  
 No: leaue me till the end of all, assure our comming hether.  
 Unto the coastes directed was by Gods yea altogether.  
 This spech the Grækes they greatly praise of Tydees sonne the wise,  
 They doe commend his good aduise, wherewith both Nestor rise  
 That prudent knight, & answers thus: O Diomed thy part  
 In bloudie warre right stout thou playst, in counsell good thou art,  
 I must confesse of all the kings thou art the oddest, thou,  
 Of those thy yeares. Of al the campe I thinke no souldior now  
 Doth with, o: well a harmefull truce, yet all thou dost not touch,  
 Concerning this our question here moze must be sayed much,  
 I, olde who am, and may be sire to all these mightie kings,  
 And eke to thee, will end the rest I hope to their likings,  
 And eu: n so, as none repute my counsell good and sound.  
 No viler o: unhappie man, o: wicked can be found,  
 No: moze vnworthy so: to liue, than euill warre who lottes.  
 To supper let vs get vs now, sith night so farre on shoues,  
 And stille so: to set the watch with bandes of youngest yeares,  
 Twene wall & trench to place them so, when Troys cruces appeares  
 To charge vs, they may notice giue: Agamemnon you ought  
 That all the Princes vnto you they be to supper brought:

Esthenelus  
for Sthenelus.

Nestor al-  
lowes Di-  
omedes  
counsell.

Nestor  
Councilis  
what is to  
be done.

(As I do thinke) you nothing want to feast them as you wol,  
With pleasaunt wine of *Thracian* soile your tent is stuffed ful,  
And as we sup discourse wil hap, and serue for counsell eke  
And helpe, in this so waightie cause we al our wits muste seeke.  
For why, the empy lyes at hand, it is a heauie thing  
(God knowes) their fires to see, and heare them by our noses ring.  
Loe here the night which wil vs saue, if prudent men we be,  
But if we sleepe, then shal we fall, in handes of th' enemic.

Then he had sayed, and they had heard, his wil it was obeyde,  
And Princes seauen vnto the watche do go right well arayde,  
And souldiours they seuen hundred take, the first was *Thrasimede*  
Duke Nestors sonne, and Creons heire, another *Lacomedes*,  
*Acalaphe* was the thirde, the fourth was willing *Merion*,  
*Aphareus*, *Ialmen*, and *Deyphire*, they forward passed on,  
And made the number seauen vp, thre knights right hard to daunt,  
And wights not better be like to be, where men come in their haunt.  
These with their souldiours armed ful, with dartes and armor bright,  
Euen wal and trench they set themselves, & tend the watch al night.  
They fires make, some eate, some walke, no one of them doth sleepe,  
With eyes they looke for them that come, and eares attentive keepe

Those  
who were  
chosen for  
the watch  
and for  
scouts.

On th' other side *Agamemnon* he to supper brings the Lords,  
They neither thirst nor hunger seele, so wel he them asoordes.  
They suppe, Nestor (whose counsel graue of erbe was knowne right  
Vnto the chieftaine of the warre he thus his tale did tell. (wel

*Agamemnon*  
suppes the  
Greekish  
Princes.

O worthy Prince, of none but you I am here for to say,  
Sith you are poynted of these folke to beare the rule and sway:  
Sith that the Gods haue giuen you powre of all the Grecians here,  
More counsaile and more stoutly minde in you there shoulde appeare  
Than any other, which shoulde enforce it selfe to giue good eare,  
And counsaile take, and after god to erecute it there.  
And chiefly, when you are aduise a thing that profite wil,  
And honest is, then who can say by you proceedeth ill?  
An other thing to counsaile you it moueth me againe,  
Which ful to followe is your best, not contrary to saine  
As erst you did, when raging wood in furie you did fret  
Against *Achill*, and worse than that into youre shippes did set

Nestor to  
*Agamemnon*

To his despite out of his tent the Bryfe in gift he had,  
 A fauourite of al the Gods, the wrong it was too bad  
 To stirre a personage so greate. Wherefore we ought to studie,  
 If helpe may be, how to repayre this facte outrageous modie,  
 And quietly it to appeale with presents gay and rich,  
 Or else by meanes of curteous speech and by entreatie miche.

Agamemnon  
 to Nestor.

Agamemnon thus answerd straight: O aged fire, no lesse  
 Whereof thou hast accused me the fault I do confesse.  
 I can bouch no excuse at all, I so wolie fell and faild,  
 I do perceiue by the outrage the Grækes haue greatly quaild.  
 Ioue loues the man, and whom God loues, in camp where men are  
 Such one is worth a multitude of the vnbrideled scull, (full,  
 Who hardly wil be rulde at al, but as I am the man  
 Vniustly who hath onely done, Ile proue all meanes I can  
 To mend the fault, I wil bestow in guerdon for the facte  
 Great gallant gifts of lottie price out of my treasures pate,  
 Which I wil name vnto you here, esteeme their price who can:  
 First seuen godly Triuets large, which neuer were set an  
 The fire, ten talents eke right pure and fine of golden masse,  
 And twentie Caudrons burnisht braue of gloriing shining brasse:  
 Twelue Coursers with their gorgeous barbs and furniture arayed,  
 Whose swiftnesse hath in wager bene in Greece ful dearely payed.  
 If so much wealth and coine he had, he shoud not thinke he needs  
 As I haue got and gained eke by trauel of these stades.  
 Eke seuen dames, whose semine race surpassi for countnanee rare,  
 Right cunning in Embroderie: which sell vnto my share,  
 When Achill conquerd Lesbos Ile, and with them wil I yelde  
 His Bryseis floure of Damfels al, as pure and vndefeld,  
 As when she first was giuen me, I by my royal state  
 And sceptre which I holde, I sweare, I in no manner rate  
 Haue priuately dealt with the maide, she neuer in my couch  
 Did rest hir selfe, I neuer neare approchde hir once to touch,  
 As men are wont, when they alone themselves with women finde:  
 Lo here the wealthy gift to him by me is now assignde.  
 And if that fauoure do the Gods this enterpryse begonne,  
 And that this Troy it may be tane, and if to sacke be done,

The giftes  
 whiche A-  
 gamemnon  
 wil offer  
 Achilles.



I do agré that of the spoile, top ful with byasse and golde  
 A mightie Shippe be lade, and che towne daines out twentie tolde  
 The fairest of the Trojans al (saue Helene) shall be his :  
 And to my country when I come, I truly wil not misse  
 So dearly to esteeme the man with honoz vnbeguilde,  
 As I mine owne Orestes do, my deare and louing childe.  
 And if he marriage list to minde, I gladly wil him knowe  
 My sonne in lawe, on him I wil a daughter mine bestowe:  
 Take where he please, I thre name haue which murke & modest are,  
 Chrysoteime faire, wise Laodice, and she of honest care  
 Iphianas: wel, take he one, for dowter it shall not skill,  
 I hope right wel she shal not blame my fatherly god wil,  
 (How great the match and princely is) for dowter I haue prepared :  
 I seuen Cities wil bestow with walles right round reparde,  
 Wel stufte with wealth and people eke, fast by the sea of Pile,  
 That is to say, *Enopa* one, the second *Cardamile*,  
*Pheres* diuine, *Hira* encloso with goodly fruitfull trees,  
*Pedafos*, whose sat fertile earth with Vineyards wel agrées,  
*Egea* with hir gallant seate, and *Anthis* so commended  
 For fruitfull meades and pasture ground whiche cannot be amended.  
 And in these seuen so god to wnes such ciuil people line,  
 As like a God they wil him hold, and presents to him giue  
 Of such their wealth they do possesse, with goods and body prest  
 To obey his sceptre and his wil, as he is pleased best.  
 These gifts and these good turnes are his, if this agrément doe,  
 (Would Gods & valiant Achilles) our strifes were brought vnto  
 A quietnesse: let Pluto to thy deade suche fauour send,  
 That thou thy selfe no way refuse, but peace may haue the end,  
 Let Pluto graunt me so much grace, in yeares and wealth as I  
 Far passe Achill, so in like case my sute be not deny.

Agamemnon  
thre daughters.

Then Nestor heeding wel his tale, his spèche againe doth vse,  
 Sir Atreus sonne these presents told Achill ought not refuse,  
 For great they are: wherefoze prouide Embassadors to goe,  
 Thre men sufficient I can chosse, if they be pleased so.  
 The Phoenix god shal be the first, Scholemaster his that was  
 Of late of the Embassade chiefe, and Ajax he shal passe

Nestor com-  
mits Agamem-  
non to offer  
the gifts to  
Achilles, &  
to send him  
Embassas  
dours.

## The ninth Booke

The second man, and eloquent Vlysses third shal be,  
Whome Heraults two shal followe fast, Odus Eurybatee,  
Two loyall twights: and sit it is for to confirme the dorde,  
To wash our hands: you Heraults hie, and water fetch with spede,  
And you ye Grækes, (eche one aparte) doe Iupiter requite,  
That this legation come to passe, as we do all desire.  
The heraults two to Princes handes the water out they skinke,  
Who to the Gods their prayers make, & then the wine they drinke.  
Therewith wel filld the Legates parte, whome Nestor plyeth still,  
To set themselves to purchase home: god answere from Achill,  
Cre they returne Vlysses chiefe his spæche to make the way,  
So graue that is, and he therewith his courage to delay.

Vlysses,  
Phoenix, &  
Atax Em-  
bassadors  
to Achilles

Thus went the pointed Princes forth, with care to be wel heard,  
And lowly to the Marine God their prayers they prefarde,  
That of the baliant Græke the wrath so depe and deadly placed,  
To end the charge they now are in, more calmed be and rased.  
Unto the vessels straight they come, and tents of Pyramids,  
In compasse wide and gay to sight, Achilles where he runnes,  
And on the Viole Pitties sings, in Musike so delights

The Viole  
or Harp of  
Achilles.

Of those the hie and loftie Gods, and worthy mortall twights.  
This Violes swætnesse matchlesse was with beautie rare to see,  
Wel painted oze with siluer head, was fine as fine might be,  
The which was by Achilles wonne, when Thebes he did race,  
I meane Thebes where Etion did rule with princely mace,  
Which Thebes was by him destroyde, no one there was that markte  
His musike there, saue Patroclus, his harmonic who harkte.

Achilles  
speakes  
curteously,  
receyuing  
the Embas-  
sadors.

These Princes when Achilles sawe, who long his friends had bin,  
He would not faile to raise himself, and wondzing doth beginne  
To bid them welcome as he shoulde, Patroclus also rose,  
And to receiue them puts himselfe: to spæche Achilles goes,  
Right welcome be those my good friends, and Lords, who with god  
Do in my shippes come visite me, I take in most god part heart,  
The same, and though my wrath be great, you are no cause I say,  
I you esteeme, I loue, I leue, and lone you wil for ay.

Thus said, with courteous countenance he, doth bring them on to sit  
One after one in sumptuous seats, be hangde with beket sit:

The

The hugest cup he had, to bring Patroclus he did will  
 To make them drinke, and wel the same with purest wine to fill,  
 For these (quoth he) here visite me, are knightes of valiaunt bende,  
 And more than that, my withers wel, and very friends in deede.  
 His friends minde when Patroclus heard, he doth obey the same,  
 And more a cald; on he doth take, it round about with flame.  
 He doth beset, and in he puts of goate and mutton fat  
 The tumbles whole, with goodly chine of tender swine with that  
 Of one peare fed, Antomedon and Achil they do cut  
 And brotch the rest, Patroclus while he to the fire doth put  
 All smokelesse for to make it burne, the wood he touched sit,  
 Aptly to roste, the coales he speades, and down he layes the spit,  
 Wheron the strokes of flesh were brotcht, and salt on them doth cast,  
 The meate to season, and to make it meter for the tast.  
 All ready thus, Patroclus bread out of a basket layde  
 He had in hand, and serbde the boorde, and sir Achilles prayd  
 When he had platt the Greekish Lords, if they would sal to meate,  
 And to Vlilles face to see himself he chose his seate.  
 He bids Patroclus sacrifice eke to the gods their right,  
 Which done, they eate, they drinke, and do with leasure great delight.

The prin-  
 ces sit to  
 the cookes.

The god Phenix chiefe messenger, a silent noyse began  
 To warne Vlilles hauing supt, who knew what ment the man,  
 He takes the cup, and prayes Achil vnto him for to drinke,  
 O thou of Greekes the choice (quoth he) I now ful mete it thinke  
 The cause of our Embassade here (now we so wel haue farde)  
 We open layde before your selfe, and by vs plaine declarede.  
 Though you with plentie haue vs fed, Agamemnon before  
 Hath feasted vs, but all this cheare, it cannot heale our soze,  
 For vs content, the present time some other thing requires  
 Than stil to fæde, and on our meate to set our whole desires.  
 Our care it is vnto our case all careful to prouide,  
 And wisely to inuent some way the Tropan force to abide,  
 And keepe our vessels from the fire, that we in heapes not dy,  
 Which no way we can shun at all, if haply you deny  
 To put in bre your mighty fist, and eke your selfe to decke  
 With minde and force from vs to hold the harme lyes on our neck.

Vlilles to  
 Achilles.

## The ninth Booke

So hard at hand our foes they be incamped by our side,  
 They ly vs by, they merry make, their fiers burning bide.  
 They vow they wil not enter *Troy* til al the *Grækes* be slaine,  
 And by their force defeated quite, yea in the ships. Againe,  
 And more their pride to set a gog, sene hath b. n in their campe  
 A token sure of their great god the lightning for to ranpe  
 On the right hand. And Hector stoute now puffed by aloft,  
 For victorie of yester day, and in a suretie brought  
 Of loue his aide, doth nothing wish, but that the dawning come,  
 And then he meanes to burne our ships, and armie al and some  
 To ouerthrow. he is so b.ane, so furious, and so fel,  
 He rekes no whit of God or man, with smoke he wil vs quel.  
 This threate hath troubled much our spirites w<sup>th</sup> fear & chilling dread,  
 In doubt that fate wil haue it so, and gods they haue agreed  
 That after long abode this host must wholly haue the gelpe, (helpe  
 And in this Country leaue our lines. Though you haue spaerd their  
 Til now (and that although so late) now by your forces pul,  
 Cst cal your hart for to protect this host of dolour ful.  
 Else, when we al shal haue the losse, your selfe wil grow right sad  
 To see your friends so many quailde, and that no care you had,  
 When neede there was, to saue their falles, it better were t'aboyde  
 This error great, now in their aide your selfe you some imployde,  
 And also t' yde this vtter ruine, which neuer can be holpen,  
 Friend mine, I wel do cal to minde what *Pelous* did open  
 To you, and gaue for sound aduice (moode by a fathers care  
 And tender lone) when to these parts you in your boyage ware.  
 And as I should and best I may, his words I wel remember,  
 That the performance of the same your minde it may wel tender :  
*Minerue* the goddesse, (son quoth he) and *Iuno* both at once  
 Shal giue the valiaunt heart ynough, with big and bratwie bones,  
 But thou with lone and modest port those gifts must beautifie,  
 And kepe the from dissembling faulte, and filthy fraude despye,  
 P'arde not thy minde unto reuenge, and so of yong and old  
 You shal be much and hie esteemde, and loued as you would.  
 These were his words, thus in precept the god old man he gaue,  
 When you he sent, of this gay spech now little minde you haue.

God

Good friend (alas) do cancel cleane these discords and these sars,  
 Ful est in friendship with the chiefe and captaine of these wars,  
 Who seeking now for thy good wil, by vs both offer thee  
 (Which here I count) such godly giftes, as rich and gorgeous be.  
 First seauen triuets new and round, ten talents nert of golde,  
 And twentie candzons bzight of hue, twelue courfers sully told,  
 Who by their swiftnesse conquerde haue right many princes rich,  
 And as for golde and wealthy ware if one man had as much  
 As they haue purchast to their Lord, and gayned by their spæde,  
 He might wel haunt he were not poze, nor wooldy much to næde.  
 And further seuen ladies bzaue right od in nædels skil  
 And beantie rare, which then he had, when *Lesboes* thou didst pill  
 With thy strong hand, thy Bryseis eke thou shalt againe receiue,  
 For whom he depely sweares, vntoucht he doth hir person leaue,  
 And that she neuer saw his bed, nor he the mayde hath knowne  
 In pleasure, as the male and fem. Al this shal be your own,  
 These godly giftes here shal you haue, this græment if you strike,  
 And if to sacke this mightie *Troy* the lostie gods it like.  
 And that we share the welthy spaples, he will that you lay on  
 And lade your largest ship with plate and gold, for you alone,  
 With twentie townish dames of choice, wel woorthy such a Lord,  
 And when this war shal ended be, if so you list accord  
 To haunt his home and dwel with him, you lone he shal as deare  
 As *Orestes* his only son, and if in minde you weare  
 To take a wife, of al his house, the choise yours freely is:  
 He daughters there doth thre possesse, the first *Chritotenis*  
 With yealow lockes, sage *Laodice* the second hath to name,  
*Iphianas* the third is hight, who haue so great a fame  
 For vertues theirs, the fairest of thre at pleasure chose you may,  
 And leade hir to their fire his home, and nothing for hir pay.  
 For he himsele for dowter wil of riches giue such stoe,  
 As neuer father daughter gau: such portion hereto oze:  
 He means to put vnder pour rule seuen great and godly townes  
 Hard by the sea, which ful of folke with wealthy ware abowncs.  
 Ciuile *Enopa* shal be one, and *Cardamile* so hight,  
*Pheres* diuine, fruitesful *Hira*, *Epea* great of might,

Vlir. names  
 Agagificas  
 to Achilles.

With



With Ambia for pasture fat of all that beares the bel,  
 And Pedasus for goodly vines is spoken of so wel.  
 You honoꝛe in these townes shal be, and serbde in euery case  
 Most like a God, where people wil vnder your lopal mace  
 And kingly iustice willing lue, so, these the gistes they are,  
 That is the mends in lieu of fault you shal haue for your share.  
 If you these offers not regard, no; him that giues the same,  
 Haue you no pitie of your friends, no; nation here that came  
 Out your owne land: haue you no wil these silly Grækes to ayde,  
 And helpe that quite they perish not: of whom it wil be sayde,  
 As to the gods, so are they bound Achilles vnto the,  
 When they shal know that by thy meanes they are deliuerd fræ,  
 An act of praise, immortal fame for you to gaine therby.  
 Th'occasion eke it byings, that you with Hector now may trie,  
 Who doth so gayly baunt and boast, (he putt is with such pride)  
 So Græke in Campe to be his match that may him once abide.  
 When he the prudent Græke had hearde, to answer thus he start,  
 Achilles an-  
 swers, Vli.  
 Vllies, that I answere plaine I thinke it is my part,  
 That thou, no; any other else your selues hereafter set  
 By motions for to trouble me, moze of me so to get.  
 What in my minde I haue set down most surely shal be done,  
 Who sayes one thing, and in his heart another course doth run,  
 As gates of Hel I do him hate, with all the might I may:  
 What I concluded haue to do here hearken what I say.  
 Unpossible the matter is, that Agamemnon king  
 For yet the Grækes or princes great, he may or can me bring  
 But once on heade my helinet set, sith who doth most desire  
 With al his force to ayde you al, I see to bad his hire,  
 And of a souldiour no moze count, whose valure he doth raigne,  
 Than of an hedgehog hid in tent or bastard colward swaine:  
 Who for his part shal moze possesse of great and worthy spoiles,  
 And higher place, than who deserues most best with al his toyles.  
 I speake this for my selfe, who haue such toyle and trauel bid,  
 And many a night in war haue waikt, and neuer haue bin hid  
 From daunger great what so it were, and al for your behouise,  
 With semblant care, as pretie birde doth busie flye alwise

Comparisō.

To ſeake out meate to ſeede hir pong vnfeatherde who do ly,  
 And nak't in neſt, who haue no power the champaine ayre to try,  
 And far vnmete to meate themſelues: who doth not vnderſtand  
 The ſackes and ſals of Cities great, and Ilands of this land  
 By nauale forces conquerde haue: twice ſire the chiefeſt thought  
 Cleauen in firme my ſword hath ſpoild, and in ſubiection broughte:  
 Of al the which the booties whole you al ſul wel do know  
 But ſaued none, your chiefe he had, which ſtil he did beſtow  
 Where beſt he pleaſed, and ſkild he was the greater part to hold,  
 But mine and other princes parts were miſke and wel controlde,  
 Yet with our ſharing pleaſed wel, and none moze pleaſd than I,  
 Pathleſſe by cruel iniuſtice, malice and terrannie  
 Agamemnon hath ſpoiled me of that my piſſaunce ſmal  
 Was giuen me, which yet I ſay, to me did wel befall:  
 The ſame eſteeming very much only I lobbe it deare,  
 Bryſeis it was, wel his be the, and with hir let him cheare,  
 Anſwere me you, what cauſe hath ſetcht ſo many Princes hither  
 Of Greece? And Agamemnon who he callde hath here togiſther  
 Such furniture of ſouldiours god: are they not in the field  
 The rauisht Heleine to regaine, & force them hir to yeld:  
 Doth he and eke his brother wene of all that lead here liues,  
 That they in earth the od men are, which only loue their wines:  
 Haue they a dome ſo blind and bad, to deme ech worthy minde  
 Not to eſtyme and honoz much his lone or wiſe assignde:  
 For, as for me, I ride in loue of Bryſeis worthy dame,  
 And hir regarded as my ſpouſe a priſner though ſhe came.  
 But now peruerſting iuſtice al, your chieſetaine holds the lady,  
 And now I haue this wrong receiue, and ſonly made a bable:  
 With ſugred ſpeech and ſained words ſeekes he all meanes he may,  
 To ſwaddle vp the ſeſtred wound: it wil not be, nay, nay,  
 With you and other of the Grækes (if ſo he thinketh good,)  
 Let him go Counſel to forſe how now may be withſtoode:  
 This daunger deepe, wherein he is Lord, in what wretched plight  
 He hath you brought, loke you your ſelues by his own leud diſpight.  
 What, ſhal his fort, his wal, his dikes, his pales, and trenches all  
 Deſend you ſo, as Hector ſcoure ſhal not vpon you fall?

## The ninth Booke

Achilles  
characens  
to so his  
wayes.

When I with you did vse the felde and fought for your aunple,  
He in his roades and skirmishes durst not so forward raile,  
By *Scea* Tropan gate he fought, my force him kept in awe,  
Once at the back him with intent me to abide I saw,  
But straight I made him take his héeles and safe he thought him not  
Til vnto *Troy* he was arribde, and therin safely got.  
With al wherein I then did ioy is turned now to grieve,  
And that my force with Hector his I wil not put in priefe,  
In moorning next I hope depart if winds do happie blow,  
With sacrifice to loue performde, abozde when I do goe,  
That he do fauour my returne, and in the loftie sea  
Thou shalt Villes then behold my vessels tall in way,  
The which from rocke, and wracke of sea if Neptune please to guide,  
In thre dayes space at *Pisus* coast my countrey I shal ride.  
Some balayde deepe with blazing brasse, and yron bright of blae  
And perfect gold, with other wealth and goods that pretious be:  
Forgetting not the virgins gay, which I alone in war  
Haue conquerd I, for Agameinn doth hold and me debar  
From botie which sel vnto me. Wherfoze friend tel you must  
In publike wise to all the Grækes my quarel it is int,  
And that they haue their chief not wrong them, as he hath done me,  
For which I here protest, henceforth I wil him neuer see.  
I thinke eke shamelesse though he be, and boyde of vertue sure,  
Dwon conscience his should him forbid my pcesence to indure.  
And if that forward he would presse, and mind to speake me to,  
My furie maister should I not but mischiefe more him do.  
Suffice it him he hath me wrongde, and that his owne vnright  
Doth hel him like a man so; lozne, and out his senses quite,  
And so; the presents he presents, I them abhoze in minde,  
The giftes and giuer I to hate as death in direct kind.  
Not ten times, no, not twentie times much more than he doth offer,  
If all he hath, with traffike whole he also ment to proffer  
Of those two Cities, *Thebes* one, and *Orchemene* to name,  
The *Egyptian Thebes* auntient town renoumde, I meane the same,  
With people ful so buslyilde, where passeth out and in  
Through gates an hundred of accompt, of diuerse sorts that bin

Ac. refuseth  
the giftes.

The

The ware and merchandise to ſea, two hundred cartes a daye  
Out euery gate go loaden out, and forth are ſent away.  
And to be ſhort, if al the ſands and earthly gritte were tolde,  
And offered me, ſuch maſſe of wealth content me ſurely nold:  
It ca: not be I ſhould content, my wrath it cannot cole,  
Til ſo; his fault he iuſtly ſmart wherin he playde the ſole.

Ac. reſuſeth  
the alliance  
of marriage.

You alſo ſeemed now to touch another point me thought,  
That of his daughters one to ſpouſe I ſhould be therto bzought,  
Who he ſapes, milde and modeſt be, if ſhe (as he both vaunt)  
Proze faire than golden Venus were, and that it were to graunt  
Vir chaſtitie and honour paſt dame Pallas in degre,  
He may not hope my father in law that he may named be.  
Let him in *Greece* of his own make his daughter too to wed  
Some other ſinde. As ſo; my part, if, as the gods haue ſed,  
They do bouch aſe my coming home, by Peleus his ayde,  
My wiſe ſhe ſhal prouided be, and I in wedlocke ſtaye.  
In *Phie* and *Achaia* lands is many a wealthy king,  
Who virgins in their houſes haue, of which to my liking  
And their contentment I may take, which courſe I follow wil,  
In peace I count it beſt to liue, and be my pleaſure ſit,  
And not hereafter to my harne in weapons ſo; to die  
In ſloure of mine age, the gems, the wealth, and riches bie  
In *Troy* that were, ere out of *Greece* with ſiege we girt it round;  
The ſacred gods to Phœbus bowde, and in his church are found,  
May not ſuffiſe, if dead I were, my life ſo; to reſtoze,  
Shæpe, Dren, courſers great, triuets, like ſtuffe and many moze  
Once loſt may eſi ſome yet be had, but ſoule from body parted,  
Agayne into the bodie leſt ſhal neuer be inſarted.  
My mother Thetis tolde me once, die, die that nêdes I muſt,  
To double ſate my life is tied, theco ſhe bad me truſt.  
If I abide hir waging war, immortal fame I gaine,  
But die I ſhal, if home I go, and do at home remaine,  
Long life and happy dayes I haue, but ſpoylde of honour bie;  
The ſafer part I meane to take, and further not to try.  
I do ſuppoſe you ſhal do wel to follow me a righte,  
With nought you gaine, and *Troy* to take the hope is baded quite:

P. 4.

And

## The ninth Booke

And chieflie fixing the Gods and Ioue so sound in their defence,  
 My friend Vhlle, and Ajax then away depart you hence,  
 To tel the Grækes my answere now, and how I wil away,  
 Some other course and what to do let aged heads assay,  
 And so to feele since my offence what profit they do finde:  
 Here aged Phoenix in my tent this night shal stay behinde,  
 And in the morning home shal go with me, right cheeke by cheeke,  
 I meane not mangre his god wil, but if himselfe so like.

Phoenix to  
 Achilles.

At this refusal stoute and sterne the kings amazed stand  
 And long abasht, but Phoenix graue the matter takes in hand,  
 The present daunger he forsaes, which al the campe is in,  
 With trickling teare of earning minde this speech he doth begin:  
 Though you refuse oh noble prince the safetie of this host,  
 And that your wrath is so confirme you needes wil leaue this cost,  
 God Lord (deare son) how can you leaue your gouernour and guide,  
 My selfe who was appointed so when hither first you hide,  
 With you my Peleus plast I was, when forth he let you go,  
 I instruct your youth, that you a prince of youth were gouernde so,  
 As what was fitt, you should performe, yea both in word and dede,  
 To make you a souldiour for the field and ozatour at neede  
 A perfect one. The pliant youth and yeares that tender are  
 Can hardly reach vnto those parts without a tutors care.  
 Likewise such giftes plast in a prince do much adorne the man,  
 Then I, who charge haue had of you, suppose you that I can  
 (O son) thus leaue you: no, no, though whose counsels ay are true)  
 The he and mighty gods should say they would againe renew  
 To youth my woorne cosple by yeares, and put it in such plight,  
 When from my fire Amintors wrath perforce I toke my flight,  
 And him forsoke, and all the wealth which is in Hellade his,  
 Where then he raignde, for loue of one his anger grown is.  
 A damosel thewde and betwde as wel, his wife he lobde not so,  
 Therat my mother spited much, and eke did iealous grow:  
 Who wel hir husbands loue perceibde, she dayly still me prayde  
 With hands held vp importunate, to practise with the mayde  
 So far, that with hir I might lodge, that once the matter spied,  
 My father would no moze hir keep, it cannot be deniged

Amyntor  
 father of  
 Phoenix.  
 Phoenix ob  
 seruesth:  
 custome of  
 old men,  
 vvhich  
 vvolingly  
 speake of  
 matters pas  
 sed in theyr  
 youtnes.



I did the thing, my mothers will, whereat Amyntor wonders,  
 And fully fed with furious rage, his bitter curses thunders  
 Upon my head, inuoking loud the damned furies fel,  
 With hateful wordes bequeathing me the hatefull harmes of hel,  
 Among the which he prayde I might no father be of heire,  
 Or at the least no child:en haue, in bosome he to beare,  
 Or which of nursing he should reake: I soundly did beléne,  
 That Pluto graunted to his plaint, whereat I did so gréue,  
 When I his malediction knewe, that I then leaue him would,  
 And not remaine within his house, happen what happen should.  
 My mates, my friends, my neighbors all, the dearest of my kinne,  
 My neare Allies when this they sawe, they sáke againe to winne  
 Most carefully my home abode, which soner to obtaine,  
 To losse Gods their bowes they make, to the right down are slaine  
 Shépe, bánes, and porkets great of greafe, whereof they roste meate  
 And sed therof, of pleasant wine their tiple in they take, (make,  
 Which in his house the old man had, and eke thrice thrée lōg nights  
 The dozes made faste, they képe the wathe, they stand with waked  
 In order in the pallace court, and gates there out that goes: (sprites  
 But al their fires so highly light, their watch and ward they lose.  
 For til the tenth night out I go, no watch nor mapdes me hearde,  
 No grōme perceiues my stealing forth, nor toke thereof regarde.  
 Abroad I treade my country Bés, that large and fruitful be,  
 Where pour god father found me out, and then receiued me.  
 And moze, to shew his great god will which vnto me he bare,  
 He gaue me rule of *Dolopie*, and gods that wealthy ware,  
 Great store he trusted in my handes, with so muche fauour god,  
 Honor, and grace, as I had b. n an infant of his bloude,  
 Euen then Achilles were you borne, wherfoze I was desired  
 By Peléus, the care to take your infancie required,  
 And it to gouerne, whych I did: pour foze whiche passeth all,  
 Pour corpe most like the heauenly palmes, of bones and bodie tall,  
 With me hath had the bringing vp, and grown to such an one.  
 Bycause I lobbe you, so I did: No, not for that alone,  
 But you so dearly did me loue, that nothing was to name,  
 Which you woulde do at all, if I allowed not the same.

P. iiij.

From

## The ninth Booke

From me if you were crabbe to sup, thereto you had no list,  
 They lost their paines, you wold noteate but what came out my list.  
 So still and please you when they woulde, they set you on my kné,  
 If nothing I would haue you eate, I muste your taster be.  
 And ofte when you haue sipte the wine, y haue layd it on my breast,  
 As doth the pretie babe, who in his nurses armes doth rest.  
 I al these paines most willing bid your selfe when as I serbde,  
 I thought that I depzibde of childe, I was a fire reserbde,  
 For bringing by at least of you, (and I right oldely pearde)  
 A most sure stay I should haue bene, when feeblenesse apparde.  
 This short discourse (mine owne deare sonne) is onely you to pray  
 Your minde to temper, and to put this weakeful wrath away.  
 Th immortal ghosts, who nature haue more noble much than man,  
 By men intreated to forgiue, they do both wil, and can,  
 And graunt requests of mortall wights: no fault so great to wit,  
 Which at the prayer of faultie folkes the Gods do not remit.  
 What, know god sonne that prayers are the taughters true of loue,  
 Who so to sake sir Iniurie out, abzoade about do roue,  
 They follow him, a stronger much and harder mate than they,  
 For Prayer is both halte and lame, and slowly riddeth way:  
 But Wrong a mightie monster is, in toile he holdeth tache  
 He treads apace, and far behinde leaues Prayer at his backe:  
 But feeble Prayer following him, with pace by pace doth passe,  
 And if he come where as he is, and god accepting has  
 Of person she is brought vnto, the loue intreateth full  
 In his behalfe, and to his wish she doth him also pull.  
 If aukwardle the partie do of this wrong more account,  
 As haunde eke she being denyde, to Gods aloft dothe mount,  
 And tels to them the whole at large, and prapes that Iniurie  
 May in his house a dweller be that did hir so deny.  
 Truly my sonne, your honoz bids you to accept these Dames,  
 These presents muste much thereto, whose price the value frames.  
 If wilful so our chieftaine were, and madnesse suche him hent,  
 He wold by gifts not sake your grace, nor yet him selfe relent.  
 I durst not so: the Crakes at al you counsel or aduise  
 How great so ere the businesse were: but when befoze mine eyes

of Homers Iliades.

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His large and liberal offer standes, and suite in suche a rate  
 For your gods will, I thinke it god your furie did abate,  
 And that you nothing did refuse: how should you moued be  
 By prowesse here of these two kings, who in nobilitie  
 Passe al of Greece, and now are come, and you the message bear:  
 If nought to moue you here vnto but the demaunders were,  
 Their dignitie it asketh much, for which much should be done  
 Their god opinion to pserue, least that hereafter runne  
 Of you bad speeche, in terming you a proude disoainful one.  
 The Heroes olde of antique age, in time far past and gone,  
 If haply iarre with some they had, with time they were appeasd,  
 And bid content: yea many times the foe he was releasoe,  
 And pardonde oft by gift and sute. Howe to this purpose sit,  
 I minde a storie olde and true, which (if you so permit)  
 I will you tell, and you my friends. The Curetois they bended,  
 And fought with them of Etole, who Calidon defended:  
 A sozer warre was neuer heard, they fought so stoutly well,  
 That many of th' inuaders dyde: but more inuaded fell.  
 The better th'at you knowe the cause of this the people slaine,  
 A little higher I must begiune. In Calidon did raigne  
 Onceus then a noble Prince, who of his fruits did giue  
 Cethe reare the first in sacrifice to such immortall liue.  
 And hap it did (if purposely, or he rememb'ring not)  
 Diana chaff was set at nought, hir offering was forgot.  
 Whereat hir indignation grewe, and so to punish him,  
 A wild Boare to his fields she sent a gaskful and a grimme,  
 Which many mischieses did him doe, his people downe he slewe,  
 His grounde for fruides he sowlie spoild, and down his trees he threwe:  
 Gay appletrées, and many ful with fruit and flower packte,  
 With whetted shearing pointed tuske, they to:ne lye and crackte,  
 The corne and croked vines he marres. Meleager the sonne  
 Of this good king, when as he sawe his countrey thus to runne  
 To hauocke, and his people to, to call the hunters rounde  
 To him he both determine straight, with many a hunting bound  
 The dreadfull beast to chace and kil, great troupes togither focke,  
 Their forces prouing with this beast, do reach him many a knocke.  
 But

The quarrel  
 betwene  
 the Cure-  
 tois and E-  
 toliens.

Oeneus  
 king of  
 Calidon.

The wild  
 Boare of  
 Calidon.

## The ninth Booke

But in the end, the wicked swine downe dead both lye along,  
His royall hand him selling downe, two nations great and strong  
Do fo; the spoiles now growe to strife : the *Cherres* claime it theirs,  
As both of duty and desert. Of *Etolie* the heires  
The same do challenge to themselves: hereof both grow the str,  
For this the cruell bitter warre, proceeded is so far.

Thus *Calidon* besieged tho by cruces of *Chrete* lande,  
A certaine time it is relæbde by *Meleagers* hand,  
And the besiegers durst not stirre: for al their number great,  
They drad his deadly sword, wherewith he did them hardly treat.  
But haply rage and furie (which do sharp the meekest minde,  
And natures god of constant wights) in him their places finde,  
They which did straight so swap him out, that he determines plaine  
To lay his armor downe aside, and not to fight againe.  
This warre and bitter wath it grewe of strife, that so befell  
With *Althea* his dame, bycause he did his brother quell:  
She grieved, she howlde, she kist the earth, she prayde in *Plutoes* lap  
To plague the fault, that he hir sonne may reape like deadly hap.

When as *Meleager* this heard, in dumps he fallies to spite,  
He led at home an *Hermites* life, he would no moze to fight:  
His louing wife *Cleopatra*, of beautie wondrous rare  
Accompanied him, she daughter was of *Marpyse* *Pimph* so faire,  
Welchde, and wonne by *Phœbus* god, gainst whom *Idce* hir make  
(In so;rotwe soluste and tealouste) did dare the combate take,  
With bow in hand to cause him yelde his spoile, but all in vaine  
His force it would not sodge, whereby his wife he might regaine.  
His kindred and the mother chiefe did many a teare let fall  
Their woe to witnesse: newe they name and doe *Alcion* call  
The rauisht fem. But for to come vnto my purpose first,  
*Meleager* he resting stil, the enemies they thrust  
When it they knewe vnto the fault, the *Towres* of *Calidon*  
They batter, and at gates they thump, they put their forces on  
To enter by all meanes they may, then of the wretched towne  
The chieftest *Lords* (in danger great to be al beaten downe)  
Do thong and pray *Meleagers* helpe, but nothing could they do;  
The *Cleargie* come, and vnto him pray for their *Paisters* tw.

Alcion.

And

And offer at his choise great part of all their goodly landes,  
His sire Oneus hopes to spee de, and at his dōye he standes,  
He him intreats vpon his knēs to let his anger passe,  
And saue the Citie all foꝛloꝛne, his suite not heard, alas.  
With held vp handes his mother doth the like, his bꝛethꝛen eake,  
And all his friends, yet list he not their wꝛetched woe to weake.  
This while the foes pass vp the walles, & foꝛcst the towne by sight,  
And crueltie none wanting was, that happes in such a sight.  
His wife the grunting bearing then, and cries of those did yell,  
The pitious fright, the flames, the folke and Citizens that fell:  
To him she hastes with haire abꝛoade, and teares she letteth fall.  
Deare spouse (quoth she) this remnant saue (God knowes) which is but  
Both yōng & old they die y death, oꝛ weapons downe they lay, (small,  
If women any doe suruiue, they slaues are led away.  
Meleager this hauing heard, his armour on he packt,  
And full of furie foꝛth he goes, the enemies he hakt,  
Their crownes he pares, and citie saues, and yet was all his ayde  
So whit to them so woꝛthy thanks, bicause so long he stayde,  
And foꝛ vnto the succour be of the *Etolians* yed  
Not at their suite, but as the toy did take him in the hed.

Oh God the shield Achilles now to thinke vs so to vse,  
And foꝛ to leaue vs in this bꝛake, such meaning doe refuse.  
Do you what coꝛse would it be to se the ennies put  
Our name to the waisting flame, and vs in pꝛeces cut?  
Then were your mightie strength to weake our cases to relieue,  
A better way it were (my sonne) your foꝛces foꝛ to pꝛicue  
To aide this wꝛetched armie here, somewhat doth bꝛge the giffes,  
And also that so hie renowne, which men so hiely listes.  
But if you doe foꝛsloꝛue the time to helpe in our defence,  
Your succour nowe shall honour want, eke mēde and recompence.

The ruler Phoenix here did end: Achill doth thus replie,  
This honour now whereof you talke and bribes I nēde not I,  
The praise and gloꝛy me contents from God the which at iseth,  
Who is reuenger of my wrong, his fauour me suffileth.  
Wherefoꝛe I yeld me to his will, and will in all degrés,  
As long as this my bodie here shall goe vpon my knēs,

Epilogus.

Achilles  
answers  
to Phoenix



## The ninth Booke

As long as life in limmes shall last the world whole shall knowe,  
 So albe the Grækes I will no foote out of my vessell goe.  
 And as for you (good Phoenix mine) heare what I say, and marke,  
 He thinke there is no reason y ou with all this fire and carke  
 So earnestly should me intreate being your friend at full,  
 To please the mortallst foe I haue, and it to seeke you will.  
 More reason much it were for you, your selfe a friend to shoue,  
 To such I fauour, and therein your trauaile to bestowe:  
 And chieslie, sith we equals are, and doe in friendship sound  
 Possesse as partners all our gods, wherein we so abound.  
 These prizes two they shall returne to Grækes my answer right,  
 But you shall lodge with me, your host I will be for this night.  
 The morning come, we will consult in iourney home to glyde,  
 Or will perhap perswade our selues here longer to abyde.

Ajax to  
 Vlysses.

Therewith Patroclus gaue a nodde that they a bed do dight,  
 A trimme and swete, wherein should rest the noble aged wight.  
 The worthy Ajax Telamon this heard, right well he kne we  
 They lost but time, it bootlesse was them further for to seue.  
 Unto Vlysses, friend (quoth he) enough is done, away,  
 I see this matter will not doe, the kings who for vs stay,  
 Let vs goe tell our message here, least other they pretend:  
 This man is madde, he shamelesse is, his senses he doth bend  
 To pride, and recks no whit of friends, full set vpon his follie,  
 There haue bene many worthy men of minde and manners iollie,  
 Who haue bene most haimous saces by filthy foemens dede,  
 Who children theirs and byethzen nere haue deadly done to blæde,  
 Yet by entreatie haue forgiuen, what so th'offence hath bene.  
 Or else they haue accepted mendes, and willingly haue seene  
 In time the men who murth'ers were. Achill, th'immortall Gods  
 E'ene you and those of courteous molde haue set a mightie odes.  
 Who hauing suffred no great wrong, great losse, or death of kime,  
 But onely one poze simple sem, and yet you lodge within  
 Pour hart such rage, the gifts are sent seuen times more worth in price  
 The person selfe, such presents bzings you for to please likewise,  
 As many men would much request, Achilles, doe aduise  
 Pour selfe on this, I you beseech, and vs not so despise.

Ajax sh.  
 receth his  
 speeche to  
 Achilles.

Of

Of neighbourhood maintaine the right, which to vs all you owe,  
Thinke on the state of vs are sent, your good friends ape you knowe.

Achilles thus an answer shapeth: diuine Ajax (quoth he)

Achilles to  
Ajax

I doe allowe all that you say, and it of amitie  
Procēdes I know, but when I minde my wrong had in this warre,  
The choler grafted in my hart I can no way debarre,  
And chiefly, when some me account as of a base exile,  
Disdaining me, who of the whole is worthiest many a mile.  
Friends without moze adoe procēde, goe tell them all therefore,  
I minded am not for the Grēkes to trauaile any moze.  
At least, till by sir Hector's force, and Trojan souldiours I  
In tents and shippes of *Mirmidons* beheld the fire to flie,  
And Grēkes flame round about my tent, yet Hector doth not dare  
I thinke for feare so nere to come, his bane least thence he bare.  
This sayd, ech of the noble sort doe take a goblet rounde,  
And heane it sipping to their heades, the wine they weakly sounde,  
On earth the rest they throwe, to Gods, to whom they them comend,  
Vlysse the wisest takes his leaue, and forth doth forthmost wend:  
A goodly bed they then prepare, a mattresse, linnen soft,  
Behong with curtines rounde about, a couerlet fine aloft.  
Of wollen weaue, where Phoenix doth alone right soundly slepe,  
Straight after doth the valiaunt Grēke to stately cabban crepe  
To take his rest: King Phorbas brēde did come with him to be  
In bed, (the King of *Lesbos* Ile) the faire Diomedee  
His mate, also to sport himselfe lies downe betwēne his shētes,  
With Iphis gaie the same to slepe, Patroclus with hir mātes,  
The which Achilles did him giue when *Scyros* titie strong,  
Was by his force put to the spoile, downe rasse, and laide along.

Phoenix  
lodgeth in  
Achilles  
Tent.

Diomedee  
Achilles  
sweete  
hart.  
Iphis the  
sweete  
hart of  
Patroclus.

The Princes sone to campe are come of Grēkes from whence they  
The counsell they together finde still in the royall tent: (went,  
At their arriuall, eche presents in many a gorgeous cup  
The wines to drinke, they welcombe are, and then they rising vp,  
Doe offer place for them to sit, they long the whole to heare,  
And of the substance of the cause they wishe they priue were.  
The chiefe then spake Vlysses thus: you gloze of Grēce that are,  
Vlysses & thou noble he, a Gods name vs declare

Agamemnon  
to Vlysses.

Z y.

Whether

## The ninth Booke

Vlysses an-  
swers to  
Agamem-  
non.

Whether Achill our gifts will haue, what hope or comfort tell yé  
Of our reliefe: doth he relent, or be in rage still will hee?  
With truth you will (quoth Vlysses) his furie nothing dies,  
But darly growes to moze and moze, your presents he desires,  
For your alliaunce he cares not, and last of all the rest  
He bad vs bid you flie this worst, if so you thought it best,  
And that the dawning next he would depart this countrey fro,  
With like perswasion vnto vs that likewise we doe so,  
With of this warre no end wil be, now brought to wretched plight,  
And that the Gods to *Phrigians* aide, to vs haue tenth beight.  
The Ajax hie and Heraclis eke can witnesse well his minde,  
If so they list, they heard the talke, Phoenix is staide behinde  
By Achilles, he lodgeth there, and home with him he may,  
Not by constraint, but if he please, so doth Achilles say.  
The princes all of *Greckish* land, the whole assemble quaild,  
They stode abasht wbe this they heard, long while their speech it faild,  
Not holding vp their heads they sat, till Diomede the *Graeke*  
Of them so worthy of accompt the solempne silence brake.  
You mist the marke Agamemnon, when legates you sent out  
To offer gifts, and him intreate, he is too proude and stout,  
And you haue set him moze a gog with message sent to him,  
He thinkes himselfe a iolly man, a goodly and a trimme.  
Forget him firs, let him goe home, or as it please him tarie,  
And when the Gods haue heald his rage, which raging him doth carie,  
He warre will when he sees his time, end we this cause in talke,  
And to our meate and wonted rest a good lucke let vs walke,  
In moyning we in armour all will stand befoze our sailes,  
Our horsemen and our chariots all, our footemen in their rattles.  
Pour valure there Agamemnon soze you pour selfe to shoue,  
In former ranke let men you see *Tropans* to ouerthoue,  
This speech and counsell well allowde the princes euerie one,  
And to his Tent or ship to leape they all departed gone.

Diomedes  
to Agamem-  
non.

*Finis noni Libri.*

The

# The tenth Booke.

**T**he Grækish kings did dye a bo; de,  
and downe to rest they lie,  
But Agamemnon for carefull griefe  
no sleepe came in his eye.  
As oft is seene the stormes of haile  
great sholwes and thunder blowes,  
The boisterous blasts, the lightning flames,  
when Ioue his flashes throlwes,

When great bankes of snowe he sendes in countrey low that lies:  
So out the Grækish Chieftaines breast the groanes and sighings flies.  
His heart doth quake, his dolefull spite doth stand in beaue plight,  
And chiefly, when on Trojans campe hard by he castes his sight:  
Where he beholdes huge fires to flame, great cries, vnwonted noyce,  
And round the quarters to resound, with flutes and hie Halboise.  
Againe, when he doth turne his eye vnto his beaten bandes,  
A sleepe, fordone, at point to fall into their enemies handes,  
For griefe from head his haire he pulles, and armes he beaues aloft,  
Intreating Ioue to pitie some his Godhead may be brought.

In this so soze conflict of minde what meetest is to take,  
He thinks it best to goe in hast the Nestor olde to wake,  
His counsellour graue with him t'adise, and counsell good to seke,  
To thwart this daunger from his folke, which happen them is like.

He by his wonted robes doth take, his shooes on faste he tide,  
And from his shoulders downe doth hang a mightie Lions hyde,  
A large and beautifull sear, on ground it trailes behinde,  
A dart he toke, and to his side his saulchon he doth binde.

The while this king doth beare himselfe lesse carefull not a whit,  
Was Menelau, for feare and grief his eyes he could not shitt,  
Calling to minde the perill great of such a masse of men,  
In his reuenge who passe the sea to warre with the Trojans,  
A nation stout and fierce in fight, in hope to gaine renowne,  
His gooly Curets on he puts and Helmet on his crowne,

Z.ij.

Agamemnon  
full of care  
passeth the  
night with  
out sleepe.

Cometh  
downe.

Have boie  
& musick  
in the Troy  
ans campe.

Agamemnon  
for sorow  
teares his  
haire.

Agamemnon  
appears  
well rising  
in the  
night.

Menelaus  
cannot  
sleep.

R.12

The Poet  
giues Me-  
nelaus a  
Leopardes  
skinne, and  
Agamemnon  
a Lions.  
Menelaus  
to Agamem-  
non.

Agamemnon  
to Mene-  
laus.

Menelaus  
to Agamem-  
non.

Agamemnon  
teacheth  
Menelaus  
to speake  
courteously  
to the prin-  
ces.

Nestors  
armour.

His backe a Lyberds skinne doth hap, and launce in hand he haes,  
He straight doth goe right to the shippes Agamemnon to raple,  
He founde him newly full attide, he ioyes at Menelawes,  
Tells to him doth aduance himselfe, and thus his tale he bzawes:

Pou brother mine and eldest bozne, what meane you thus to thrust  
Your selfe in armes: the Troyan campe this night abroade you must  
Send out a spie to vewe it well, to get such one I doubt

To serue the turne, the charge belongs to one right bold and front:  
Him answerde Agamemnon thus: both you and I good brother  
Doe greatly nede good sound aduise our people so: to further,  
And eke our nauie so: to saue from Troyan swoorde and fiers,  
And most sith loue both friend our foes, and leaues vs in the byers.  
I neuer sawe, ne yet haue heard one man such partes to play  
Of valiancie, as Hector hath vpon the Grækes this day.

He comes not of the Gods their line, yet shie we from his rage,  
I leaue the Grækes will nere forget this fright in after age.

I thinke it best you straight doe goe vnto the Grækish nauie  
To Ajax and the king of Crete, and tell them that now craue I  
They will with speede to counsell come, and I on th'other side  
Procure will Nestor to the watch, so: our state to prouide.

His sonne is captaine of the same ioynd with Meryon,  
They both will doe what Nestor shall command so: to be done.

Your munde performe quoth Menelaus shall I retorne againe,  
Or will you that till they doe come, I doe with them remaine:

Doe you with them abide quoth he, least they doe misse the way,  
The campe it is so full of crokes they likeli are to straic.

I further thus doe counsaile you, when you the princes call,  
Doe gently vse your wordes and soft, and name their names withall,  
Their state recite and eke their race, and doe not stuntly talke,  
Still with a lowe and courteous grace let there the speeches walke.  
We both must yeelde our selues thereto, and arme vs to abide  
Things much vnmete, sith loue that God of vs doth so decide.

When Agamemnon well had schold his brother, soft he hies,  
And quickly comes into the Tent whereas king Nestor lies,  
Vnto the good olde man he comes, in bed he founde him laied,  
His harneys bright, his helmet braue, his shield that waightie waied,

Two



Two darts withball lay hard him by, and eke his gorgeous belt,  
Whether with he girdes, when Grækes he leades, as on that age not felt.

Nestor hearing Agamemnon with stealing step to stalker  
So nie his bed, listes by him selfe, and thus beginnes his talke  
Leaning vpon his elbowe mowde: a gods name what art thou  
That in the night thus romes in campe: to our ships who brings you:  
Who sends you forth while others sleepe: some mulet doe you misse:  
O; fellowes lost doe you enquire: what ho, say what it is,  
Tell me what chaunce you hether sends at time so out of season,  
If nought you lacke, say on your case, out speeche else stay with reason.

Nestor to  
Agamem-  
non.

O worthy king, O noble fame, of Grækes the glorie obde,  
I am vnhappy Agamemn in griefe and sorrowe sodde,  
Agamemnon, whom cruell Ioue o;ercharge with shame,  
And vile reproche, that nought I hope but mischief to my name.  
I to you come, for that I cannot rest in this estate,  
The tender care of Grækes I haue makes me my bed to hate:  
Such dread & shame take hold of me, my heart both trembling quake,  
My soule despaire doth whole assault, my feeble legges doe shake:  
For griefe my wearie minde sustaines, this is the chiefest cause,  
And eke you rest no more than I: wherfore now let vs pause,  
I you beseeche this folke to shield, let vs some way deuise  
From waiking hand of Troyan foes, and therefore (friend) arise,  
And if you please we will repaire whereas the watch they keepe,  
And biewe if souldiours ouerhaeld with toile doe wearie sleepe.  
Alas our enemies be at hand, and little doe we ken

Agamemnon  
to Nestor.

Whether this night they will vs charge, what safetie haue we then?

King Nestor thus to him replies, thinke you that Ioue he will  
So Hector friend, what Hector list that Ioue will it fulfill:  
So, no I thinke that he himselfe is deerd and gallde at full,  
He doubts Achill wil leaue his pottes, and soyne with you he will.  
But by I will and follow you, eke you to be about  
Call by the cunning Vlysses, and Diomedes the stout,  
The courteous Meges, and Ajax the second Oilec sado,  
In whom the promise of Grecian land so deepe and bie is staid.  
I would to God some one did bid the Ajax great to sturre,  
And Idomene, whose five large tents from vs are distant sturre.

Nestor to  
Agamemnon

Why

## The tenth Booke

Why is not Menelaus here: hath he so little care,  
 He who should waite continually, and watching to repaire  
 With humble suite vnto the best, his eyes what can he close,  
 And of this warre leaue you the toile, which to such daunger goes:  
 For the good will I beare the man I bitterly must bzanle,  
 And with him chide, though him you loue, yea fall what will befall.

Agamemnon  
 to Nestor.

Thus answered him Agamemnon, you woorthy aged sire,  
 His slacknesse you to reprehend, you know is my desire.  
 No slouth or ignorance him holdes, him his assurance states,  
 Sometimes which in my Ates he hath, the charge on me he laies.  
 In this he doth deserue no blame, but rather woorthy praise,  
 To be imployde, well armed at full he first came me to raise,  
 To Ajax and our other friends I sent him out erst while,  
 Lets goe, they surely tarie vs, hard by the watch Bastile.  
 He hath them sayd they should not faile but to attend vs there:

Nestor to  
 Agamemnon

If by other yours quoth Nestor tho so kindly doe him beare,  
 And carefull be as you doe tell, and if he bid and pray  
 With modestie, the Grecians all him serue will and obey,  
 As much as you, who is their chiefe, herewith his bed he leaues  
 Full soft, and on his royall waide and richly robes he heaues.  
 Fine shoes of picked leather out his fote he tieth vnder,  
 A scarlet mantell on he throwes, for cost to se, a wonder,  
 Of Lemster wool the best it was, the workmanship was much,  
 A golden buckle made it fast, he in appareil such

Nestors ap  
 prell and  
 armour.

In right hand takes his stubbozne lance, to the pavilion  
 Of Vlyses forthwith he comes, him loude he calleth on,  
 And bids him rise, hearing the voyce of the good aged man,  
 He starteth out his slaue, and vp to them he thus began:  
 Alone why goe you vp and downe in time so darke and still:

Vlyses to  
 Agamemnon  
 & Nestor.

What lacke or daunger are you in: what is it that you will:  
 Laertes heire so wise (quoth he) of vs no maruaile thinke,  
 For verie plaine necessitie hath brought vs to hir binke:  
 Come, let vs raise some other prince, and what is to be done,  
 Let vs consult, as howe to fight, or else away to runne.

Nestors to  
 Vlyses.

When Vlyses had Nestor heard, on shoulder straight he throwes,  
 And hanges his target at his backe, and after them he goes:

There

There right against the tent they finde of Diomed the Græke,  
That mightie man, out which he slepte, his armoz not to lãke,  
For on it was, a mightie hyde of bæse him underlay,  
For pillow to his head, he had a Carpet new and gay.  
His mates, his bands, his men of war, they slepe him round about,  
Their armoz hangs them by, and as the lightning breaking out  
Doth shine far off, so do the same their darts and bucklers by.

Diomedes  
sleeps on a  
Bulles hide

The Nestor old with noise ynough doth draw the Grecian nye,  
His hæle he touchte, and therewithall fault finding thus sayes he:  
What, dost thou slepe? Diomed descended of Tydee?

Nestor to  
Diomedes.

Aslepe are you, knowing our foes at hande to kæpe suche charme,  
And loud to chaunt it in the plains, wherein so thicke they swarme?  
So wakde, thus answerde Diomed: Nestor, I greatly muse  
How that your peares can bide and beare such trauaile as you vse.  
Why pãlde you stil your selfe to toile? haue you no youthfull lads

Diomedes  
to Nestor.

To send about to call the kings, but Nestor stil he gads?  
Yes sure I am, but your quicke sp̃ite is neuer dull nor ydle,  
Sound friend (quoth Nestor) what you say, as true is as the Wyble.  
I doubtie children haue, with men and subiects not a few,  
Who zealous for my quiet rest themselves wil try and sewe,  
And do what I shall wishe them doe: but for this bzgent bracke  
Wherein I see vs and our folke, my helpe I can not slacke,  
Wel knowing, that if presently we make not head with hæde,  
But slacke the time, we cannot holde, but downe we al must blãde.  
My peares if that you pitie so, on fellowship call yã

Nestor to  
Diomedes  
wanting of  
his children  
& subiects.

Ajax Oilec, with Meges eke, who sonne is of Philec,  
Straight Diomed him clad with skinne of boisteous Lyon weare,  
And forth he goes, forgetting not his staffe and loftie speare,  
To the two Grækes he hyed him fast, and sone he founde them out,  
And them entreates to come to him who ruleth all the rout.

The Princes straight and al the kings here named, mæte at watch,  
They finde the watchmen all awake, and none with slumber latche,  
By cour̃ie they liuely stand and hark, like souldiõs fierce they fare,  
As mastiffes, who for mightie flockes kæpers appointed are,  
Do carefull hæde, the Lyons leape downe whirling from the rocke,  
From wood, or field, for to assant the shepe within the flocke,

Compariõ  
of mastiffes  
keeping a  
flocke of  
sheepe.

Ala.

The

## The tenth Booke

The shepheards plaske in quarters round about their sémely folde,  
 Deep scath in night-least they receive, his noise twéene them is trolde,  
 And slumber none from their regard one whit can make the stoupe,  
 So careful moze, if moze may be, was al the Greekish troupe.

For sleepe was banish'te from their eies, desire of watch augmented:

Nestor to  
 the watch  
 men and  
 sentinels.

To whome did Nestor ioyfully, (when as he sawe thus tented  
 Their charge in hand) perforce this speech: watch, watch my childre  
 Sleepe not least y our hateful foes shold now surprize vs hère, (dære,  
 And weake on vs their spirefull tène, vs taking at vnwares,  
 For want of looking to the watch, full great then were our cares.  
 The kings with him, he past y trench, whē he these words had said,  
 And commeth straight vnto the place, which ful of mortis was layde,  
 Where Hector had the day before so highly done in fight,  
 And bloudie victorie had prolongde vnto the dreadfull night.  
 There downe the gallant Princes sit low placed on the ground,  
 To talke they fall, and Meryon, (whose match may not be founde  
 For baliantnesse) to counsell him, and Thrasymede they call  
 That doubtie knight, next to the kings commended most of all.

Nestor to  
 the Greeke  
 King Priam.

Nestor the slowe of kinighthood then thus al did speake the there.

Beloued friends of you who doth in mind the balor beare,  
 Whose hart and wisdom wil him serue the Troyan camp to victo,  
 And seeke the meane to bring vs worde, that we may trust as true,  
 Whether they meane t'assaulte our ships, or fortifie the plaine,  
 And home to goe after they haue such Greekish number slaine?  
 Some captiue of the taile perhap the matter may him tell,  
 Or hearkning where they lye at rest, he may it heare ful wel.  
 And if to vs he safe returne, and do their purpose bring,  
 We wel may say he hath deseru'de, that we his fame do ring.  
 Beside in guerdon he shall haue rich gifts, and not a few,  
 The patron of a ship shal giue a big blacke satted Cwe  
 Pea with the Lambe, a gift in truth in price for to be had,  
 In banquets welcome shall he be, and al men of him glad.

Diomedes  
 to Nestor.

He done, good space the hearers stayde, no answer they replyed,  
 Diomedes loude before the kings thus to his tale he bied:  
 My burning heart doth bid me goe, and forth it prickes me on  
 In this hazarde to serue a spie, and doubtie champion,

And

And go I will, so I may haue with me a dreadieffe mate,  
 For in a case of so great waight the wit of one mans pate,  
 Is not so good as that of two, when one both counsell take  
 He forward feareth daunger none, him bolder both it make.  
 But man alone, though stout and strong, yea resolute and wise,  
 At point sometime doth shrink, to him doth feare and terror rise.  
 This offer great hearde of the kings so nobly by the Græke,  
 The Ajax twaine wil followe him, they al wyl do the like:  
 To liue and dye in all assaies with him wil Merion,  
 The gallant Thrasimede so cranes, Menelau wil be one.  
 The wise Vlysses he doth sweare he wil the hazard proue,  
 Who far so; wilie ingenie was all the Grækes aboue.  
 When Agamemnon from this cause did see they did not start,  
 A friende quoth he as deare to me as is yea life or heart,  
 Sith now you see to followe you are ready al and some,  
 Chose one your self, who nearest wil stand, when you in dāger come,  
 Let neither shame nor bashfulness cause you right iudgement misse,  
 Chose not for lignage great, but who most sage and hardie is.  
 No greater harme coulde be, than worst to haue, and best to lose.  
 So sayde Agamemnon for feare he Menelau woulde chose,  
 Because his parentage was great, which eke his wealth did fit.  
 Sith (quoth he doubtie Græke) to me the choise you do remit,  
 Should I forget Vlysses here, whose wisdom is so famed,  
 Whose minde in dangers none so great could euer yet be tamed,  
 Of whome (yea) al the loftie Gods preserue a care and haue,  
 And chiefly to direct his fates Minerva is agræde:  
 I thinke I with this noble minde the fiercest flames to spe,  
 I knowe the prudence is so great which in the man doth lye.  
 Chaunt not I pray you (quoth Vlysses) my fates, ne yet me blame  
 Before these kings, my want and skill they knowe full wel the same.  
 Lets goe, the night it runnes away, the stars are far agate:  
 The dawning straight wil bring the day, it groweth very late.  
 With this the two renoumed Græks were armed by the kings,  
 His sword onwieldy Thrasimede to the stout Græke he brings,  
 Two edged with point of perfect trampe, for he to haue the more  
 His shield and faulchon in his tent he left behinde therefore,

Agamemnon  
to Diomed.

Diomedes  
nameth V-  
lysses to go  
vvith him.

Vlysses to  
Diomedes

Diomedes  
and Vlysses  
be armed  
by the  
kings.

Aa.ij.

And



Descriptiō  
of Vlysses  
faller.

And without crest or plume at all his morian on doth pull,  
Of bullish hyde, a pong mans weare, men do it call a scul.

Meryon to Vlysses giues his quiner and his bowe,  
A massie sword, and for his head both tricke attire beskow,  
Within of lether fitly framde, and it of sensue tanne,  
So set with wilde swines tæth without, as cut it nothing can,  
Howe kene so ere the weapon be, and notwithstanding that  
So stiffe it were, yet might one put within it wel his hat.

Antilochus ful long agoe it founde, as he begonne  
To ransacke quite Ormenus house who was Amyntors sonne,  
In Eleon where then it stode, the shape so proper was,  
That long who helde it noted stode, he hight Amphidamas,  
So warlike Molus he it gaue, who left it to his heire,  
He au it bare, to the trimme Græke, and lent it now to weare.

Good signe  
by the He  
rons cry.

Thus armd as I haue sayd, right sone they from the others wēt,  
And to them in their way, Minerue a mightie Heron sent,  
Who chanted loude his cries aloft, they wel might heare the voice,  
But nothing sē, bicause of might, yet greatly they reioice  
At the god hap: Vlysses, who the Augure wel betwapes,  
Ful pleased is, to the Goddesse deuontly thus he prayes.

Vlysses  
prayer to  
Pallas.

Heare me dame Pallas bꝛæd of loue, who vouchsaues me to aide,  
In daungers al, in toiles my guide, by whome I stil am stayd,  
Graunt I returne with victorie, and that I glorie gaine,  
That we two do atchieue some dæde vnto the Troians paine.

Diomedes  
prayer to  
Pallas.

Eke Diomedes thus softly prayes, deuontly as he may,  
Bolue downe thine eare thou Goddesse milde, thou dame Tritonia,  
Thou daughter deare belovde of loue, be thou my luckie guide,  
As to my sire Tydee thou werte, when he in message hide  
Embassadoꝝ the Thebanes to, the Grækes and them t'agræ,  
At his returne he shewde himselfe right wel by meanes of thæ.  
O prudent Goddesse graunt to me such force and hardy hart,  
As he then had, and so me guide, as out this cause I part,  
My honoꝝ sadde: In sacrifice I do thæ here behight  
Thy Altar on an Heiffer faire, on whome poke neuer light,  
I wil commaunde the hoznes likewise shal be al ouer guilt,  
And with good heart presented thæ, if heare me now thou wilt.

Diomedes  
vow.

Thus

# of Homers Iliades:

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Thus prayed both the noble Grækes, the goddesse bolde them to, Comparis  
And graunted fully to them both what they wisht there to do.  
Forth then they march two Liōs like the bleeding coypse they tread  
So grievous was the Gretians losse, oze at the plaine they spread.

His people Hector lets not sleepe, the wise and grauest sojt  
He summons to his tent, to whom he doth his minde report.

Hector the  
Trojan.

Who here (quoth) wil promise me my best soj to fulfil,  
He shal be sure of honoz due, reward him wel I wil,  
He shal receiue of me I say, to recompence his paine  
A chariot guided with two stædes the best of Grækish traine,  
I aske no more but that he go vnto the enemies nauye  
Whether they meane to tarie vs that therof knowledge haue I,  
If in their ships their wonted watch they kepe, o: (as I gesse) (lesse,  
Thus colwed, they thinke to run their ways, when we hæde nothing  
This was his spech, but none that heard did answere to the same,

A Tropan in this counsel was that Dolon had to name,

The only son of Herald god that Eumades was cleapt,  
To whom great masse of wealthy stoz was in his treasure heapt,

Dolon's  
hippen, but  
very light  
of foot.

This Dolon was of ougly shape, but fit to do his dæde,  
Belobde of fire, the last of fire that left was of the bræde.

He hæding much the promise great that doughtie Hector told,  
Straight standeth vp and thus begins: Hector stoute courage bolde  
Doth force my minde to take in hand this boyage, and to bring  
Word, whether that the Græks wil stād, o: sojth to flight wil fling.

The Troy.  
Dol. offers  
himself to  
espie the  
Grækes.

As chieftaine iust sweare by your mace you beare by princely lawes,  
To giue me bzaue Achilles chare, and coursers if that draues.

Dread not your noble enterprise, by me it shal not quaille,  
I straight wil to the Grækish barkes, and there I wil not faile  
To enter in, pea of the hiest, their secrets there to leare.

He swea-  
reth to Do.  
by Iupiter.

Quoth Hector then with sceptre vp aloft into the ayze,  
Sith go thou wilt where I haue sayde, by thundring loue I bow,  
None mount shal on those godly stædes but only Dolon thou,  
Ful iustly thou them conquer shalt, do them possesse therfoze  
A guerdon iust soj thy desert: thus noble Hector swoze  
This Tropan so, but he periurde, he bad him sojth to gang.

An old woulfes skin doth Dolon take, it down his back doth hang.

As. iv.

his

## The tenth Booke

His bow hung on his shoulder bent, his mantel was aloft,  
 A Ballet new upon his head, of hide of geate not soft:  
 For made it was yea for the proufe, a dart, it braue and bright,  
 In hand he takes, and beemes himselfe right souldiour like to fight.  
 Thus being armed, not to returne in hast he sozward hies,  
 So much beguilde, if hope he haue euer to set his eyes  
 On Hector, much lesse on his fire, such way he rides amaine  
 That sone he entred was ful far into the champion plaine.

Vlisses to  
 Diomedes,

Vhile then minding nothing else, but what he had to do,  
 Alouse perceiuing Dolon come, spake thus Diomedes to:  
 From Tropan campe behold a foe, a spie he for our foes,  
 O: some to spoile in battel plaine I gesse he surely goes.  
 We shall do wel to let him passe til to our ships he drawes,  
 We following hard at heeles, on him shal easily lay our pawes.  
 Yet take god heede, if he do straine to flie or runne awaye,  
 That we to force him to our ships do do the best we may,  
 Him driuing from the Tropan campe, where he wil thinke to go,  
 Him follow with your reaching staffe, and do your valure show.

Compriss  
 of Moyles  
 and Oxen.

Here both the Crækes amongst the slayne out of the way they got,  
 And spie and hearke after the spie, who goes a spætie trot.  
 When as they saw him so far of, as moyles coupled in twaine  
 In trauel of the Oren slow do space before them gaine:  
 They quickly out their ambush start, and fast vpon him come.  
 Dolon hearing the noyse they made, supposd them Trojans some  
 Pertakers with him who would be, his iourney staying so.

Compriss  
 of two  
 Greyhoundes  
 following  
 an Hare  
 or Hinde.

This while the Crækes approach so nie, as one a dart may th2o,  
 But when he founde what men they were, he sozward runs apace,  
 And the two Crækes do part themselues, and follow fast the trace.  
 And as you see two Greyhoundes course in wood a Hinde or Hare,  
 And lay so hard vnto the beastes that they their conquests are:  
 Cuen so these valiant Crækes do chase this Tropan badly bapt,  
 Who could not scape, but wel he found himselfe stil more intrapt.  
 So fast did Dolon scoure away, that nere vnto the scout  
 Of the Crækes watch he draweth nie, to Diomedes the scout  
 The goddesse Pallas doth encrease his strength and swiftnesse both,  
 That other should the honour haue (him taking) she was loth.

He

He with these two: as him overtakes: I charge the so: thy heade  
 No further passe so: if thou do, my dart shal do the deade.  
 And herewithal hard by his necke he made the same to fly,  
 And Dolon staid more colde than yce, he stode so tremblingly,  
 That one full wel might heare his tath together so to shake:  
 The noble Grækes far out of breath do there the Troyan take,  
 Who letting fall whole fouds of teares doth open thus his voyce,  
 O warlike wights do saue my life, and at your proper choyce  
 I wil it buy, my fire with gold, with basse and yron flowes,  
 And iewels great, which he wil giue, when he aline me knowes,  
 And prisoner in your handes to be: Vnlesse of wit so rare  
 Sayd, Troyan take you heart of grace, and put away this care,  
 And feare not death here of vs two, and tel me not to lye,  
 Deceine me not in what I aske, nor in what know would I:  
 What enterprise haue you in hand, thus in the night to crape  
 Vnto our campe stil and alone when al men are asleepe:  
 Come you to seeke some carcase dead, that yester day was slaine,  
 And it to spoyle, did Hector else bid you to take this paine?  
 Did he send you to spie his foes: by his commaundmente come yee  
 Or of your selfe: which of the two: the truth declare to me.  
 Quoth trembling dreadfull Dolon tho, dead like in euery guise,  
 The hope that Hector put me in, it hath me made so wise,  
 That at his wil here come I am, wherof I finde I misse  
 To try the thing, he promist me, the chare of Achilles  
 And al that did belong thereto, so that I to him brought  
 From out your campe some certain newes, & wherbpō you thought,  
 Whether you meant to take the sea, or to your tackle stand,  
 And chiefly if you kept your watch, and if your ships were mande  
 Quoth Vnlisse with a suppling faint, by your own words I see  
 Your minde doth become on greater things than fit for your degree.  
 Those coursers are of nature such, no mortling may them guide  
 Their master, but, whom Ioue decreede should come out Thetis side.  
 Tel me I pray the without guile, when Hector bad the his,  
 Where was the man: and he bnamde where doth his armour lie  
 That is so famed ouer all: and also in what noke  
 Do chariots his and coursers lodge, their trauel when they booke?  
 What,

Dolon is  
 trapt by the  
 two greks.

Dolon to  
 Vlisse and  
 Diomedes.

Vlisse to  
 Dolon.

Dolon to  
 Vlisse.

Vlisse to  
 Dolon.

## The tenth Booke

What do his people lye a bed with toyle of battel tierd,  
Do they watch, and so? to fight is it of them desired?  
What wil they keepe the felos, and vs charge in the morning tide,  
Do with their victorie to Troy wil they victorious ride?

Dols to  
Visses  
Ilus sepul-  
care by  
Troy.

Quoth Dolon I wil tel you true: when I came on my way,  
The worthy Hector at the tombe of Ilus he did say,  
When with the greatst he did consult of matters meetest warc,  
To ouerthrow his enemies it was his chiefest care.  
As so? the watch wherof you aske, sure Hector doth it wil,  
But smally do his souldiours reach his minde so? to fulfil,  
They soundly sleepe. Some Trojans yet enso?st are so? their lines  
The fires to light, so? feare they lose their chiltren, to?wn, and wines,  
And nought but so? pure neede they do. The strangers on them lay  
The charge of al, their wines far off, they sticke not so to say.  
Visses further askes him thus: the so?raines lodge they where,  
The Trojans with, o? by themselves: it would I gladly heare.

Visses  
to Dolon  
Dolon to  
Visses.

An?o this question which you aske, I truly wil you tel,  
And where ech band is placed right: The Caries and Peones dwel,  
The Caucons, Lelges, and Pelasges along the sea do ly,  
On the other side to Thimbra hil the Lycians campe them by,  
The Phrygians, Meons, Mysians, but to what purpose now  
Tel I by name the Trojans power: if thither go wil you,  
Ful true you shal my speeches finde, the souldiours new from Thrace  
Lye far vs off, their carriages and they do keepe their place:  
Where Rhesus I their king did see and stedes of ferlie might,  
In colour they do passe the snow his horses are so white,  
As swift they are as is the winde, when Rhesus wil them ride,  
His chare I saw of mettals two both fine and perfect tryde,  
Compolde of gold and siluer bright, his armoz al of gold,  
In al the earth is not the like, it straunge is to be told.  
No lining man I worthy thinke of worthy armour such,  
So? loue o: so? some other God I thinke of worthy armour much,  
I hauing tolde you all you would, I humbly do you pray,  
Leade me vnto your ships, o? bound here let me ly I say,  
And hastily go vnto our campe, and evely do behold  
If I in ought haue failed you, o? not the truth haue told.

Comparis  
of the  
swiftnesse  
and whirle-  
nes of Rhes-  
us horses.

This



This speech Diomedes (loking thwart) to the paze spie did giue,  
 Hope not to scape my hands I say, thou canst no longer liue,  
 Although of thee we learned haue some things for our behoufe,  
 I know if we should let thee go at libertie alofe  
 Hereafter thou wouldest spie our campe, or else the same assault,  
 But as I may, if I thee kil, the Grækes thou shalt not fault.

Diomedes  
 to Dolon.

Such were his words, but Dolon thought yet to encreate y<sup>e</sup> Græke,  
 And drew nie soft to touch his chin, and fauour to beseeke.

Do on slain  
 by Diome.

But in this thought he to his necke his sword so lowely set,  
 That down he ouerthrew him dead, the cordes in pieces set,  
 Wherewith the heade tumbles aside and murmurs in the sal:  
 His sallet then of geatish skin, his coslet fine w:thal

Of woluis heire, his bended bow and dart he taketh straight,  
 And to the welkin then Vhisse (beauiug his hands on height)  
 The harneis held, to Pallas prayde with soft and silent boyre,

Vlisses  
 prayer to  
 Minerva.

At this oblation here we bring oh goddesse do reioyre,  
 As worstpest of th'innomoztals all, and most of power and might,  
 To whom we ought al worthily bowes shape and aulters dight:  
 Offerings of due thy Godhead hie shal haue, graunt vs the grace  
 That we oh Lady, at this time may come where they of Thrace  
 Are sounde a sleepe, oh Ladie graunt that we those armours see,  
 Their godly stedes and Chariot which, is of such golden blæ.  
 His prayer when ended had the Græke, est vp his hands he holds,  
 Hic in the ayre, and on an heape the habites then he foldes,  
 And hangs them on a bow, and cuts a branch of Tamarin  
 A lostie arme, it sets for marke when they returned bin,  
 Their way the better for to finde, among the dead they passe,  
 And to the Thracians come at last as it determinde was,

Dolons ap-  
 parel haged  
 on a Tamar-  
 sin tree.

In mightie ranks of numbers there them fast asleepe they found,  
 And by ech one his furniture lay closely on the ground.  
 Their kusse, their harneis and they boise, were nere at hand to ble:  
 To sleepe in midst of all his men king Rhesus he did chuse,  
 His stout and startling stedes him by, and tyed to his chare  
 With strong and lasting geares at ful, they rich and chosen ware,

Rhesus K.  
 of Thrace  
 asleepe a-  
 mong his  
 souldiours.

This order when Vlisses saw, sayd, loe the king (my mate)  
 And howe wherof (when of the campe) our Dolon spake alate

Vlisses to  
 Diomedes.

## The tenth Booke

Now more than euer must you strive, and put your force in bze,  
 Shallet on head, and sword in hand, for nought must not be surr.  
 Do one of two, vndo these stædes, and I these beastes wil kil,  
 Or take your sword and slay them to, and I vnlose them wil.

Diomedes  
 kills the  
 Thracians  
 a sleepe.

The goddesse Pallas did encrease the doughtie Græke his sprites,  
 He slayes them dead on euery side, and them in pieces smites.

Comparison  
 of a Lion  
 finding  
 sheepe or  
 goats with  
 out a shep-  
 heard.

The place is purple with the blood, the grunts and grones are harde  
 Of such as are in pœces cut, and by his weapon marde.

And as a raging Lion, who findes goats and sheepe at large,  
 Out hold and wandring vp and down (the shepheard frō his charge)  
 Doth sal the on, & with his pawes the teares, & takes the blood:

One to the Græke the *Thracians* due, he nothing was withstode.  
 Twice fire his edged sword did passe, of mozt the place is silde,  
 The carcasses while aside did draw as he them kilde.

He made the way the wished stædes more willing that they wente,  
 For should not feare the dead to treade, nor doubt it what it ment.

Rhesus the  
 thirteenth  
 that is slain

The king for thirteenth Diomed out life to death doth swap

He sweetely slept, but (silly man) it was a deadly nap,

Vlisses vn-  
 doeth the  
 horses and  
 brings the  
 away.

The whic (assisted by Pallas) that night the Græke him brought.

This while Vlisse vndo the stædes he on his office thought,

And hastily through the multitude he brings them as a riuier,

And with his boystrous stubbozne bow he layes on many a riuier,

For hast he had forgot the whip their way which makes them rid.

Vlisses  
 whistles to  
 his fellowes.

A little past, spying his friend, who by his businelle bid,

He whistled to him in his asse, and wel the sound he knew,  
 Straight for to know what he should do Diomed to him drew.

As whether for to draw the chare which ful of armour lay,

It by the beame, or on his backe to bring it quite away,

Or else to tend to murder stil, or to returne him backe,

Of these three points the valiant Græke did resolution lacke.

Pallas to  
 Diomedes  
 Diomedes  
 and Vlisses  
 mount the  
 horses and  
 come a-  
 way.

Wherewith his furtherer Pallas saide, the actes whiche done thou haste

Be pleased with, get thee away, that thou mayst come at last

Al dreadlesse safe vnto thy ships, thou mayst wel doubt some stop.

And least some God the Trojan power should set vpon thy top.

Diomed to Vlisses comes, he hearing in this case

The counsaile god, cry mounts a stæde right swift and stæte of pace,  
 Vlisses

Vlysses layde on with his bowe, he made them soz to fle.

Againe Phœbus with silver bow bestirres right carefull  
The Trojans soz. For when he spide Mincrua soz to chat  
With the stout Græke, and solow him, he woth did growe therat,  
And at the damage lately done, to Trojans straight he hys,  
And wakes king Rhesus vncke there Hippocoon as he lyes,  
His vncke and his counsellor greate, who when he vp did reare,  
And did behold that (as before) the coursers were not there,  
But conoord place with slaughtred men, he cries, he houles he tobines,  
Condemne he both the *Thracian* bands, soz sone the losse he findes.  
He Rhesus, Rhesus named oft, which was his nephewe deare,  
And Prince so tenderly belobde. When as the campe did heare  
His roarings loud, it moued all, and most of it did rumo  
Vnto the place to blew the newe, and for what there was domme,  
They maruel at the crueltie, and on the slaughter stare,  
They say the Grækes soz the exploite of too much courage ware.

Tonante in  
the Thraci  
ans campe,  
for the  
death of  
king Rhesus.

When the two kings came to the place where they had slain þe spie,  
Vlysses stoote, the other downe there lighted by and by  
The bloudie habites him to reach, which done, he mounts agen,  
And shortly come vnto the shippes, where Grækes attend the men.

Diomedes  
reacheth  
Dolons ap-  
parel to  
Vlysses.

Among the Kings was Nestor first of al did heare a sound,  
And knew they came, thus spake he them: Of folk of Grækish groud  
Ye shepheards pee, and of this campe so great the guiders graue,  
Shal I vnto you tell a lye, and what in dreame I haue?

Nestor to  
the Grækes  
attending.

My minde doth wil me to be true befoze I see the thing,  
A galloping of certaine hofse deepe in mine eare both ring.  
I would to God our champions two were of such cunning sight,  
As scaping daungers they could bring two godly coursers light,  
But much I dread these noble men haue had some deadly hap.  
Scarce had he said, but the two Kings downe from their hofses flap  
Amongst them al: Eche one them grætes, god woordes vse enery man,  
And aged Nestor of them al thus to Vlysses began:

Nestor to  
Vlysses.

O thou the glorie of our Greece, of honoz woorthy king,  
Declare vnto me I you pray, these hofses which you bring  
So straunge for whitenesse of their bla, and like the sunnis raies,  
What, hath some God them giuen you, or haue you any wayes

Wb.ij.

Wonne

## The tenth Booke

Now the the Troians for long time with Troians I haue fought,  
 And of my baloe shewde god proue, for age I neuer sought  
 Me to withdraue, nor yet to cline my shippes, me there to hide,  
 Yet in the war I neuer sawe two coursers of such hyde.  
 I thinke some of the losty Gods right careful of your god  
 To you haue them a present sent: for Iupiter hath stode  
 Wel knowne a friend vnto you both, and Pallas neuer quailing  
 Is forwarde alwayes at your hand, with fauour neuer failing.

Vlysses to  
 Nestor.

O Nestor sage god Neleus sonne, such steds and coursers od  
 Quoth Vlysses to mortall wight may easily glue some God,  
 When they rewarde wil any one their powre is more to giue,  
 Than man hath powre to aske and take, that here doth mortall liue.  
 King Rhesus dead not est to fight them hither lately led,  
 This countrey to: As for the horse out Thracia they are bred.  
 His knife Diomedes hath thrust into king Rhesus throte,  
 And to twelue more him sleping by: As for this bloody coate  
 It was the garment of a spie, the which we did entrap,  
 He slaine when we had al he knewe, and thus you heare our hap.  
 The franchises dery the coursers passe, the kings come hard at heeles,  
 This happy gaine, and botage makes them al to ioy awhile.  
 To the rich tent when Vlysses came of his companion mate,

Vlysses set  
 up the  
 horses in  
 Diomedes  
 tent.  
 Diomedes  
 & Vlysses  
 wash them  
 selues in  
 the sea, the  
 go to the  
 balneo, and  
 are noyn-  
 red vwith  
 oyle.  
 They goe  
 to meate &  
 sacrifice to  
 Minerva.

He careful tyde his horses fast, and plasse them in such rate,  
 As placed were the gallaunt steds of the stout Greeke in ranke,  
 And where with bread and foder both the Greeke his owne did frank,  
 He Dolons geare did on the poupe hie in his ship bestowe,  
 And mindes to Pallas sacrifice and seruice op to owe.  
 And straight these two so baliant Greeks, through toile who soundly  
 To wash and bath their wearie limmes into the sea they get, (swet,  
 And there so wel do rub their neckes, their backs, their legs, & thies,  
 As they are cleansed of the filth which on their bodie lies.  
 They neate and wel refreshed thus, to pleasant balnes do goe,  
 And there with oile theyointed are without from top to toe.  
 They then to meate, and Pallas ayde they pray in humble wise,  
 And bolles of wine vpon the earth they powre in sacrifice.

Finis decimi Libri.